

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 168  NUMBER 4

OCTOBER 1941

ROOSEVELT AGAINST HITLER

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

THERE was a period of approximately twenty-four hours in the year 1933 more fateful for the destiny of mankind than any other one day in the century.

A little after noon on March 4, 1933, Franklin D. Roosevelt was inaugurated as President of the United States. Before midnight on March 5, 1933, the German Reichstag had passed the Enabling Act, putting absolute power into the hands of Chancellor Adolf Hitler.

Eight years later these two men faced each other as the champions of two ways of life so antagonistic that the world is not wide enough for them to exist together in peace. In 1933 not many people were able to perceive any relation whatever between them; but in 1941 not many doubt that one of these men is destined to destroy the other, and it is not beyond the bounds of credibility that they may destroy each other. Hitler has said that the outcome of the duel between the systems they represent will fix the destiny of mankind for a thousand years, and it is by no means certain that his assertion is extravagant.

If Mr. Roosevelt is described as the chief protagonist of the way of life

preferred by the democracies it is not by his own choice, nor by reason of his personal superiority to other democratic leaders. The man who saved Britain in her desperate hour, for example, has attributes of mind and character that make it preposterous to rate him as inferior to any man alive; Mr. Roosevelt's resources, not Mr. Roosevelt himself, give him the central position in the present situation. Mr. Churchill does not have available 25 million men of military age, nor a national income of 70 billion dollars, nor the incomparable industrial plant of the United States, nor 359 million acres under the plough. The last reserves of the free peoples are the forces commanded by the President of the United States.

But there is another reason why the President, rather than the Prime Minister, is the central figure on his side. The President shares the quality that has made Hitler strong; he is associated in the minds of the masses with the dynamic, rather than with the static, theory of government. Churchill is a conservative. That doesn't mean that he is a less ardent believer in human freedom than Roosevelt; but it does

Copyright 1941, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston, Mass. All rights reserved.

mean that his first care has always been to preserve what is best out of the past. But it was revolt against the abuses of the past that heaved both Roosevelt and Hitler into power — and has demolished a dozen other governments. The people who revolted do not associate a victory of Roosevelt with a return to the old conditions. As a matter of fact, neither would a victory of Churchill involve such a return, because the old conditions are demolished, and there is no possibility of returning to them. But Roosevelt has no desire to return to them, and all the world knows it; hence a movement led by him cannot possibly be branded as counter-revolutionary.

If there is anything certain in human affairs, it is certain that he did not envisage the present situation on March 4, 1933. He had plans, indeed, that were wide-spreading and far-reaching; but peace is the first prerequisite to the development and perfection of that sort of plan. 'Adapting existing economic organizations to the service of the people' is work that cannot be performed with artillery, tanks, and bombing planes. This is not to say that he wasn't aware of the possibility of war, even eight years ago. He is not feeble-minded, and every man above the intellectual level of a half-wit has been aware of the possibility of war ever since firing ceased in 1918. But the President, like the majority of the American people, rejected war as an instrument of national policy. It was present in his mind, as it was in the minds of most of us, as a calamity to be avoided as long as possible, not as an opportunity to be carefully studied and considered.

It is doubtless true enough that Hitler never intended to face Roosevelt under the circumstances that now exist. Difficult as it is for us to believe, Hitler evidently thought that he could defeat Britain by psychological weapons and then face Roosevelt, or whoever happened to be President of the United States, with all, or nearly all, the power

of Europe solidly organized behind him. For the destruction of free government in this country is a necessary part of any plan of world domination, and Hitler must have envisaged it from the beginning.

Yet in the month of March, 1933, the positions of the two men were strangely similar. Both had risen to power on the crest of a wave of protest set in motion by the same sort of grievances. Both took over countries economically in a state of collapse and visibly disintegrating socially. Both faced the problem of putting millions of idle men back to work immediately, and the even more urgent problem of putting some spirit into an apathetic and despairing people.

There were other similarities. In Germany, as in America, the people were not so much aflame with enthusiasm for the new leader as inflamed with wrath against the old ones. In Germany, as in America, the gravamen of the old leaders' offense was not so much what they had done as what they had failed to do. In Germany, as in America, the indictment of the old leaders included a multitude of counts, but there as here they may all be summed up as failure to obey the injunction of the Constitution of the United States 'to provide for the general welfare.' Finally, in Germany as in America, the new leader, largely because he was new, was given *carte blanche* to do what he thought best.

Even if you are one of those who regard the New Deal as Americanism at its worst, it is still Americanism. However distorted you may think its ideas, they are still ideas whose origin is to be found in the Constitution and the *Federalist*, not in Wagnerian opera. Its traditional hero is Mr. Jefferson, not Wotan; and Mr. Jefferson, with all his faults, was recognizably a statesman, and not a baritone singer seven feet high with cow-horns on his hat. We may have come off badly, but at least we came off with something that looks more like a government than like a lunatic stage man-

ager's setting of the Ride of the Valkyries.

The protest that brought both Hitler and Roosevelt to power has been described by Mrs. Anne Morrow Lindbergh as 'the Wave of the Future.' No doubt it is, but it is also the same old wave that has surged up in the past under the same stimulus. Since the beginning of recorded history, the king has never been conceded a right to demand allegiance of his subjects except as he could, and would, protect them from dangers against which they could not protect themselves. In this respect human nature has not changed; what has changed is the enemy. In modern times, and especially since the beginning of the Industrial Revolution, the ordinary man has had less reason to fear human robbers with tangible weapons than the impersonal, intangible operations of the economic system. Yet death by starvation is still death by starvation, whether the proximate cause is the irruption of a band of men-at-arms who have ravaged a peasant's farm and taken away all his food or an economic collapse that has deprived a workman of any chance to earn a living. A government not clever enough to prevent starvation through economic wreckage cannot command the faith and loyalty of its citizens today.

The government owes no man a living, but it does owe every man protection of his life. It incurs this obligation when it exacts of him loyalty and support; and the obligation has never been denied. As far back as human records go it has been acknowledged that, when the ruler can no longer protect the subject, the subject is released from his obligation to support the ruler. In 1933, in Germany and in the United States, millions of men were threatened with death by starvation because the government did not know how, or did not dare, to protect them from the economic forces that were destroying them; so, in both countries, the people revolted against the government. But this was certainly nothing

new, nothing without precedent; on the contrary, it has been the common fate of every government guilty of a similar failure.

But it was none the less a sinister thing. It was the old nightmare that has haunted the dreams of every ruler, and of every ruling class since organized government was established. For time and time again it has been demonstrated horribly that when the *Jacquerie* once gets out of hand there is no limit to its ferocity, nor to its stupidity. It was this that Alexander Hamilton had in mind when he declared, 'Your people, sir, is a great beast!' Leaderless, or led by scoundrels, a people is a great beast, capable of rending its friends as readily as its enemies, incapable of distinguishing virtue from vice, patriotism from treason, philanthropy from rapacity. Time and time again it has been demonstrated that a popular movement that starts from the depths cannot be stemmed, cannot be dammed, cannot be arrested. It can be guided, but only by the highest political skill; and rarely, indeed, is it so guided. New? Why, it is the oldest terror that organized government knows.

II

Perhaps it is the supreme triumph of the American genius for self-government that in this crisis the American people turned to a man of their own blood, steeped in their traditions, and a sincere believer in their way of life. The Germans, on the other hand, turned to a foreigner, little acquainted with the true greatness of Germany, and contemptuous of what he did know. The Germans were perhaps the more logical; since the old system had failed them, why not turn to a man as far removed from it as possible? The old system had failed the Americans, too, but they listened to a man who insisted that the system was basically sound and could be made to work satisfactorily by the use of different methods.

Once in power, though, the two leaders began to diverge at once. Perhaps the essential difference in their philosophies is that Roosevelt believed that the wreckage with which he was surrounded was due, for the most part, to stupidity, whereas Hitler believed that the wreckage of Germany was due to crime. Roosevelt realized that the wealth of America had been dissipated and lost. Hitler believed that the wealth of Germany had been stolen. Roosevelt's aim, therefore, was recovery; Hitler's aim was recapture. One leader said to his ruined countrymen, 'Let us make.' The other said to his, 'Let us take.'

They agreed, however, on one point, which was that the sacredness of private property is not absolute but is conditioned on the safety of the nation. Neither hesitated, therefore, to spend enormous sums to establish national safety. By 1939 Roosevelt had spent about 40 billion dollars over and above the ordinary operating expenses of the government, and Hitler had spent a sum which, owing to his incomprehensible methods of accounting, cannot be determined with precision, but which is generally supposed to range between 90 and 100 billions.

But Roosevelt spent the bulk of his money on such matters as roads, bridges, dams, powerhouses, irrigation projects, schoolhouses, land reclamation, and reforestation. Hitler spent the bulk of his on arms. This was the natural result of the difference in the two men's aims. Roosevelt proposed to restore the prosperity of the American people by creating new wealth. Hitler proposed to restore the prosperity of the Germans by taking other people's wealth away from them. In view of Hitler's plans, perhaps Roosevelt would have done better to spend his money on arms, too, but who would have believed it in 1933?

In the end, of course, Hitler forced his scheme on all the world. Under modern conditions no one nation can afford to devote even the major part of its ener-

gies to planning for peace while another large nation is furiously preparing for war. People are always referring to this as one of the inherent weaknesses of democracy, but it is hard to see where there is anything in it peculiar to democracy. It is rather the weakness of every nation, democratic or not, that cherishes the concept of the citizen-state as opposed to the concept of the bandit-state. There is no apparent reason why a benevolent and intelligent despot should not regard his domain as a member of a larger community, a citizen of the world-state. Up to 1939 the Russians, for instance, vociferously proclaimed that this was precisely their concept of the position of their totalitarian régime; and until their attacks on Poland and Finland revealed the insincerity of the claim there was so much evidence to support it that many Americans at least half believed it.

There is a school of thought which holds that in this Hitler was the realist, and Roosevelt the idle dreamer, whose drowsy amiability is the real source of his nation's peril. This is the school of the moral defeatists, which has surrendered in advance the principle that is the very cornerstone of American political philosophy. For if men not only lack at present but are forever incapable of developing the capacity to manage their own destiny intelligently, then the Constitution of the United States is nonsense and the republic itself a futility and a fatuity. Logically, this doctrine is not impossible. Perhaps we are essentially bestial. Perhaps there is in us no capacity for self-government, not even latent. But this is not the doctrine of the republic, hence a man who holds it is not eligible to be President of the republic. A man who holds that office must take it as axiomatic that intelligent self-government is possible, that liberty is an attainable ideal, that a continuing elevation of the cultural level of the masses is practicable, that the people are capable of drawing steadily closer to justice. He

must frame his policy on this basis, and not on the basis of barbarism, unless the threat that is offered by barbarism is so close and so plain that none can doubt the necessity of turning to meet it. Roosevelt undoubtedly foresaw the possibility of war in 1933; but he would have been no American had he thrown all the energies of the country into preparations for a war still so far away that few of the people perceived it at all.

In any event, the moment Hitler marched into Poland it made little difference what Roosevelt regarded as the wise course through which to repair the damage of the economic and social collapse. At that moment the threat of barbarism did become plain. From that moment the thought and energy, as well as the money, of the country had to be applied in ever-increasing proportion to the problem of national defense. The New Deal is a peacetime program. The moment the threat of war overshadowed the land it had to be held in abeyance. Mr. Roosevelt tacitly admitted that fact when he appointed to head the War and Navy Departments, and the enormously important Office of Production Management, men who were not New Dealers and not even Democrats.

It is undeniably true, therefore, that of the two great antagonists who came to power in 1933 Hitler was the winner, up to the summer of 1941, not on the field of battle only, but in the field of governmental theory as well. He had forced Roosevelt to abandon his own course and follow that of Hitlerian Germany — that is, the diversion of the national energies from the problems of peace to the single task of creating as rapidly as possible the most formidable military power possible.

There are some Americans pessimistic enough to believe that this represents the loss, not of a battle only, but of a campaign. Strongly anti-New Deal, they hold that the six years and the 40 billions devoted to that program represent losses that have weakened us dangerously as

we face the menace from abroad. This feeling is natural, doubtless inevitable, in a man who dislikes and distrusts everything Roosevelt has done from the start; yet even in such a man it is hardly justified by the facts.

Grant, for the sake of argument, everything this man asserts. Grant more than has ever been asserted by reasonable anti-New Dealers. Grant that the New Deal was downright criminal, which none except those driven maudlin by hatred of Roosevelt have ever asserted. Nevertheless, the fact remains that 27 million American voters, a clear majority of the whole, more than 55 out of every 100, believe the contrary so strongly that they trampled down the thitherto sacred third-term tradition in order to reelect the chief New Dealer. If, as few observers doubt, the prejudice against giving any man a third term cost Mr. Roosevelt several million votes, then even the tremendous figure of 27 million does not represent all the American voters who believe that the New Deal was a move in the right direction.

It is important to eliminate Hitler's armed forces as menaces to our peace and safety; it is vastly more important to eliminate Hitler's ideas if we are to enjoy peace for any considerable length of time. But an idea is impervious to bayonets and bullets. It can be killed only by another idea. Now Roosevelt has given a majority of the American people the idea that democracy can be made to work to the satisfaction of the average man, and this idea, whether true or false, is a powerful prophylaxis against infection with the idea that the only hope for common people is embodied in the 'leadership principle,' the 'master race,' the 'protection of the blood,' and all the other fantasies of which Germany has been so fearfully productive in recent years.

The 27 million may be deluded, of course, but the New Deal has given them faith that the American system is, or can be made, the best system of gov-

ernment as yet devised. Being full of faith, they are full of fight. In that sense, the country was being well armed during those six years when more money was going into bridges and schoolhouses than into tanks and battleships. The anti-Roosevelt man, assuming that he is himself profoundly American, can take satisfaction in this. Without those six years, most of the people might not have been so jubilantly confident that theirs is a government worth shedding their blood to preserve. In consideration of this, much can be forgiven by a patriot, even though he is an anti-New Dealer.

III

As a matter of fact, now that the lines are drawn, not as between Democrat and Republican, but as between American and foreigner, most of us are disposed to welcome those phases of government which we can point out with pride to a foreigner, more than those which we can criticize privately at home. But the years of terrific domestic battling have obscured from its opponents even the incontestable merits of a group whom they oppose. Let it never be forgotten that for eight years it has been politically, and sometimes financially, profitable to paint the New Deal as black as possible; and when blackening is profitable no one need doubt that a good job will be made of it.

Surely it is not mere Democratic propaganda to point out, at this time, those features of the Roosevelt administration which even its opponents admit are not bad, and which shine brilliantly when contrasted with the régime which it now opposes. There have been many things in Washington during the last eight years in which any American can take pride, no matter what ticket he votes, and which he can justifiably emphasize when it is a matter of his country against any other. Certainly now is the time to remember them, without regard to our domestic differences.

The first and greatest of them all is, in fact, to be credited only in part to the New Deal. This is the sharp rise in the level of political debate during the last eight years. The New Deal, simply because it has challenged many long-established concepts, has forced a reconsideration of the fundamentals of our political system, which has been reflected in all public debates but especially in those on the floor of the United States Senate. It is doubtful if the intellectual level of the present Senate is conspicuously higher than that of the Senates of the twenty years prior to the New Deal; but its debates have been markedly above that level. The reason is that a Senator of mediocre intellectual attainments, when he is talking about something important, talks better than a brilliant man who is talking without anything to say. For the last eight years the Senate has had before it a succession of great constitutional questions which could not be discussed at all without some cerebration, and which could not be discussed adequately without long and severe mental effort. As a result, the Senate has talked well.

Perhaps it is not to be listed among the great periods of the Senate. Few would compare it, for sheer brilliance, with the days when 'Old Bullion' Benton stood in the Senate like a bull in the ring, tormented but deadly dangerous, while the incomparable picadors Webster, Clay, and Calhoun circled around and around, prodding him. But it certainly was far above the period when the Republican leader, Senator Smoot, could fill hours of the Senate's time and columns in the newspapers with his horror at discovering a dirty book; and when Heflin, the Democrat, could gain country-wide attention and waste other hours by hurling billingsgate at the Pope. Of late the Senate at least has had too much to do to spend its time considering either *Lady Chatterley's Lover* or the religious prejudices of Alabama. This may be an indication of more distress in the coun-

try, but it is certainly an indication of more thought in the Senate.

What is true of the Senate debates is applicable, in a measure, to political debating in general for the period. Neither Mr. Landon nor Mr. Willkie, Mr. Roosevelt's opponents in the Presidential races of 1936 and 1940, is a pettifogging type, but, if either had been, that sort of thing would not have served, for nobody thinks of Mr. Roosevelt as a petty misdemaneant. He may be pulling down the very pillars of the temple, but he certainly is not running away with the altar cloth.

It would be silly to imply that the advent of this President has converted Washington into a serious rival of the Old Academy, but it is sober truth that it has driven Americans to a more careful consideration of the first principles of government than any other administration of recent years has inspired. Among other things, it has had the effect of restoring some validity to party divisions. To be sure, the old party names of Republican and Democrat are still untrustworthy guides to a man's political philosophy, as they have been for thirty years and more; but the terms 'New Dealer' and 'anti-New Dealer' have meaning. Republicans and Democrats are frequently indistinguishable; but there is a difference between New Dealers and anti-New Dealers.

Another characteristic of the New Deal about which there is no dispute is its notable freedom from the grosser forms of misconduct in office. The spending that has gone on in Washington has been unapproached in time of peace; but the stealing there apparently has been confined to the petty cash and to officials of the rank of clerks and office boys. There have been peculations of considerable size. Several cases have been prosecuted, and it is highly probable that more have been successfully covered; but the stealing was not done in Washington. All the important cases that have come to light were discovered

where construction work was going on or funds were being distributed for other reasons out in the country, not under the eye of the administration chiefs.

Nor has the partisanship that unquestionably has stained the record been most blatant and unashamed in Washington. Prodigious efforts were made to connect James A. Farley while he was Postmaster-General — traditionally the Cabinet post of the Politician-in-Chief of the administration — with the improper use of relief and recovery funds for partisan purposes, but none was successful. Of course this did not acquit him. There are people with whom it is an article of faith that Jim Farley bought the election of 1936 with relief funds; and they are quite unshaken in that belief by the complete lack of evidence. If an archangel were Postmaster-General there are people who would believe that he had played dirty politics and was too smart to get caught at it.

It is strange that men are unable to perceive the self-stultification that this belief involves. Anyone who believes that Mr. Farley, or anyone else, could buy the American electorate necessarily believes that the republic is rotten to the core. If the people in the mass are purchasable, then democracy is a fraud on its face, and ought to be abolished forthwith. A man who believes the election was bought has no sound reason for opposing Hitler, or any other conqueror who will reduce a venal nation to the satrapy that is all it deserves to be. A man who believes the election was bought is an apostate American who has repudiated the faith on which the republic was founded. Of course there are men of intelligence and personal integrity who do believe that the republic is thoroughly rotten, and that democracy is a sham and a fraud; but every such man of my acquaintance is also opposed to universal suffrage and to the continuance of the American political system in general. Most of them see no point in opposing Hitler. It is possible to retain

respect for such a man, as it is possible to recognize the ability in war and statecraft and the many admirable personal traits of the Emperor Julian, who also was an apostate. But when a man in the same breath proclaims his faith in democracy and his belief that the election was bought, it is impossible to retain respect for his intelligence, whatever one thinks of his sincerity.

The truth is, of course, that Jim Farley all but dislocated his spine leaning backward in his effort to avoid the use of relief funds for party purposes. There is never a doubt that the smaller fry in some of the states were less scrupulous. Some open scandals resulted, and there were evil smells from states where nothing was ever brought to light. But no Cabinet officer was involved.

The noteworthy lack of stench in the air of Washington ought to be peculiarly gratifying to Americans at this time when they remember the appalling fetors that every breeze from Berlin has brought to their nostrils for eight long years. When the official press was through describing, after the blood purge of 1934, the official and private characters of the men who had stood next to Hitler in the Nazi hierarchy, the average American was pretty well convinced that any plain embezzler or bribe taker would be disgraced by being found in such company. But is there really anything extraordinary in this situation? Is it not, indeed, an old and familiar pattern? When, in all human history, has a revolutionary movement concentrated all power in an individual without being attended by an upheaval in the moral as well as in the political realm? There is a tradition that Nikolai Lenin ruled in an atmosphere of puritanical austerity, and so, apparently, did Oliver Cromwell; but both men are regarded as remarkable on that account. Ordinarily the dictator, for the very reason that he has overthrown the regularly constituted government, is forced to make use of some worse than dubious

instruments; and these questionable fellows usually disgrace his régime.

We are not hearing from Washington well-authenticated tales of misappropriation, bribe taking, and embezzlement; of misuse of the sword of justice to gratify private spite; of perjury in the highest places, and cynical betrayal of trust; of great officers of state employing the methods commonly attributed to Al Capone during the prohibition era. Still less are we hearing whispers of disgusting personal habits among the leaders of the government; of strange orgies in official residences; of drug addicts in high office; of men convicted of infamous crimes put in positions of command; of perversion and degeneracy among those who bear the honors of the nation. Mr. Roosevelt himself has been accused of many things, but no one as yet has suggested that there is anything epicene about him, nor has he been seen gnawing the carpet in a fit of hysteria.

It is fatuous to account for this with the smug assertion that such things simply couldn't happen in America. They could happen, and they would happen, fast enough, if there were in Washington a government possessed of supreme power and holding itself accountable to no one. Indeed, they could happen in Washington faster than anywhere else, for the simple but sufficient reason that there is more wealth in Washington than anywhere else; and when the swine are in control their swinishness is in direct proportion to the amount of wealth they find at hand. The relative inoffensiveness of the air in Washington is the most conclusive evidence of all that no dictatorship, but an accountable government, aware that it may be brought to book, holds sway there.

IV

Finally, there is one accomplishment of Mr. Roosevelt which his opponents ordinarily dislike even to consider but in which, at this juncture, they may find

a certain comfort. This is his remarkable success in nationalizing our domestic politics.

Franklin D. Roosevelt is the first Democratic President since the Civil War who did not need the support of the Solid South in order to win. He has been supported by the South, to be sure, but that support was not essential. In any, or all, of his three campaigns he might have given his opponent the entire electoral vote of the eleven states that formed the Confederacy, plus the vote of the border states of Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri, and yet have been elected easily. This is a consideration that naturally annoys Republicans under ordinary circumstances, but under the circumstances that exist at present it has a certain nonpartisan value. It proves that our representative in the crisis is a national figure, and not a sectional hero who obtained national office by a political fluke. There is no possibility of a split in our ranks because one section of the country suspects the President of being Jeff Davis in disguise. This gains importance as it applies to a situation in which unity is the first essential.

There is something more than a jest in the apothegm that he who would know the sturdiest manhood in all America should study a Vermont Democrat or a Georgia Republican. The strength of character that can sustain defeat after defeat with no yielding of conviction, that can fight campaign after campaign with no hope of success, and that can bow to the will of the majority without a thought of bowing to its wisdom, is part and parcel of the bedrock on which our political institutions are based. To suggest to a man who has believed all these years that Mr. Roosevelt is wrong that he should now change his opinion, simply because for the third time most of the people have declared that they believe Mr. Roosevelt is right, is more than an insult to the man; it is an insult to the very spirit of Americanism. A man who

based his vote for Willkie on conclusions reached after carefully weighing all the facts, and nothing but the facts, would be a poor American if he changed his opinion simply to conform to the election returns.

But Americans, without regard to party, feel an obligation to support the President — any President — whenever the nation is threatened from without. Not all the inhabitants of this country accept that obligation; but not all the inhabitants of this country are Americans. Not even all the natives are Americans except in a strictly technical sense.

There are some men so blinded by partisan passion that they would rather see the nation remain in peril than see it delivered by a member of the other political party. But they are partisans, not Americans.

There are some so steeped in class and caste prejudice that they would prefer to see Hitler lord of America than see American workmen gain another inch. But they are Tories, not Americans.

There are some so eaten by avarice that they fear a dictator less than they fear the doctrine that property is not as sacred as the duty of the government to see that famine shall not slaughter the poor. But they are not even civilized men, much less Americans.

No one would waste words on these, any more than one would waste words on those who have secretly transferred their allegiance to Hitler, or to Mussolini, or to Stalin. In time of war there is a person officially designated to do all the talking to these people that is necessary; he is the provost-marshal.

To Americans, though, who must support the President, it is not an insult, it is a relief, to consider in as favorable a light as they can the qualifications of the man whom fate has made their leader during the critical years ahead. The fortunate people, of course, are the majority who have believed in Roosevelt from the start. They need no reassur-

ance, for they have no doubts; they can, and do, face the future calmly confident. But in what can a member of the minority find reassurance? Judging the future by the light of the past, what can he reasonably expect of Mr. Roosevelt, not as the leader of the New Deal, but as President of the United States charged with the duty of assuring the safety of the nation against the threat of physical force?

Well, he can expect the first and most essential quality of courage. Whatever else may happen to the man who represents our side in this clash between two worlds, he will not be appalled. Infantile paralysis is a more terrifying devil than Hitler, but Roosevelt faced it. Economic collapse is more terrifying than a bombing raid, but Roosevelt faced it. Whoever may blench, whoever may quail, as we plunge into the fog and smoke, we may rest assured that the man at the top is not afraid, for he has seen worse than this, yet came through all right.

By the same token, we may expect resolution — this not only on the testimony of Mr. Roosevelt's friends, but on the even more enthusiastic testimony of his enemies. They call him the stubbornest man alive. Perhaps this is where his Dutch ancestry counts. At any rate, if he could battle seven long years to reach the point where he can walk limpingly, and could battle seven years more to bring the country to the point where it could get about without crutches, is there any doubt that he will fight quite as stubbornly to prevent the enslavement of the American people? No, another thing that is certain is that the man at the top will not quit.

In addition to courage and resolution, we may expect inflexibility. This will be denied. The idea is firmly imbedded in many minds that Mr. Roosevelt is a master of sinuosity and deviousness, but the idea has been created and propagated by two classes of people — first, those to whose interest it was to make

him seem so, including, of course, his political opponents; second, those who have put into Mr. Roosevelt's mouth words he never spoke, and into his mind ideas he never held, and have denounced him for not adhering to these things. An example was furnished by the isolationists, with their denunciations of the President for breaking his promise to keep us out of war. Of course he never made any such promise, any more than he promised to maintain 25.8 grains as the weight of a gold dollar. He said that he hoped to keep us out of war. He said he would do all that lay in his power to keep us out of war. He said he would never send an American soldier to fight in a foreign war. But no man, not an utter fool, would make a flat promise to prevent war, and Mr. Roosevelt is no fool. Neither did he say that he would never send an American soldier to fight on foreign soil. No man not a fool would make that promise either. On the contrary, any man not a fool knows that if we must fight we are lucky indeed if we can fight on foreign soil instead of on our own.

Mr. Roosevelt is a politician, and any politician whose ethics are examined by the standards of a doctor of moral philosophy is pretty sure to show some wavering along the edges. But doctors of moral philosophy do not get elected President of the United States. If it is immoral to accept a man's support simply because he does not, or will not, understand the English language, and insists on putting his own false interpretation on plain words, then Mr. Roosevelt is guilty; but so is every man who has held the office of President.

As it happens, the test of this man's straightforwardness is not difficult. Let any fair-minded man take the Commonwealth Club speech, in which he said what he was going to do, and lay it alongside the record of what he actually did — omitting his whirlwind action during the banking crisis, which was not contemplated when he made the speech.

The exactness of the parallel between promise and performance will bear comparison with the record of any politician whatsoever, not excluding either Lincoln or Washington.

Mr. Roosevelt has declared that this nation, while he directs its foreign policy, will not submit to domination of the world by Hitlerism. That's that. Whatever else happens, we may rest assured that the man at the top is not going to flatten us with a sudden announcement that he has made a non-aggression pact with Hitler.

All this, of course, still leaves plenty of doubts. Whether or not Mr. Roosevelt will make a good Commander-in-Chief in time of war I don't know. Neither does anyone else. It all depends upon whether he can tell the difference between a general and a stuffed tunic, and that can never be determined with certainty until his selection has been tested in actual battle. They all look alike on the parade ground. Whether Mr. Roosevelt can spur the armament industry to maximum production I don't know; but I do know that he will be accused of fumbling the production program. I also know that if the President were not Roosevelt, but Tubal-cain, father of all workers in metal, he would be accused of fumbling the production program. From now on, denouncing the fumbling at Washington will be one of the easiest ways of impressing the credulous and making oneself seem important. There will be fumbling enough, God knows; but for every fumbler the denouncers will be twice as numerous and ten times as loud. It was so in Wilson's day. It was so in Lincoln's day. Indeed, as far back as 712 B. C. (according to Archbishop Ussher), the Prophet Isaiah was complaining, 'Behold, I have created the smith that bloweth the coals in the fire, and that bringeth forth an instrument for his work; and I have cre-

ated the waster to destroy.' Let us bear this in mind.

The editors of the London *Economist* ended their inconclusive attempt to define the New Deal with these words: 'Mr. Roosevelt may have given the wrong answers to many of his problems. But he is at least the first President of modern America who has asked the right questions.' He is always at his best in a crisis; and in this greatest crisis of all he has certainly asked the right question.

As a nation we are full of imperfections, and it is only too likely that the stresses and strains of the next few years may reveal them horribly. But such as we are we intend to remain, not that we cherish any crazy delusions of being a 'master race,' and not that we have any God-given mission to regenerate the world, but because we know that the things we value we have created by our own methods and in our own way; and we are certain that if we submit to dictation all that is worth having will slip from our possession, and we shall never again create anything that is excellent or worth the world's attention. We are aware that in determining to live our own national life in our own way we are challenging the aggressors; for even one nation of freemen is a standing reproach and a perpetual menace to all tyrannies. But shall we apologize for living?

Not now. Not while we remain American. Not under the leadership of a man who, whatever his faults, is at least bold, resolute, and inflexible; whose roots are buried deep in American soil; whose blood is American blood, and whose hopes, desires, ideals, and dreams are of and with and for America. Let us stand to arms, then, steadily, knowing that under our latest President, as under our first, we have raised a 'standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the rest is in the hands of God.'

AIR POWER ENDS ISOLATION

BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

I

AT the heart of our national defense efforts there is a deep and fateful paradox. Unless it is resolved and resolved quickly, we shall continue to blunder in our military preparations. The first step in eliminating that paradox is to understand it and to follow its implications boldly to the bitter end. Superficial critics, probably, will accuse the writer of 'attacking the Administration,' but in attempting to lay bare the central error in our strategic thinking, as it appears to me, I am no more 'attacking' those in authority than a physician is attacking his patient in diagnosing what seems to him a malignant disease.

The essence of the paradox is this: that our country's accredited leaders in this crucial period fight isolationism politically but remain stubbornly isolationist themselves in their military planning.

Under the American isolationist argument there are certain strategic assumptions. Those add up to the illusion that we can make America neatly 'invulnerable' behind its 'ocean ramparts' and therefore can safely if selfishly let aggressor nations in other parts of the world have their way. Our continent, flanked by the Atlantic and the Pacific, policed by a fine Army on land and patrolled by a matchless Navy at sea, is impregnable and can let the rest of the planet stew in its own juices. Sea Power constitutes our 'outer defense.' If only it is strong enough and modern-

ized by the addition of plenty of naval airplanes on 'floating bases' of aircraft carriers, it can shield us against the threat of invasion. All the talk of the decline of Sea Power, of destruction from the skies regardless of distance, of total warfare ignoring the textbook precepts of orthodox military science, is simply the raving of visionaries and aviation crackpots.

Such are the premises of the isolationist story. Now our military monitors, while quarreling with the deductions, not only have accepted the isolationist strategic premises, but are building their whole defense structure on them. They are busily constructing a two-ocean Navy with the same smug self-assurance with which the French leaders once built an 'impregnable' Maginot Line along their frontiers. Despite the exploits of Air Power even in its present primitive form — let alone the indications for the expanded rôle of Air Power in the immediate future — they still rest back on holy writ out of Captain Mahan. Since Mahan's analysis was made, in 1890, an element which did not figure in calculations in his day, an element that is neither land nor sea and has its own strategic laws, — the 'air ocean' that envelops our earth continuously, whether the surface below is wet or dry, — has become the primary battlefield. Yet our leaders prepare armies and navies for the traditional mile-by-mile struggle for territorial occupation, as though nothing had happened to revolutionize the na-

ture of war making. They are rather like Indians diligently sharpening their arrows and turning up their bows to meet *conquistadores* armed with rifles and girded with armor.

Unfortunately we cannot have it both ways. There is neither logic nor justice in denying that oceans are insurmountable barriers when arguing with isolationists, and at the same time basing our defense on that very premise. If the principles of warfare implied in our current construction program and our military organization are right, then the isolationist claims are also right. Once we grant that the danger against which we are feverishly preparing is an old-fashioned invasion followed by an old-fashioned fight for mileage from the periphery inward, then we cannot deny that our country can be made inviolable.

It is my contention that the Lindberghs and Wheelers are dismally and dangerously wrong — primarily because the military notions on which they rely are no longer tenable. The word 'isolation' has become a political football. People demand to know whether you are *for* or *against* it. But, for those entrusted with the physical defense of our country, isolation becomes a geographical and tactical rather than a political problem. The issue, it seems to me, is not whether isolation is desirable for the United States, but whether it is possible.

As a designer and pilot of aircraft who has devoted his mature life to the study of war science, I think of isolation not in terms of national policy but in terms of *space relations*. With continents and oceans traversed by aircraft in a few hours, it no longer makes sense to measure space in miles — we must measure it in units of time. I believe it to be a physical fact that, with the advent of modern aeronautics, isolation no longer exists outside of demagogic vocabularies; that delusions of defensive invulnerability are fairy tales carried over from an earlier period in our his-

tory, in about the same way grownups carry over consoling fairy tales from their sheltered childhood days.

Considered solely from this tactical and geographical viewpoint, our foremost isolationists would seem to be neither Lindbergh nor Wheeler but Secretary of the Navy Knox and Secretary of War Stimson. I am aware, of course, that the news will come as a shock to these gentlemen. Emotionally and verbally they are irreconcilable enemies of the isolationist philosophy, but in their military ideas they are as deeply isolationist as, let us say, Herbert Hoover. Their isolationism, moreover, is a lot more dangerous, because it is being translated every day into equipment and strategic plans fantastically unsuited for the job that may be ahead of us. They remain earthbound, committed to routine two-dimensional types of defense in a time when warfare has been lifted into a third dimension. In the hour of supreme test, should it come, the political isolationists will fall in line like all other good Americans, but the outmoded defense system elaborated by those committed to textbook formulas carried over from an isolationist era cannot fall into line.

Recently, for instance, Secretary Knox published an article in a national magazine defending the traditional conception of Sea Power and castigating those who would meet the new aviation epoch with organization and strategy based on the new weapon and the new sphere of operations which it has opened up. The Secretary of the Navy argues that Germany — having conquered Europe, including the British Isles — will be able to build a colossal fleet for a gigantic invasion of American shores; that our safety therefore lies in a supercolossal Navy equipped to fight off the German expeditionary forces. He even adds the usual trimmings to that fantasy: intermediary ocean bases as steppingstones for the invading hordes and South American areas as jumping-off places for easier

assaults on the Panama Canal and North America beyond that. All of this is based on the fact that, 'from the time of Hannibal onward, ultimate victory and security against invasion have been won by the power or powers which could first win and then hold the sea.' Never mind the 'air ocean' which never entered into calculations from Hannibal to Mahan.

If the picture drawn by Colonel Knox were valid, the only real difference between him and Colonel Lindbergh would be in their judgments as to our ability to frustrate such a German invasion. The Secretary is convinced that the invasion might be successful and that we must therefore prevent the British Isles and their shipbuilding facilities from falling into Hitler's hands, whereas Lindbergh is convinced that with proper defenses we can stop the invasion on the high seas or, at worst, overcome the invaders on land. But both of them argue as though the picture, in its broad outlines, corresponded to strategic and tactical realities.

On that assumption, it must be admitted, the advantage is overwhelmingly on Lindbergh's side of the argument. Secretary Knox writes that 'twenty-five miles of water with superiority on the sea has twice reversed *der Führer's* time-clock' in the matter of invading England. Assuming that to be true, then assuredly there is not the slightest reason for worrying about the safety of the British Isles, since the British Navy remains indubitably superior to Hitler's sea forces, even if the Italian and French navies were thrown in; that superiority is raised to the level of virtual monopoly of the seas when we add the potential sea strength of our own country. Likewise there should be little if any cause for misgivings in the Mediterranean, where John Bull's naval might is practically unchallenged by any other *surface force*.

In those strategic terms, above all, it becomes childish to worry over the fate of the American continent, protected not

by twenty-five but by thousands of miles of water. The only ostensible danger points, the narrow waters of the Panama Canal and Bering Strait, being relatively limited zones, could readily be made invulnerable by a vast concentration of defenses against troop landings. Considered essentially as a surface operation, the bogey of South American 'invasion bases' becomes meaningless, since the 'invasion' would still have to traverse vast oceans except for an easily protected bridge between the continents at Panama.

II

The whole idea that Hitler in conquering England aims at control of naval facilities for attack on America is ludicrous. If Germany, lacking Sea Power, nevertheless conquers the Old World including the British Isles, it will be due almost exclusively to the superiority of its new weapon, Air Power. Then why, in heaven's name, should it then revert to the obsolete and vanquished sea weapon? That is more than anyone can answer.

The elementary fact is that the British Navy, for all its magnificent history, had approximately nothing to do with changing Hitler's time-table on invasion of the British Isles. Had the Royal Air Force yielded control of the skies over the English Channel and over the Islands, the British fleet, though it were many times as strong, could not have stemmed the tide of Nazi invasion. Hitler would then have been able to throw a solid canopy of Air Power across the entire Channel, just as he did between Greece and Crete; under its protection his forces could have crossed as readily as the British troops, in the memorable evacuation from Dunkirk, crossed under the shield of 'local air mastery.' Winston Churchill, the last man to deny credit to the Admiralty, specifically credited that evacuation to British dominance of the sky over the operation.

It is not at all certain, however, that

Germany, if it should seize mastery of the air over England, would rush to land huge bodies of infantry. With the RAF eliminated, it is far more likely that the enemy might prefer the easy and inexpensive procedure of selectively bombing vital objectives on the Islands from overhead, wrecking the nation's machinery of life and its stoical morale — with troop landings merely as a final confirmation of victory already achieved. The Navy would be helpless to interfere — as helpless as it has been in the year-long Battle of Britain, in which it has been only an onlooker.

If Germany has failed to overcome England, it was because Britain fortunately possessed an effective Air Power of its own. Not the twenty-five miles of water but the twenty-five-mile edge in speed of the British pursuit planes over Nazi pursuits frustrated the German attempt to conquer England. Contrary to the popular impression, the Nazi *Luftwaffe*, while perfectly developed as a coöperative element with surface forces, was badly conceived so far as all-air warfare is concerned. The Nazis' audacity failed them in visualizing the potentialities of pure air war, so that they plunged into such warfare over England with pathetically unsuitable equipment and took heavy punishment. If, as reported, Hitler now has a 'mad' on Göring, he may have ample reason for it. It would be criminal if we in America failed to profit from Hitler's greatest error and did not proceed to produce aviation for genuine all-air conflict.

For those who insist that the British Navy headed off the invasion, here is a concrete problem to work out: If this is true, then why did not the same Navy prevent invasion of Norway, which was likewise an undertaking across a water barrier? Surely it was not for lack of courage or skill. We all remember how the British fleet rushed to the scene of action when the invasion started — and the Skagerrak is even wider than the Channel.

The answer is one which Mr. Churchill offered formally to Parliament and which is obvious to students of the Norwegian campaign. The RAF lacked the range to contest control of the skies over the Skagerrak as it subsequently did over the Channel. Having obtained mastery of the air over the invasion operation, Hitler forced the British fleet to retreat beyond the range of the Nazi air force. Britain's carrier-based aircraft proved unequal to Germany's land-based aircraft and beat a hasty retreat, paying heavy toll in losses. Because of the special design of naval aircraft, involving sacrifice in performance for the sake of operation from limited deck areas, it is doomed to remain inferior to equivalent land-based aviation, and hence suited only for fighting against other naval aircraft in areas beyond the reach of airplanes taking off from land. In that, incidentally, lies the fallacy of dependence on aviation 'integrated' with the Navy and carried along by the fleet as a substitute for true Air Power. No matter how good it may be, other factors being equal, naval aviation must remain tactically inferior.

German Air Power accounts for the successful invasion of the Scandinavian peninsula. British Air Power accounts for the failure of invasion of the British Isles. The sooner naval leaders here and in England face such towering realities, the better. After all, there is no ignominy involved for naval men and naval traditions in recognizing that new weapons enforce new tactical relationships, any more than a cavalry man need resent tanks.

The British fleet, conspicuously superior on the surface of the sea, nevertheless has been unable to approach the European continent, because that is ringed with Nazi aviation. Even the bombardment of 'invasion harbors' and coastal fortifications, in the past an important function of navies, has been left almost entirely to the air forces; the few assaults by sea, such as those against

Genoa and Brest, were made on a hit-and-run basis as surprise forays of a guerrilla nature and not as genuine tactical undertakings. Theoretically the British Navy dominates the Mediterranean and on several occasions it demonstrated its superiority *against another surface force*, the Italian Navy. All the same, it has been unable to prevent Axis troop shipments to Africa and troop landings in Crete. Axis Air Power has been able to ignore the surface impediment of naval opposition and to pick off naval units almost at will when such units ventured beyond the protection of land-based British aviation.

In continuing to rely on naval power (including naval aircraft) to guard America, we are repeating the fatal error of the French in relying on their frontier fortifications and their fine army. We are in effect assuming that we can 'isolate' this continent or this hemisphere at the proper time by a mighty defense. The problem, for our isolation-minded interventionists, seems to be to make our 'ocean ramparts' stronger and stronger — by enlarging the Navy, by adding naval aviation to the other fleet weapons. What they fail to understand is that surface ramparts, no matter how powerful, are futile once long-ranged aviation capable of ignoring such obstacles is in action. It was not the weakness of the Maginot Line but the bankruptcy of the military principle on which the Line was based which cost France its life. Such ramparts, on land or sea, have lost all validity in the three-dimensional war of today.

The sole difference between the strategic position of the American continent and the British Isles is this: that the Islands are separated from enemy bases by a narrow body of water and America by a wide body of water. Suppose, now, that Air Power could cross oceans as readily as it now crosses rivers and straits and English Channels. Instantly America would be as vulnerable as the British Isles and, by exact analogy, its

fate would depend on its own Air Power and its Navy would be as helpless as the British Navy has been under similar circumstances.

Such safety as we still enjoy against attack from the skies is completely unrelated to our naval strength. We enjoy it merely because our potential enemies do not as yet possess air striking power of sufficient range to cross the ocean and return home — a range which has been fully possible technically for years and which is an inevitable development of the immediate future. If we did not possess a single battleship or destroyer, no enemy could carry its Air Power to our shores by ships. It would be doomed to annihilation as soon as it came within striking distance of our own land-based aircraft, which would deal with the intruder precisely as land-based Nazi aviation dealt with British naval units off Norway in the North Sea and in the Sicilian Straits. Despite such obvious facts, our naval minds still dismiss even the defensive value of Air Power. Thus Secretary Knox simply ignores our land-based aviation when he writes that 'a defeat of our forces at sea by a foreign power or combination of powers would leave our coasts open to invasion.' He completely overlooks the crucial circumstance that the said powers would still have to annihilate our land-based air forces before our coasts are 'open to invasion.'

III

The rapid enlargement of the 'reach' of aviation is the key fact in the new military reality with which we must deal, however much it disturbs the routine of strategic planning in high places. Every advance in the science of human communication — the railroad, the automobile, radio, aeronautics — has made the world smaller. Each of these things has reduced sharply the scale of continents and oceans. And every such advance has ended somebody's cherished isolation. The Indians in the Western

Hemisphere were fully isolated until white men in their sailboats, equipped with guns, crossed the ocean. Then the Indian isolation was ended, for good or ill. With the emergence of modern aviation, the natural isolation of vast regions was likewise ended. Only small margins of the safety provided by sheer space now remain for America or any other part of the world, and those margins are crumbling at their edges with every extension of aviation range. It is only a matter of time before there will not be a sliver of isolation left anywhere.

Long-range Air Power has been retarded by lack of military imagination rather than aerodynamic obstacles. Britain, which years ago had bridged points in its empire seven thousand miles apart with non-stop flights, failed to apply this aviation knowledge to long-distance fighting craft. Even Germany, whose Condors flew from Berlin to America, failed to build extreme range into its military aircraft. That it is rapidly making up for this failure may be judged from the ever longer radius of its bombing of British ships on the Atlantic; already Nazi sky raiders seek out prey seven or eight hundred and even a thousand miles to the west of Ireland.

A good deal has been written about the new Douglas super-bomber, the B-19, with its range of 7800 miles, carrying eighteen tons of explosive. It has neither the speed, the armor, nor the armament to make it a true dreadnought of the air, capable of fighting through to its target, doing its job, and fighting its way back. It is actually a 'blown-up' version of the so-called 'flying fortress,' embodying all the tactical limitations of that 'fortress' on a larger scale. The true super-bomber can and will have a speed of well over 300 miles, superb armor, and heavy firing power.

But as a preview of the great ranges now possible, and the greater ones still to come, the B-19 serves its purpose. It is generally known that other bombers outstripping the B-19 in range, speed, and

striking power are being developed, unfortunately on a merely experimental basis. Extraordinary advances are being made in aeronautical materials, more efficient fuels and fuel consumption, and general aerodynamic refinements, all of which will be translated, among other things, into aviation 'reach.' I am disclosing no secret in asserting that research is proceeding successfully on airplane engines that develop as much as 8000 horsepower! Imagine a plane like the B-19 equipped with four such engines, as against the present 2000-horsepower engines — a total of 32,000 horsepower instead of the present 8000, plus other vital improvements already available — and you grasp the emerging revolutionary possibility of ranges circling the entire globe (25,000 miles) with ample margins for tactical operations.

To savor the strategic implications of these facts, recall that a 15,000-mile absolute range — representing a 6000-mile striking range — puts the United States within practical bombing distance of the capitals of every great military power, including Russia and Japan. By the same token, 15,000-mile American bombers would be able to reach any of those capitals, drop huge explosive loads on the appointed targets, and return to their home bases. One thousand such bombers, which would cost no more than about ten first-line modern battle-ships, in the hands of an enemy would put the United States as fully at its mercy as though there were nothing but a ditch between us, if we had no adequate Air Force. And, naturally, the reverse is true: such an armada in our own hands would make any European nation as helpless under our air strength as Czechoslovakia or Yugoslavia under the Nazi *Luftwaffe*.

Moreover, the production of such an aerial fleet would be no more difficult than the manufacture of types now in use. Had the creative planning been undertaken two or three years ago, the

new bomber could have been in production by this time. Once this dreadnought of the skies is designed and the facilities for its construction are provided, the process would not differ essentially from the present process of turning out B-17 and B-24 'flying fortresses' — and five hundred of these are expected to be delivered monthly in 1942. The question is not one of American ability to produce such planes — that can be taken for granted. The question will be, rather, to determine how many we need, in relation to strategic tasks involved as well as the aerial strength of potential enemies.

The one certainty in an otherwise confused period of military transition is that the aerial warfare which we have witnessed in the first two years of the Second World War will seem primitive and mild by contrast with the aerial warfare still to come. In actual hitting strength the eighteen tons which the B-19 can carry is equivalent to forty of Germany's Stuka bombers — and the superbombers of tomorrow will fly from fifty to one hundred tons of explosive, making them the equal of one hundred to two hundred Stukas. In a single flight such a plane will inflict as much damage as several hundred planes now visit in major raids such as those on London or Coventry. A thousand such craft will accomplish as much destruction in a single action as Germany has been able to score in six months of continuous bombing; or, to put it another way, in a single blow at least two hundred Coventries could be destroyed.

Those are the kind of assaults to which the American continent may be exposed, should Hitler succeed in subjugating Europe and Asia. We should then be engulfed in an armament race such as mankind has never before experienced. And it would not be a race for battleships, but a race for long-range striking force equipped to obliterate the enemy. We should be confronted with a true inter-hemispheric war in total disregard of space, striking directly from the home

bases. Oceans and all their 'intermediary bases' would then be a vast No Man's Land. The ten hours or so of approach to the appointed targets would represent no hardship, since they would be passed under ideal conditions of modern flying comfort; besides, the time of approach is usually the least hazardous element in an aerial action, since the initiative in that stage is with the attacker. We must prepare for such an eventuality, even though we hope to smother the danger long before that on the other side of the ocean, and the time to prepare is now.

Given a circumglobular aviation range, — which, I am fully convinced, will be a reality within five years, — every point on the American map will be subject to direct attack from any point in the outside world. Assuming that we continue to ignore these looming aeronautical facts, remaining stubbornly committed to pure Army and Navy strategy, we shall be helpless when the inter-hemispheric *aerial conflict* catches up with us. I do not relinquish the hope that we shall be amply prepared long before that happens. But for the sake of emphasis — as a warning rather than a prophecy — I visualize a contingency as melodramatic as this: —

From every point on the compass, across the two oceans and across the two Poles, giant bombers, protected by convoys of deadly fighter planes, converge upon the United States of America. There are thousands of them, each carrying at least fifty tons of streamlined explosives and a hailstorm of light incendiary bombs. Wave after wave they come, openly, in broad daylight, magnificently armored and armed and ready to fight their way through to the selected targets.

With the precision of perfect planning, the invading aerial giants strike at the nerve centres and jugular veins of our nation. Unerringly they pick their objectives: industrial centres and sources of power, government seats and fuel concentrations, particularly the aviation

complex of factories and airdromes. The havoc they wreak is beyond description. Washington is wiped out before the government has a chance to rescue its most treasured records. The wrecking of a score of crucial hydroelectric power centres paralyzes huge sectors of American industrial life at one blow. A thousand tons of explosives deposited expertly on a few great railroad knots like those at Chicago dislocate the country's transportation system. The attacks on Amsterdam, Hamburg, London, Moscow, in 1939-1941 seem a mere rehearsal for this massive and cataclysmic attack on America. Our 'purely defensive' aviation, chained to the older services, gallantly takes to the air, but proves sadly inadequate because its military characteristics are unsuited to this task.

As the cyclones of aerial devastation sweep through the land, hour after hour, day after day, only one thing proves more shocking and demoralizing than the physical destruction and the incredible loss of life. It is the sudden realization that the immense program of defense to which the country gave its best efforts and billions of dollars in the preceding years is utterly irrelevant to this total war from the skies. The existing American aircraft do take some toll from the enemy; but the foe readily replaces his losses — his industries and airdromes are immune because we lack the transoceanic 'reach' to strike at the source of attack. There may be millions of well-equipped soldiers on tap, a ring of superb coastal artillery, a two-ocean Navy without peer. Yet all of these are literally helpless against the aerial attack. Indeed, the Navy and the Army themselves are pathetically exposed and vulnerable to the overhead onslaught.

Moreover, as the concentrated and unceasing air attack proceeds, a panic-stricken nation wonders when the much-advertised invasion by millions of enemy troops will begin. Our mechanized land forces are deployed to meet them head-on. Every inch of our coastlines and

land frontiers has been elaborately fortified for miles and miles inland in accordance with the new theories of defense in depth. After a while the country begins to *wish* for the land invasion that it feared — anything seems preferable to the relentless pounding from on high.

Then the stricken people begin to understand that there will be no immediate invasion in the old-fashioned sense of the word. The enemy has no intention of undertaking a slow, costly, mile-by-mile conquest of America on the ground when it can hammer the country into a writhing mass of ruins at leisure from overhead. The invader prefers to bleed America to the point of exhaustion and helplessness, demolishing its cities and its industries, wrecking its machinery of existence and its national morale.

In the past, too, there had been talk of total war. But now it is being demonstrated in pure form for the first time. America is being attacked as a totality rather than piecemeal. There is only one target: the whole country. The idea of a slow movement from the shorelines towards the interior no longer makes sense. *Destruction* has replaced *occupation* as the first objective. Given sufficient destruction, occupation can be undertaken or not, as the conqueror desires, to round out the victory.

The picture, I am keenly conscious, will seem fanciful at first blush. Those who dare to visualize it so vividly and to paint it as a genuine possibility lay themselves open to the charge of being alarmists. Even thus General de Gaulle and others were branded as panic-mongers when they warned that frontier fortifications and huge armies were not enough in this age of aviation. Yet there is nothing remotely fanciful about the nightmarish picture. Bombers of that striking force are grim immediate realities. The one element lacking, adequate range, is rapidly being achieved.

Civilian, non-military aviation is certain in the near future to bind every nation of the planet in an immense network

of aerial transportation. The United States, lying between the two great oceans, is destined to be the crossroads of this gigantic traffic: the 'four corners' of air routes not only over the Atlantic and Pacific but over the North and South Poles. We shall find ourselves in the very midst of a planetary air traffic, some of it not even pausing to refuel or reload in America as it makes express jumps between continents.

Our minds accept this coming peacetime aviation without too much resistance. They balk at accepting the same facts in relation to war movements, since those facts cut athwart established military 'laws' and patterns of thought. Granite is more yielding than deeply rooted ideas. However, we shall be as completely open for destructive attack as for commerce. In fact, air commerce will be as thoroughly guarded by Air Power as sea traffic has in the past been guarded by Sea Power. Self-consoling isolationist optimism has no place in the modern world. Physical remoteness, with all its attendant comforts and automatic safeguards, has been abolished.

It would be false to assume that those now tagged with the isolationist label have a monopoly on that optimism. On the contrary, it is implicit in our whole defense structure, in so far as that ignores the new facts which have telescoped space and made the skies above, rather than oceans or other surface barriers, the outer ramparts of the nation. Our current defense program evades the new reality that our first lines of defense must now be concentrated in the air, with an over-all strategy specifically designed for total aerial warfare, with a special and independent Command responsible for maintaining freedom of the skies.

Our official thinking and planning unfortunately have carried over into the new element of operations, the air, notions which are perfectly valid on the surface of the earth but are without meaning in the skies. Thus they have

artificially divided the skies into air-above-land and air-above-water, and assigned one segment to the Army, another to the Navy. The arbitrary division is no more logical than it would be to split the Navy into sections in accordance with the depth or contours of the ocean floor. The air is an uninterrupted expanse, requiring uninterrupted tactics and uninterrupted authority in order to attain unity of command in this new sphere. Questions of coördination with the surface forces do not affect this fundamental concept. A Supreme Command, on which Army, Navy, and Air Force are equally represented, and which will deploy all three services to solve specific military problems, must be taken for granted, even as we now take co-operation between Army and Navy for granted.

What is involved is not a mere reshuffling of departments. To think that we can meet the new Air Age by rearrangement of bureaus, such as the War Department recently announced for its Air Corps, is frivolous and does not even touch the issue. The problem is infinitely more far-reaching. Nothing less than a new understanding of the physical world we live in — not only a technical but a psychological adjustment to the realities of a contracted world controlled from the third dimension, from the sky — will suffice. Such a readjustment is the first and inescapable condition for survival in the new circumstances presented by the advent of long-distance aviation.

The Roman Empire became dominant in its epoch because in an age of land power it was integrated with the psychology of land power; every Roman was a soldier. The British Empire emerged in the epoch of Sea Power, and every Briton, even if he never went to sea, was a sailor at heart. In this era of Air Power, America must integrate itself with the new force, and every American psychologically must become an aviator if we want to preserve our precious heritage of free institutions.

A PRIMER FOR THE BLIND

BY RABBI HARRY J. BREVIS

I

BEFORE I lost my vision sixteen years ago I don't remember having read many books about the blind that left a lasting impression upon me. Besides the books by and about Helen Keller I can recall only *The Cricket on the Hearth* by Charles Dickens and *The Blind Musician* by Vladimir Korolenko. After the revolt, the listlessness, the void that accompanied the grim experience of oncoming blindness, there had ensued a period of inner stress that disconcertingly recurs to this day. 'Is the life of a blind man worth living?'

I sought an anchor, a precedent, a philosophy of life that would answer all questions. Could anyone teach me the technique of living, planning, working without sight in a world in which the seeing eye is the most important means of communication between man and man? Has there been a blind person who succeeded in attaining a certain amount of inner satisfaction, a modicum of dignity in living?

Relatives and friends often talked to me with the obvious intention of bolstering up my morale. In most instances their well-meaning efforts proved futile. Like a drowning man clutching at a straw, I threw myself upon books for and of the blind. Closely, hungrily I studied the volumes I had formerly read as literature. Librarians helped me to seek out those with which I was not familiar. Within two months some twenty volumes had been read to me.

Helen Keller's life, so beautifully and

so touchingly delineated in her biographic writings, left scarcely more of an impression than did the avowedly imaginative creations of Dickens and Korolenko. Her emergence from a state of virtual animality to that of a highly gifted writer, recognized and sought after the world over, appeared like a miracle wondrous to meditate upon, but hardly applicable to the problems of a man of twenty-six in a world made dark for him by rapidly oncoming blindness. Unfortunately, Miss Keller had written most of her biography after her meteoric flight to the zenith of her fame. Her early struggles, her financial difficulties, only served to add glory to the saga of her life. Somehow it was impossible for me to associate disappointments and difficulties with the miracle that is Helen Keller.

Furthermore, Helen Keller never had been able to see. She undoubtedly rued her lack of vision; she had never mourned its loss. If blindness is a kind of death, hers was the tragedy of stillbirth, mine of death in early manhood.

As I look back across the dozen years to the first few months of my blindness, I recoil from the utterly unnecessary, stupidly inhuman cruelty of my situation. Within me I felt the stirrings of untapped powers — an innate tenacity of life, an elemental challenge to death, an exhilaration born of expected combat.

But my hands were tied, my inner resources paralyzed. I was blind.

I could not dress myself without help. I could not eat unaided. I did not dare take a step without someone at my side. At twenty-six I was an infant once again. Is it possible to conceive anything more deeply humiliating? In the morning, fumbling for my shoes on my hands and knees, I gashed my forehead on the sharp corner of my dresser. At breakfast, feeling around for a glass of water, I stuck my hand in the hot coffee and upset it. I upset lamps, broke vases, tumbled downstairs. I could not walk, read, or write. All former habits had to be abandoned. I was no longer I—I was a burden to myself and everybody around me.

Following the two months of bitter, humiliating experiences and exhausting inner conflict there ensued a much longer period of patient self-discipline. Imperceptibly, old habits and attitudes, the cultural structure of my twenty-six years, began to assert themselves. One day I realized that the young strong animal had learned to swim. Clumsily at first, with faltering, blundering movements, I began to propel myself shoreward. Without precedent and guide, I was compelled to become my own teacher. Sixteen years of daily, hourly drilling have taught me many things.

II

Some time ago, upon leaving the office of a physician in New York City with whom I discussed the perfectly 'normal' reactions of the blind, he took me to the door, where he helped me into my coat. We stood near the hatrack. I reached for my hat and put it on.

'Now, how did you know which hat was yours? Was it by the shape of the hat, its weight or size, or were you able to tell colors through the sense of touch?' asked the physician.

All I had done was merely to remember where I had hung my hat when I entered.

A blind person must learn to use little

devices to compensate for his blindness every hour of his waking life if he is to gain self-dependence. He cannot afford to be mentally lazy and must continue all slovenly, careless habits. His other senses must be carefully trained, his memory and reasoning power developed to their utmost.

The theory of 'natural compensation' was exploded fifty years ago. One's hearing does not become more acute the moment one loses his eyesight. Acuity of hearing and of other senses must be developed through constant practice. Most people feel that they can 'get by' with partial use of their equipment. But the blind must make a virtue of necessity if they are to get along. Now let us make a list of ten of the major problems that have confronted me.

(1) *The cane.* The cane, the blind person's 'long arm,' is at best but a crude and ineffective tool. Its value lies more in its mute attestation of its master's handicap than in its own helpfulness to him. Yet, whatever its limitations, the cane often becomes a substitute for the seeing eye, and the blind person can little afford to do without it.

Since canes in the main are manufactured without regard to the special needs of the blind, most of them are somewhat too short for their purposes. They are generally thirty-four to thirty-five inches in length. A blind person of average height will find a cane about two inches longer more adequate to his needs.

For a long time after I had lost my vision I refused to carry a cane. A cane was synonymous with blindness to me, and the mere idea of it was abhorrent. But when I finally realized that through this unreasonable attitude I was denying myself something that might be of assistance, I secretly acquired a cane and used it only when I was certain that no one who knew me was around. My early experience with it was unsatisfactory. It was an instrument of destruction in my hands rather than of help. Not until I had learned to use it effec-

tively did I lose my sensitiveness regarding it.

Contrary to the experience of many blind persons, I have found continuous tapping with my cane on the sidewalk objectionable; first because tapping noisily on the sidewalk needlessly proclaims my sightlessness, and secondly because the repetitive sound of the cane drowns out other sounds. When walking unguided I consider full use of my hearing indispensable.

In place of tapping I lightly touch the sidewalk with my cane at every step. The natural swing of my body permits me to let the end of my cane drop to the sidewalk now in front of my right foot, now in front of the left. A cane thirty-six or thirty-seven inches long makes it possible for me to touch the sidewalk at a point approximately eighteen inches in front of my feet.

The primary function of a cane is to permit its master to determine whether the road before him is clear, whether there is a ditch or excavation or, on the other hand, an embankment or some other obstruction lying before him. Tapping in a straight line will not disclose what lies to the right or left of that line. Dropping the end of the cane alternately now in front of the right foot, now in front of the left, gives you an idea of what lies across the path you are to traverse. Used in this way, the cane will prove a sort of bumper either cushioning a collision or enabling you to avoid it entirely.

The usefulness of a cane on other than cement roads is negligible. Indoors it becomes a veritable bull in a china shop.

(2) *Trouble with furniture.* In the home, the office, the classroom, numerous objects of irregular shape are to be found on the floor, on tables, or protruding from walls and often from ceilings. Many of them the cane will not detect, and those that it will are frequently so irregular in shape that the blind person will have to examine them with his

hands in order to know how to avoid them. If a blind person is in the habit of regularly visiting a certain room, he should make it a point to study its contents systematically. Like the mariner who is able to orient himself by his position in relation to whatever star may be visible to him at the moment, the blind person by touching a single object in the room must be able to tell the relative position of the others. A certain amount of practice in familiarizing himself with his surroundings will give the blind person the self-assurance he might have thought was denied him forever.

Sighted people must be very careful not to move objects in such rooms without specifically describing the changes to the blind person.

(3) *Walking — guided and unguided.* Blindness is the most sedentary of occupations. Sight is an indispensable prerequisite of most forms of physical exercise, and the blind, as a class, are doomed to relative inertness. Walking is one of the few exceptions.

Because it is often so difficult to secure the service of a volunteer guide, learning to walk unguided becomes an important problem to every blind person unable to afford a paid assistant.

In New York City, I succeeded in arranging with numerous members of ladies' groups to take blind women out for a walk or a drive to their destination.

In the case of a blind man, the advisability of going out unguided depends largely upon his ability to use his cane effectively. He must avoid going into sparsely populated neighborhoods where he may experience difficulty in getting someone to help him across the thoroughfares. Under no circumstances must a blind person undertake to cross a street alone. Most accidents in which blind persons are involved occur in neighborhoods where the blind pedestrian gets tired of waiting for someone to help him and undertakes to cross the

street himself, or when he is *perfectly* sure it is safe to cross the street alone.

Guiding a blind person through heavy city traffic or along an uneven country road may seem to be very difficult. In reality nothing could be simpler. The blind person should put his hand through his companion's arm and let it rest lightly on the latter's forearm. He will feel the rise and fall of his companion's body and will be able to approximate his own steps accordingly.

(4) *Loneliness*. While the problem of getting enough air and sunlight and a certain amount of physical exercise may be partly solved by the skillful use of a cane or an intelligent dog, the loneliness of the blind can be answered only by human companionship. Confined in movement, unable to see their own faces in the mirror, to see the sky above and the ground under their feet, they sit alone with their dark thoughts, the incubus of loneliness astride their souls. When I speak to people with sight about the loneliness of those without it, and ask them to spend an hour or two with a blind person, a few refuse on the ground that they are too sensitive. The blind depress them. Such revolting sensitivity makes misanthropy understandable.

(5) *The 'Seeing Eye' dog*. Years ago when I first read John Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga* I paid but scant attention to the few scattered references to a dog named Balthasar. In a book permeated with the pathos of a passing era in British social history, the fortunes of a mere dog necessarily became part of the casual background. Thus it was that Jolyon Forsyte's characterization of dogs as 'the most unselfish of creatures' slipped unnoticed into a corner of my mind. If someone had asked me about the dog in the story shortly after I had finished reading this remarkable book, I should have found it difficult to recall anything about him. A decade later, however, as I was walking one day with

my guide dog at my side, Jolyon Forsyte's remark protruded itself upon me with the compelling suddenness of a flash of lightning.

In the fall of 1938, I spent a month at the Seeing Eye Institute in Morristown, New Jersey, undergoing the very rigorous training preliminary to my entering upon an unusual sort of partnership—that of a man and a dog. My new companion was a female German shepherd named Sylvia, as incongruous a name as that borne by Jolyon Forsyte's dog Balthasar. We came to an intersection where we had to cross a wide and busy thoroughfare. I waited until the traffic started in the direction in which I wanted to go. My trainer purposely fell behind in order to give me the feeling of being on my own. Sylvia stopped at the down curb. I thanked her and commanded her to go forward. We started to cross and had gone three or four paces when I felt Sylvia suddenly coming to a halt. My momentum carried me a step ahead of her when I felt her pulling back toward the curb we had just left. I stepped back to my correct position, my knee touching her body about half-way between her front and back legs. A second later I heard an automobile slowly rolling past us.

My trainer subsequently explained that the car had detached itself from the moving traffic and had swung around the corner into the street which Sylvia and I were then crossing. Sylvia placed herself directly in the path of the oncoming automobile and manoeuvred me back to the curb. The trainer regarded the incident as a matter of course. To me it symbolized a new freedom and a new security.

Today, after more than two years of this companionship, I have come to feel that every active blind man or woman under fifty can profit from the possession of a guide dog, not alone in increased earning capacity, but, what is vastly more important, in greater self-reliance and self-esteem. Unfortunately, how-

ever, there are not nearly enough trained dogs to go round.

(6) *Braille*. Since the year 1830 when Louis Braille, a French teacher of the blind, devised the embossed type code that bears his name, thousands of braille books have been published for the use of blind readers in all modern languages, in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Hundreds of novels, short stories, plays, poems, essays, have thus been transcribed for the benefit of those unable to read with their eyes, and the United States Government, together with many private welfare agencies, is constantly adding new titles to this already vast collection.

For at least six months I could not bring myself to begin the study of braille. Books, authors, characters, take on the guise of living persons to whom I am sentimentally attached. They could not be the same in braille. It would be like suddenly beginning to speak French to one's father and mother. To learn braille was tantamount to saying good-bye to all books in print — and that, for me, would have been an act of disloyalty. These motives seem somewhat sentimental now that I am sixteen years older and a full-fledged resident of Brailleland; then they were part of life itself.

When I finally did make the transition from print to embossed type, all doubts vanished as though they had never been. I now prepare braille notes for use on the lecture platform and pulpit. I carry on an extensive correspondence in braille with the people to whom I minister. I keep a card index in braille for addresses and other useful data. Within its limitations braille has proved a faithful and willing servant. Without it I should be lost.

Often people who have lost their sight in middle age or later find it difficult to learn braille. That is especially true of people who blunted their sense of touch through manual labor. In the case of several sightless men over fifty who had

difficulty with their sense of touch, I found that a regimen of washing the hands with Castile soap and warm water several times a day and applying honey-and-almond or cold cream at night for a period of several weeks was sufficiently helpful to enable them to learn braille.

Almost all braille magazines are free to blind readers, and about thirty of the largest cities in the country maintain free braille circulating libraries. Blind readers are not required to go to their libraries to borrow or return books. They may send a list of desired titles to their librarians and the books are sent to them by parcel post. The United States Government 'franks' all such packages.

(7) *Eating*. A wit once remarked that eating is an art, not a business. The enjoyment of one's food without detracting from that of others at the same table is an accomplishment of a fairly high order. For a blind person it is truly an art.

Table manners are, for the most part, conventionalized common sense in eating. In my own case, they have proved a boon. To be able to know where to find the right spoon, where to look for my water, to switch the fork to my right hand after having cut my meat — all that has simplified a process which otherwise might have become a painful ordeal.

In a few regards, however, I have found that the blind diner must depart from generally accepted etiquette, or at least must observe practices that will reduce to a minimum his own peculiar condition.

Among the most important of these considerations is the diner's posture. If you are blind your chair should be placed so as to have the first inch or two of its front edge hidden by the edge of the table. You must sit back in the chair as far as you can. This position will give you plenty of support and a feeling of ease and security. When re-

ceiving food you should lean forward approximately four or five inches, bringing your mouth to a point directly over your plate while keeping your necktie and vest beyond the 'danger zone.' Too much movement at table attracts attention. Sitting close to the table, you can change with an economy of movement from actively partaking of food to a position of ease, talking or listening, during which you can lean against the back of your chair.

As is to be expected, the carving of meat constitutes the blind diner's most perplexing problem. My plate always seems to be too small, my knife too dull, and the grain of the meat perversely running in the wrong direction.

I ask the waiter to bring a meat order on a large plate and to serve my vegetables on a separate dish. I force my fork with the left hand into the meat and cut around it with my knife, being very careful to sever all entangling alliances.

The blind diner must also remember that the best place for his hands when not engaged in preparing food or bringing it to his mouth is in his lap. Idle hands and elbows on the table are a sign of bad breeding. In the case of a blind person, they may become the cause of a minor catastrophe.

(8) *Personal appearance.* Part of my duties as Chaplain to the Blind of New York City consisted of visiting sightless persons at hospitals and in their homes. One day I was going to make a call on a blind old lady living in an exclusive apartment house in New York's West Side. Because of a long report I wanted to put out that morning I had had no time to shave. A continuous rain made it advisable that I should put on my oldest coat and hat, and altogether I must have presented the appearance of a first-class bum.

As I was going into the apartment house the doorman told me in a somewhat annoyed tone that no canvassers were allowed in the building. My ap-

pearance and my brief case, in which I was carrying a braille book for the lady, gave the doorman the impression that I was a salesman canvassing the building for new business.

That day was unique during the six years of my chaplaincy in New York City. During those years I had occasion to enter many exclusive hotels, restaurants, and apartment houses. Though in each instance I must have been subjected to the closest scrutiny on the part of doormen and house detectives, never before or since have I been thus mistaken.

From time immemorial sightlessness has been associated in one form or another with poverty and mendicancy. Many welfare agencies for the blind in their campaigns for funds unwisely and unjustly stress the utter dependence of the blind on the 'charity' of the sighted. To overcome the damage wrought by the high-powered publicity methods of these welfare agencies, you who are blind must consistently deny yourselves the privilege of occasionally appearing carelessly dressed if you wish to escape the stigma attaching to street beggars.

(9) *Being introduced.* Among the most painful experiences in the early years of my blindness were introductions to strangers. In the first few years of my blindness every introduction was another ordeal. In my anxiety to do the right thing I would extend my hand a bit prematurely for the expected handshake. Often, after letting my hand drop to my side in nervous confusion, I would find it grasped warmly by the hand I had vainly sought a moment too soon. This trifling incident would many times cause a cold sweat to come out on my forehead and render my conversation stiff, halting, and stilted for at least a half hour.

Under such circumstances, the names of persons to whom I was introduced invariably escaped me. If I were introduced to three or four people simultaneously, I found it impossible to

identify them by their voices. My answers to questions were laconic and hence discouraging to those who tried to 'make' conversation with me. I was glad to be left alone, and often my wish was gratified. Alone in my room, my boorish conduct appeared even worse in retrospect. What Clarence Day might have called my 'simian pride' suffered from my awkward and for me quite unusual reticence. I was talkative by nature and enjoyed conversing with old acquaintances. My unwonted conduct was plainly due to my inability to meet people. I determined to study the details of introductions in an effort to forestall embarrassing moments.

My first rule was to get the name of the person to whom I was being introduced and to repeat it distinctly as I extended my hand. If I didn't understand the name, I asked to have it repeated. This procedure usually confronted me squarely with my acquaintance. The exchange of words that thus ensued gave me an opportunity to associate his voice with his name. I still follow this rule whenever there aren't too many introductions at the same time.

Another rule is to repeat the names of my new acquaintances two or three times in the course of our conversation. Most people like to hear their names on the lips of others, especially if pronounced correctly. They are sure to respond in the same way. I have found this conducive to bringing conversationalists closer together.

More general in scope is a third rule I have been practising more or less successfully. Because of the relative infrequency of sightlessness, many people are somewhat at a loss as to how to act toward a blind person. They often assume that the blind are much more helpless than they really are. In the course of showing a group of 'philanthropic' ladies through an institution for the blind with which I was connected, I escorted them into the dining room during the lunch hour. The residents of

the institution were seated around several tables enjoying their meal. 'And they are all blind, the poor dears!' commiserated one of the ladies in a loud voice. 'How do they know where their mouths are?'

Upon entering a drawing-room I am escorted to the most comfortable chair. Sometimes a lady will vacate a chair and let me sit down. Although I am inwardly irked at such conduct, I seldom protest. That would only add to the general confusion and embarrassment. At such times the hostess often begs me not to rise when introduced to ladies. She may also offer to hold for me the platter on which my coffee and sandwiches are served.

While the last two requests are easier to deny than most others, I ordinarily try not to make an issue of things. The most salutary procedure is to settle the controversy and go on to matters of a more general nature. I try to avoid making such incidents the focus of attention.

(10) *Keeping up social contacts.* Man is a social animal and his circles of interest overlap at a hundred different points. One is not merely a chemist, carpenter, mail carrier, or stenographer, and nothing else. By choice or compulsion we devote a major part of our time and thinking to only one pursuit. That does not mean that our other pursuits are of lesser moment to us. Indeed, in the case of many people the interests that yield the greatest joy and are responsible for the greatest sorrows are far removed from their main occupations. Only the monomaniac can live within the confines of a single idea. The minds of normal individuals are at once relaxed and stimulated by going from one circle of interests to another.

In my case, apart from its implications, blindness has given me an additional interest without seriously affecting any of my old ones. I play chess and checkers, swim and take long hikes. I go to the theatre as frequently as my income will

allow, and occasionally attend a movie. My duties as Chaplain used to make it necessary for me to conduct religious services, to preach and lecture, to visit hospitals and other institutions, to appear before governmental agencies on behalf of those to whom I ministered, and to urge their cause before their relatives and social service agencies.

In all my associations I make an effort to assume a well-balanced relationship in which consideration of my blindness is excluded as far as possible. If the subject arises, I speak of blindness simply and frankly, and I seldom refer to myself as 'not being able to see' in preference to the harsher phrase of 'being blind.'

Without inviting the subject myself, I never hesitate to talk about my blindness to those who seem interested. I neither exaggerate nor minimize its difficulties. I laugh at the absurd notions people have concerning the preternatural abilities of the blind, and urge the need for vocational training for the blind and for the establishment of subsidized workshops in place of charity. I describe the process by which blind persons develop greater acuity of hearing and touch. This approach strips the blind of their mysteriousness and puts them within the sphere of understandable phenomena.

Once a blind individual has succeeded in establishing a well-balanced relationship with those about him, he must be careful not to upset it. He must avoid being unduly burdensome to his companions. He may call attention to his blindness unnecessarily. He may develop what social workers call 'blind-

isms.' He speaks to someone while facing the other way, rubs his hands nervously, sways his body, rolls his eyes or fixes them on a point above the heads of the people in the room. Because he does not see objects within his reach, he has a tendency to touch them, fingering and caressing them ceaselessly. Sometimes he plays with his handkerchief, his nose, ears, lips, or chin, or curls and twists strands of hair endlessly.

He must constantly bear in mind that, while he does not see those around him, they see him. He must realize that his mannerisms are annoying, and even obnoxious to many. If he doesn't break himself of the habit, these people may in the future avoid meeting him.

III

Is the life of a blind man worth living? This question, in one form or another, has been put to me by scores of people, blind and sighted. Barring moments of weakness such as are known to most people, I have come to look upon my blindness as a physical handicap without psychological implications. I have not allowed it to influence my actions or to warp my thinking.

In moments of insight when the threshold is lowered before the stream of consciousness within me, I am able to catch a glimpse of the dignity, the calm strength, of the spirit. There blindness is unknown. Although the spiritual microcosm is resident within every human being, the key to its door may be secured only through rigorous mental and moral discipline. The effort lies within the reach of everyone.

TOOTS AND I

BY OLD ENGLAND

Episodes from the letters of an English spinster who, with the help of one elderly farm hand, runs a small farm in East Kent, not far from Dover.

December 1940

ALL you dears — a happy Christmas and may you be together as many as may be. Wherever you are I hope isn't as noisy as we are here in the 'Cockpit.' We are a danger zone, which means no one's supposed to come into or out of our area — so no refugees. David [a nephew] still manages it from time to time, otherwise I've seen none of the family for over a year. We are all very matey and dependent on each other, and the large permanent sanity of farming goes on unperturbed by 'this upset,' as the war's called hereabouts, though our fields were strewn at one time with crashed planes and now have craters and burnt patches (incendiaries) and our houses drop plaster and tiles.

The other week I was spreading dung in one field while the old chap who works for me was clipping a hedge, 'our usual' going on overhead. When the row died down a bit, Toots called over to me, 'Find anything?' 'No — what?' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'I saw things drop and make little puffs of smoke.' 'Where?' I shouted. 'Oh, nighabouts where you are,' he remarked calmly.

I had told him to take out when they were machine-gunning low if he was carting, and one day I said, 'I suppose you took out this morning.' 'No,' says he, very surly, 'I didn't. What's the use? I'd only have had to catch the mare up again. . . . You want your

dung out, don't you?' he added fiercely. 'Well, then.'

Toots is Roots really, but a bit queer on the feet, so is called Tootsie Rootsie — Toots for short. I think he rose to his highest moment when he came back to work on the day France collapsed just as I was listening to the one-o'clock news. I called him in and he listened in silence; then he got up, took up his tools, and remarked, 'Well, I allus did say, if you'd got a job to do you'd as lief do it yourself.' He and his wife had been married seventeen years before his wonderful John was born, and John is now out with the B.E.F. I watched him go slowly down the path looking bent and old — and knew he was England, country England, unshakable.

January, 1941

One nice remark Toots made this morning — he said something about carrying the ewes out some extra hay, as it's a white world here now and they must all be fed. I said, 'Go easy — this may go on as it did last year,' and he muttered, 'It ain't fit! When will old Hitler be done crabbing the animals' mouths like this? It ain't fit, *and*' — with a nasty look at me — 'you know it.' . . .

My first parachutist I remember vividly — June or early July, I forget which. Lovely fight-seeing weather, and they kept it up day after day. One

morning a fight overhead ended in a burst of flame from one plane and a parachute, and as we followed it coming down I saw it was very near. So I shouted to Toots and ran. I saw, trotting along with her small dogs, a seventy-year-old neighbor of mine. I called, 'I'm after the parachute — let's leave the plane.' It was burning away in the next field but one. In those days we'd had no Germans down and we expected this was a German, but neither of us thought it might be unpleasant. Unfortunately one of the blasted little dogs got astray and old Mrs. J. insisted on finding him before planes, parachutes, or anything — so I left her and made for the plane and found a delicate-looking unruffled lad from Lagos (West Africa) and one L. D. V. [Local Defense Volunteers, now Home Guard] who'd arrived before me.

The plane was popping away its machine-gun ammunition and burning like fun, but the boy said he'd found *such* a nice soft oak to come down in. His parachute was untorn, and he quite immaculate. Odds and ends of soldiers arrived, and I smoked the pilot's cigarettes, and then, just as we were leaving for him to come up here and telephone, we met a triumphant little Mrs. J., who had found her dog! As the pilot remarked, 'It's that sort of thing must put the wind up Hitler,' for of course there were fights going on all the time and a simply deafening noise.

Toots and I have fallen out — a question of lime — both equally sure we are right and the other willfully stupid, but it came to 'I won't' on his side, and on mine, 'Go home, then, and I'll do it myself.' Superior smile from Toots, and, by the grace of having David here from the BBC for a night and by back-breaking labor, I did it. Next morning up came Toots, with an apple turnover from the missus, and nothing further was said about lime. Later on he remarked, 'I told the missus we'd fallen out and we'd

only done half the job — we had to fall in again.' And then: 'It's just you talking and me talking, and the truth's there just the same.' I'd often heard that grand piece of country wisdom before: 'It's just him talking and me talking, and the truth's there just the same,' but, as Toots said it, it struck me — isn't that the core of their unmoved sureness of the ultimate end of 'this upset'? Propaganda hasn't much chance if one's sure the Truth is there just the same.

Today is 'turn of days,' and it's queer how our hearts lift at the thought. We know that often we get harder weather after than before it, but nonetheless it's turn of days and our backs to winter and our faces to the spring — and I think you can never savor an English, and especially a Kent, spring unless you've been farming through an English winter.

Many are the chuckles that the thought of Hitler's mechanized invasion ploughing through our Kent 'slurry' causes hereabouts! There never surely can be trickier land to farm than this — either so wet it can't be worked or so dry it cracks; but, though we abuse it ourselves, if any outsider does we say at once that it stands up to drought better than light soil, or some such defense of our own. Not that possession is the real idea — we are all definitely serving the land. One grand story: A threadbare man asked if I had a job for him, and in the bitter March wind I put him on to hoe mangolds, his skin showing through his cotton dungarees, which were tied round his ankles so as not to show he had nothing on except his boots. He worked for a week and I asked if thirty-five shillings would be all right. He snorted I could keep my thirty-five shillings. So, knowing it was a beastly job, I asked what he did want. 'Thirty-five shillings!' he growled. 'I'll not take it — you can't afford it and the land can't carry it. Give me twenty-five.'

You should have seen the youngsters hop-picking with low fighting going on,

and vying with each other at telling which were 'ours.' 'You *must* see it — it's just over the oast — now it's turning. Now you just follow my finger' — and so on. There is nothing much they don't know about Heinkels and Messerschmitts and Junkers, having crawled all over them when they were down. Two young neighbors coming back from school this afternoon passed me gaping at a packet of Spitfires ripping into an enemy formation overhead and called to me, as they went on their way, 'Better get in, Miss — they're right overhead.' And, having seen to the safety of the women, these seven-year-olds chattered merrily on.

By the way, talking of the queer effects of blast, the one which took my neighbor's house made me laugh all by myself in spite of the row, for as the bomb fell my curtain rod lifted off its nail, the curtain ran down the rod and neatly leapt out of the window — all in one, like a conjuring trick. It doesn't sound funny, but it was to see, and there was I, lights blazing, while Jerry was rattling about above, till I could gather the curtain up from the yard. The blasts often stop the pendulum of the kitchen clock, but that is natural in a way — the curtain I would not have believed if I had not seen it.

The funny thing about it is we are all pacifists at heart. 'Don't old Hitler *know* better?' my neighbors say, puzzled. 'Don't he know we weren't sent into this world to querl and fight?'

One evening I went up the path to Toots's cottage and I heard high words. John was home on leave, and I gathered he and his father were what Mrs. Roots calls 'argybarging' over the war. I heard John's voice say, 'Well, Dad, maybe you'll be proud of me one day,' and Toots, very slow, 'Maybe I will, but it won't be long of all this morrising about the world shooting people.' Toots always maintains, 'I ain't done old Hitler no hurt and I don't see no call for his

doing me none.' And yet, with it all, I've never heard any of them question for a moment stopping now it's started. They are sure 'it don't make no sense,' but then so much else doesn't, either.

The only time you see people here looking at all fussed is when we have our very rare spells of quiet; then you hear peevish 'Where are the Jerries? Too quiet to be healthy. Don't like this — must mean he's up to something,' and so on. Not that we are often made nervous that way.

Two nice lads in a huge army lorry, — they use them as we would bicycles, — came about billeting. I told them they could, of course, do what they liked; it's to be sixteen in the house anyway, and the barn if it's needed. What amused me about it was the lads fencing with my question as to when. So I eventually said, 'Another spasm of invasionitis, I suppose,' and they looked relieved and talked openly then. They had obviously been sparing the feelings of a lone elderly female.

I know now that fights overhead, near-by bombs, fires, planes coming down round about, aren't what put one off one's stroke; nor the rather mazed Germans who come to be taken prisoner off parachutes; but if the door burst open and a party of armed Germans walked in, would I do the right thing? And anyhow, what is the right thing one is expected to do? Telephone if one can, of course, but is it likely one could? Anyhow, one really hardly ever thinks of it, and it's no use planning ahead.

The other day a parachute landed a Jerry lad of eighteen. He was taken to Toots's missus for a wash. Toots came up next morning very snorty. 'Miss B. and the missus had allus said all they'd do if they caught a German, and there they were muddling round him for best part of an hour and I got no tea.'

We've been more in the war just lately, after an eerie quiet which we felt oppressive. I saw seventy-two of ours go

over in formations in a clear high frosty sky on Sunday, a good sight after not seeing anything for so many cloud-blanketed days, and the next evening coming up from milking I heard a roar and across the orchard, hardly clearing the trees, came a huge black bomber — the biggest I've seen; and above, like birds over a hawk, two little Spitfires behind, but going flat out and overtaking. They got him before he left Kent.

Last night we had a really noisy night, bumps all round, and it snowed. It had been white, and was hard and clearing well, and now it is deep soft powder and looks like more. The relative importance of the two was what struck me. Toots came up this morning with a face as long as a week. 'Oh dear, Miss! Ain't this awful! I heard a blundering outside and I said to the missus I was going to see what was up. She said it was only Jerry, but I knew different, and there it was — a great drift heavens high come off the washhouse roof and piled across the door. I could have cried. All the creatures short, and the land made so unkindly there'll be no getting on it for weeks.' He would not be diverted and kept on about the snow and the hay and the unkindliness of the land after being sodden with snow. I always think the way the land is spoken of shows the real feeling for it — 'just a little unkindliness' where growth is stunted and poor, 'a well-mannered' crop if it's 'in good heart.'

March 1941

I've been down to the coast today to a seaside slum, such as we produce all along our very unattractive coast line, and, my goodness, there's some slum clearance there! The only thing that really gave me a pang was the shell of one of our loveliest Marsh Churches, just the tower steeple and one wall left standing, but it's all queer down there. Children played about and women stood gossiping (there was a quite lively air raid on all the time we were there).

Men were busy carting wurzel, and ploughing, and sowing fertilizers, and all round sentries with Tommy guns who stopped us at intervals and entered our names from our identity cards in books, and the whole marsh is growing a crop of . . . [Censored] It simply bristles, and yet there, quietly going on all as usual, were the farmers. There's more of their lovely soil turned up than usual, and fewer sheep, but otherwise it's just the usual seasonal work of the Marsh uninterrupted.

The night before last there were half a dozen big bumps. When one comes very near and your heart jumps, you quickly realize it's not got you that time, and the next will be further along anyhow and it won't help to get upset. There's where I feel they've made a big mistake. If we had not had so much, we should get windy with much less.

April 1941

I've come to the conclusion it's a mistake to meet an adversary face to face as a person; it's so hard then to go on being adverse. We found that with the young, frightened, and often rather silly Germans who bailed out round here last summer. No one could feel warlike about them even when we had been machine-gunned ourselves and when we had seen them machine-gunning our bailing-out pilots, though that did make one bloodthirsty in spirit. In fact, it was always a cup of tea, a cigarette, and a wash one gave them. John Roots wrote to me from the Desert, 'I'm glad Mum was all right with the German she got. She always said she'd shoot one if she could, but you can't really — they do look so miserable, poor chaps. Here we give them what we can and try to cheer them up a bit; they do look wretched, these Ities [Italians].'

Toots remarked yesterday, 'When will old Hitler get set back? But there! We keep saying when will the grass grow, and, gi' un the right time and weather, you can grow a stack in a fortnight.'

FATHER SILL OF KENT

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

I

SHORTLY after noon on a pleasant day in late September, 1906, eighteen boys, ranging from eight years old to seventeen, got off the train at a microscopic railway station in an almost equally tiny New England village and walked a dusty mile to a dilapidated farmhouse. There a towheaded Episcopal clergyman was waiting for them, dressed in the white habit of the monastic Order of the Holy Cross. He was thirty-two years old and possessed unbounded enthusiasm for life, an utter faith in God, and something less than three hundred dollars. His name was Frederick Herbert Sill. The village was Kent in Connecticut.

Three months before that opening, Father Sill had secured his handful of boys, from families of good traditions but with no money to speak of; and he had engaged three masters to teach them — young men who had, it may be, more daring than shrewd judgment. He had promised them a living out of it, perhaps; as for himself, he was vowed to perpetual poverty.

On a visit to Kent in June, to hear the confession of a lady stranded in mid-Connecticut, Father Sill had seen a rundown farmhouse close by the Housatonic, had rented the ramshackle place for forty dollars a month, and had employed a colored woman as cook and her son as waiter, dishwasher, and houseman. For a fortnight they and their employer had been engaged in a not too successful attempt to clean out the ac-

cumulated dirt due to years of discouraged housekeeping.

After this abbreviated preparation, the good monk stood in the front yard and greeted his curiously assorted youngsters with affection. 'Welcome to Kent School, lads,' said he. 'There are, it is true, no beds for you to sleep on. The ones we ordered have not come. But there are mattresses on the floor.' They looked on him with trust and confidence (the inspiring of which in boys has always been his most valuable asset), were glad they were there, and began to settle in. 'At last the school is a going reality,' said he. Just then the houseboy came to announce that the cook was ill with a violent headache and had gone to bed. There would be no one to get the dinner. Thereupon the boy slipped, fell violently, and sprained his ankle. They had no servants at all! 'Well, something has to be done about this,' said Father Sill. He put up a hasty but fervent prayer and prepared the evening meal himself. 'I had never cooked before,' he says, 'but somehow I made some corn-oysters.' The boys, seeing the Headmaster willing to work and gay, said, 'Come on. We'll serve, wash up afterwards, and clean the rooms tomorrow.'

They did it; and Kent boys have been doing the same ever since. The 'self-help system' was in being. 'It all came about,' says Father Sill, 'from having had a particular situation to deal with and having handled it forthwith. People tell me the self-help system is a great

educational idea; I myself am sure of it. It makes in boys for democracy, self-reliance, and a keeping close to the realities of life. Besides, it saves the school money — in these latter days over \$40,000 every year in servants' wages, which is the equivalent of the interest on a million of endowment. From every point of view, it seems a grand success. But I never planned it; it happened along, and I saw the point.

'As a matter of fact,' he concludes, as one who reveals a great secret, 'I never have planned out anything in advance at Kent. I have just tried to face up to what presented itself before me, to use such common sense as God has given me, to hit the job hard, and to say my prayers.'

Dinner over that evening, the boys after prayers were sent to bed. Then, for the first time, Father Sill sat down with his three young masters — not one of them had any pedagogic experience to guide or misguide him — and decided the course of study to be pursued. 'What was the use,' he asks, looking back across thirty-five years, 'of our fumbling around with such matters until first we had some boys to teach and their peculiar and personal needs to supply?' As the masters smoked and worked out schedules, before them appeared the student body in pajamas. Said the spokesman, 'We have come down to say that anything you may decide, Father, will suit us; and we shall do our best to back you up.' Whereupon masters and boys gave three rousing cheers for Father Sill and three more for Kent School, and took to their mattresses. Father Sill knelt down and thanked his Lord in heaven for this new family, and offered himself to God on its behalf, after which he slept serenely till the dawn. Then he arose, as his Order requires, at half-past five for the Divine Office. And it was the evening and the morning of the first day.

The problems of the new school were only beginning. Its housing was impos-

sible; and Father Sill began to look with longing eyes upon a property, for sale but not to let, nearer the town and on one of the loveliest bends of that most beautiful of New England rivers, the gentle Housatonic. He called upon the owner, a farmer anxious to be rid of the place. 'How much?' he asked. The reply was sternly put: 'More than you've got, anyway.' For the pre-Revolutionary house and four hundred acres of woodland and pasture, the price was \$6000, half cash and half mortgage. Father Sill remembered his unpaid grocery bill and an overdraft at the bank. 'How much down for a three months' option?' 'Fifty dollars.' He crossed the river into town, borrowed fifty dollars from the unpaid groceryman, got a lawyer to draw the contract of option free, and the deal was done. 'Then I *had* to get that \$3000,' as he tells it; 'and so with God's help and by violent begging I got it; but the money was not all in my hands till the very day the option was to expire. It works out that way. You have to do what simply must be done. Then say your prayers, work till you are all in, beg shamelessly, though never for yourself, and pray some more. The thing gets done.'

The method seems to have worked at Kent. In 1906, Father Sill had three masters, eighteen boys, and \$300 capital. Ten years later he had nine masters, 137 boys, and a plant worth \$120,000. Today Kent has twenty-four masters, 305 boys, and an equipment conservatively valued at \$1,500,000. In getting this together he worked alone until 1919, when a committee of fathers began to help; and even since then almost all of the work of administration, finance, promotion, as well as all the discipline and some of the teaching, has been laid upon his shoulders. That in his mid-sixties he is a physically broken man is hardly to be wondered at. He himself is not surprised, nor particularly regretful. It is enough to have believed, to have adventured, to have achieved.

II

This man who made Kent, and who is probably the American schoolmaster most widely known in this country and in England, spent a formative boyhood in the very centre of New York City, socially and geographically, during what has been called 'the gay nineties,' and that not without reason. His father was vicar, from 1865 to 1910, of St. Chrysostom's Chapel of Trinity Parish, which he founded in a room over a beer saloon at the close of the Civil War, in what then was a semi-countryside, 'way uptown on Thirty-ninth Street.' By the time he died the town had gone thundering up Manhattan Island and the church was surrounded by theatres, office buildings, department stores, next to no domiciles.

In the eighties and nineties, when Fred was growing up, St. Chrysostom's was as interesting a religious centre as New York possessed. To the east of it lived almost everyone who was anybody socially or financially; to the west of it was the first of those two districts successively called 'Hell's Kitchen' — slums inhabited by the poor, the new immigration, the about-to-burst-forth proletariat. St. Chrysostom's was one of the few Episcopal churches in New York which had no class prejudices. In its pews and at its rectory met rich and poor, employees and employers and those who were neither (some of whom lived off their money and others by their wits). There the lad learned to be unimpressed either by pretense of affluence or by alleged inferiority of workers, to take a human being as a human being, to like almost everybody. It still remains one of his most engaging traits. The millionaire father of a prospective student and the laborer called in to mend the pump are just two men to Father Sill. He jokes with both with equal zest, nor has he moderated his frequent bursts of temper in the interest of one or the other. He loves them alike and stands on ceremony with neither. Life

for him is too short for distinctions based on accidents like money.

In an expansive home the rector, Thomas Henry Sill, — happy, eager, overflowingly friendly, always ready to take a chance, and no manager, — was looked after by his competent, practical wife, a lady of Huguenot stock, daughter of that popular physician, Dr. John Miller. There were six children, of whom Fred was the third. It is characteristic of the family that when Fred was about to be born his mother told the rector one Tuesday morning he must go at once — there was no telephone — for the doctor and the nurse, but the rector said she must wait awhile, since he was due in the church to say Matins. Mrs. Sill let him go, and sent a cabman to fetch the needed assistance.

Young Fred was taught his letters by his grandmother. He received no teaching else till he was nine. At twelve he 'went to Dr. Holden' at Trinity School and then to the Halsey School, to get better brushed up for Columbia College, which he entered at sixteen. All that time and during college days he lived at home. He thinks and says that if there were today more homes like his to grow up in there would be no need for boarding schools, but that 'mostly there aren't.' He learned from his father how to dare and take risks; from his mother, how to manage money and how to control by exercise of will; from his brothers and sisters, how to give and take; and from the city whose streets he roamed, what the world is like.

Music fascinated the lad. John D. Prince had made the choir at St. Chrysostom's famous all over town; and frequently the stars from the Metropolitan Opera House, lately built across the street, came in to help. Everyone sang or played; Fred did both, the former as a choirboy, the latter on a fiddle. Deafness and the coaching of crews have dulled a bit the sweetness of his singing voice these latter years. As for the violin, there has been at Kent small

time to keep that up; but once, when the school dance orchestra lost its violinist to the infirmary, the Headmaster stepped into the breach and played till midnight, that his boys and their guests might dance. He said afterwards that he found it most convenient. From the band platform he could see if any danced too closely, and with his fiddle bow could rap them as they came round.

In 1890 off he went to Columbia, then downtown, where he managed, in five years instead of four, to satisfy the minimum requirements of the faculty and to have a hilariously good time. Most of the energy he possessed — and he had a great deal in his tiny body — went into other than academic pursuits. He edited the *Spectator*; he coxed the crew (weight 104); he went to Europe. A dandy in dress, he was much admired by the young ladies, but remained himself heart-free. No party was complete without that gayest of undergraduates, Frederick Sill. Those crew days at Poughkeepsie, and the dinners when the race was done!

What was he to do, now that the reluctant professors had at last given him a degree? Business, industry, banking, all looked promising; and Mrs. Sill had hopes that one of her three sons might make a little money. Henry was on his way to a Cornell professorship; James was soon to be a priest; Fred would be 'more practical.' He went tramping that summer with an old friend, Harrington Littell, later to be Bishop of Honolulu. He tells the story thus: 'Harrington asked me what I was going to do, and I said I did not know. He said that he was going to General Seminary to be a priest, and why did I not come too; and I said, "It is worth a try, anyway." That's the way I found vocation.' His father was pleased.

Pater — that is what Kent has called him for years — had up to that time had a conventional religious upbringing. He is quite sure, as he looks back across the years, that he has never had a single

doubt about the complete truth of the doctrines of the Christian faith. This seems primarily due to his being one of those whom William James has called 'the healthy-minded.' There is not, and never has been, any sense of alienation between himself and God; nor is there in his make-up much of the numinous or mystical. Doubt is a thing he has run across, chiefly in old Kent boys who have come back to him for spiritual counsel; but he himself has never experienced it. He has no great respect for it. 'I have found,' he says, 'that doubt usually comes from having too high an opinion of your own importance.' Given that sort of bent, the incarnational doctrines he learned from his father seem to him, as they did when first he heard them, entirely sensible.

But devotion to God as practised at St. Chrysostom's bored him, notwithstanding. It was essentially respectable and conventional in expression. Morning Prayer he found uninteresting, and Holy Communion, too, when decorated with interminable anthem settings of the Victorian variety. It all seemed a bit stodgy to this vigorous young man, nowhere near as straightforward as the doctrine of which it was supposed to be a liturgical expression. This feeling that the Episcopal Church was a little musty gave him pause about entering her ministry; but during his first year in theological college he met a man who removed his hesitation by revealing to him a simple and direct type of religion of which he had only vaguely heard up to that time — Anglo-Catholicism. The man was James Otis Sargent Huntington, then ministering to the very poor in a slum parish, proclaiming social reform and the single tax, and about to start an Anglican monastic order.

'What attracted me to Father Huntington,' says Pater, 'were three things. First, he showed me how beautiful a thing worship can be when fuss and formality are removed from that ancient simplicity which is the Mass. Secondly,

the man took praying and meditation with such seriousness that he did it systematically, with a concentrated mind. Thirdly, he was one hundred per cent priest, and would let no worldly ties interfere, of marriage or of any other sort. He meant business in a way that won me.' Young Sill said little of all this at home; and so it came with a shock to his family that, two years after his ordination, he joined the new Order which Father Huntington had just established. It then consisted of three professed fathers; a man named Shirley Hughson was its first novice; Pater was second.

'Whatever I am I owe chiefly under God to my Order,' insists Father Sill. The vigorous rule, by relieving him of attention to worldly amenities and by making minor decisions unnecessary, released his astonishing vitality in full power. He was fortunate, too, in the type of order that he joined, for it never has been cloistered, not even in desire. Its rule, while Benedictine in devotional rigor, combines with that basic strain a freedom almost as great as that of Saint Philip Neri's Oratory. This union of freedom and authority was due to the insight of the founder, who felt that only by both of these in balance can human problems ever be solved. The authority Father Sill needed and thrived under; the freedom made possible his doing at Kent a type of work which the Order had not foreseen as within its province.

The Holy Cross Fathers intended to spend their time in preaching, mostly of parochial missions. In that sort of work Father Sill was peculiarly effective. His absolute faith, his gaiety, and his tolerant understanding of all sorts of people combined to win souls, particularly those of men. But as he went about he was struck more and more with the plight of boys whose people were good citizens but who had to live in neighborhoods unfit for lads to grow up in; whose public schools were inadequate but whose funds were far too limited to permit attendance at the fashionable and ex-

pensive private schools which were the only alternative. He felt a call of God to take care of some of those boys. At first Father Huntington would not hear of it; but Pater can be very persistent, and so finally, while the two were preaching a Lenten mission at the Cathedral in St. Louis, he received permission to try.

To take advantage of this consent, Pater had been preparing for weeks. He had ready a list of everyone he knew, fifteen hundred names, many well-off, many leaders in New York; and he had a letter ready for the printer. Off it went the next day, 'lest the Superior change his mind,' the answers to be sent to him at the Mother House. He got back Easter Week and rushed to his mailbox, expecting hundreds of contributions. He had modestly asked for \$250,000. He found six answers, and the contributions amounted to \$300. 'Well,' he said to himself, after some time before the Blessed Sacrament, 'if the Lord wants me to make a school with three hundred dollars, I will do it.' And he did.

III

What are the chief characteristics of the man who thus has made much out of nothing? I have asked many people who know him: masters, pupils, former pupils, parents, his fellow monks, the heads of other schools. The general agreement is that Pater is a bit of a genius, and that the genius is fivefold.

First of all, there is his astonishing energy. For over forty years he has been at his morning prayers by half-past five and, after no rest during the day, has gone to bed at nearly midnight, every moment doing something, week in and week out. He has never been too busy to see a boy at any time about anything the boy has thought important. Nearly every evening has been devoted to sitting in his study and talking, talking, talking to the boys who thronged it. Interruptions, even irruptions, distress him not

at all. He has known no privacy. He has raised the money, supervised admissions, coached the crew, visited every sick boy two or three times a day, taught Religion and sometimes English, handled all discipline, kept the staff of teachers under control. He knows each one of his three hundred boys and most of his alumni by their first names and can tell you all about them without referring to notes. He has been chaplain and done the preaching. During most of the school's history he has been its business manager, purchasing agent, and dietitian. He has found time for interschool conferences, headmasters' meetings. He has organized a student-exchange system between English and American schools. How has such a pressure of work been handled? Probably it could not have been done were it not that Pater is supplied with a constant secretion for energy such as few men possess. This enables him to attack any problem aggressively, and continually to extend an unlimited outgiving interest to people, which last is probably the most difficult task in a hard world.

Secondly, everyone remarks his love of people, all people, people just because they are people. He does not understand them all. Introspectiveness in others, especially in boys, bothers him. He finds it mysterious, not normal. The questioning type of mind is equally alien to him. But he loves such people just the same; and they know it even when he exasperates them. He would gladly lay down his life for them all. Imagine a schoolmaster telling his boys, if they get into any trouble on holiday or after graduation, to call him at once on the telephone at his expense! They take him at his word. His long-distance reverse charges run to hundreds of dollars a year. A boy can hardly help loving with almost fanatical devotion an older man who always, invariably, cares.

Thirdly, there is Pater's continued youthfulness, which exists side by side with a shrewdly adult ability to handle men and money. It is not wholly a

virtue, and he knows it. He is fond of retailing a comparison once made between him and another headmaster who must be nameless, a man noted for pomposity and lack of humor. 'So-and-So and Sill,' it was said, 'are both inadequate to run a school, but for opposite reasons. So-and-So never was a boy, and Sill never grew up.' Pater is indeed much like a seventeen-year-old lad in his playfulness, in occasional bursts of vulgarity, in a lack of neatness in respect to clothing, boots, and hair, in an often undue sensitiveness to criticism, in a quality of pleasant brag. More important, he sees problems with a childlike simplicity which makes for work but not always for wisdom. Nowhere is he more a boy than at sports. Victory elates him; defeat sends him into the depths; he doubts if referees are fair. All these juvenile qualities endear him to his students. He is not a father to them, but an older brother. As a sixth-former is to a third-former, so is Pater to a sixth-former. And as for the alumni, they chuckle as they remember his boyish enthusiasms, and love him much as they love the memory of days forever gone.

Fourthly, he is lacking in self-consciousness. He simply does not matter to himself. Failure does not discourage him. As for success, he tells his boys, 'Aim at success; but never think you are successful.' He is not given to resentment when facts are not in accord with his presuppositions. Vainglory is incompatible with an utter opportunism. God he respects; people he loves, and often roundly abuses; puzzles he solves, or tries to; he has never had time to remember himself. Only twice do members of his family recall his seeming to boast. Once was when he was a little lad, blackberrying. He filled his pail far ahead of the others and then cried to his father, 'Isn't Freddy a great boy?' But his eyes were on the berries. The other time was after the prize day last June, when his work as Head was over. He sat in the twilight. 'I've not done so badly,'

he said. 'Look — a million and a half of property, and all those boys.' He was not thinking of himself. Pater's will drives hard, the harder for a sound humility.

Lastly, and most of all, he does believe in God, trusts Him utterly. Deity to Pater means Jesus. He is no mystic, searching hard for God in the shadows. God he is sure came to earth and found him long ago, and still dwells near within the Sacrament. To see him saying Mass, with all his boys around him, is to understand how ingenuous is the Catholic Religion. When a paralytic stroke hit home and he lay an utter invalid, he insisted on seeing the old boys who came back. He could scarcely speak; but he would lift his one good hand a bit and mutter, 'Hello, Jim,' or 'Hello, Henry.' When at last he was a little better, he was wheeled into the chapel, after months of absence, by one of the monks. As they came to the centre aisle and he looked the long way to the altar, with the Presence Light burning there, Pater waved the one good hand and muttered with a deep content, 'Hello, Jesus.' It has always been as simple as that!

IV

Full of energy, passionately interested in people, incurably youthful, without self-consciousness, believing in God, Pater has become a figure not only in education but in the contemporary American scene. But what kind of school has he made? A portrait of the man is incomplete without some estimate of that.

Pater himself thinks that the most important feature of Kent is the centrality it gives to God. A boy, he says, is mind plus body multiplied by spirit. It is unfair to that boy to leave Religion out, or to regard it as merely another subject to be taught. Religion is an energizing power or it is worse than nothing. 'We have now raised in this country,' he writes, 'two generations of men and

women who are mostly illiterate about Religion. No wonder that our people are filled with pride and self-seeking, our marriages often ending in divorce, our nation riven by class and racial and international prejudices. Let a lad be led to suppose that he has no soul, and the man he becomes will behave accordingly.'

He has found that few of his students come to him other than young heathen. Homes are different today from what they were on Thirty-ninth Street in the nineties. 'It would help,' he wrote not long ago, 'if parents would give their sons a sense of spiritual values, a little trust in the Unseen, a daily routine adjusted to Reality. Parents do want their children to be religious; but they think all that can be left to the schools. Well, Religion taught at school is a poor substitute for Religion caught at home. Still, we must do what we can. What the Head and the masters are religiously, that to some extent the boys will wish to become.' And again, 'Boys at school do not get to God primarily by studying the Bible. Our real job is to show *by example* that Religion is reasonable, an adventure of faith, a thing of joy, a dynamic of moral action, social action.'

Does the Kent method of religious education work? Pater is sure of it, and most of his old boys are inclined to agree. Some of them, however, say that it is occasionally a bit difficult to see past Pater to the God he wishes you to discover; quite a few insist that a more definite moral and doctrinal instruction, especially in the upper forms, would have prevented confusion and heartaches later on; and several have wondered if Pater knows how little connection sometimes exists between what the masters teach in class and what Pater and the School are supposed to stand for religiously. It is perhaps characteristic of the man that, with all his energy and minute surveillance of every detail, he has lived for years under a comforting illusion that his staff think precisely as he does. Occasionally he has discovered

otherwise, at which times he has been shocked and often severe; but usually he has taken agreement for granted. The way of life at Kent is certainly religious; but the program of studies seems to many people almost as secular as that of the public schools. Kent is indeed God-centred, because the Head is God-centred — a nexus hard to maintain and perhaps not wholly sufficient.

Pater's fellow headmasters seem to regard the self-help system as one great discovery at Kent; but it should be termed a rediscovery, and that of a technique not long lost. (One has only to recall Jo's school in *Little Men*.) That schoolboys should wash the dishes and sweep the floor and polish the handle of the big front door, that to attend to these things builds self-reliance and self-respect and a sense of human equality, that to do a job of work well does more for character than pious admonitions — these self-evident truths had actually been well-nigh forgotten by the preparatory schools of the last generation. That it should have been so is evidence of the absurdity of our admired scheme of life. To Father Sill's plain, practical, Christian common sense, plus the accident of a sick cook, is due its introduction into life at Kent, its imitative readoption in a score of boarding schools, its imminent reëntrance at a good many more.

'I believed when we began at Kent, and I still believe,' says Pater, 'that poverty and hard work are good for boys, especially for those from luxurious homes. In my Order even the Father Superior does his share of daily chores in the household; simplicity and hard work are equally good in schools. Boys welcome self-reliance. I have yet to see a Kent boy resent doing the job assigned him, or angry if called down when inspection showed it badly done.'

Could such a system be grafted on to older, conventional schools? 'Certainly,' he replies; 'and they will all have to come to it for necessary economy, if for no other reason. Endowments bring less

and less, and there are fewer and fewer well-off people able to pay fat fees. But if I were asked to put such a system in, I should begin with the Headmaster, go on to the masters, then get at the boys. Unless the Head and his associates are willing themselves to go in for self-help, having no servants, doing all their own chores but the cooking, eating in a common dining room, they can hardly have the nerve to ask the boys to do it. Convert the staff, and you may have self-help in any school. But mind you, "self-help" does not mean poor boys working on "scholarships" while rich boys take it easy. Nothing can be worse for developing citizens of a democracy!'

The other headmasters find the adjustment of fees at Kent worth noting. Some of them like it; more of them do not. There is no fixed charge. Every year the school estimates the cost of maintenance, operation, and depreciation on a per capita basis. That becomes the average fee. Parents are then informed, and asked to state what they can afford to pay. Some can pay nowhere near the \$875 which is now the average fee; some wish to pay much more. The parent fixes his own payment, and Kent invariably accepts the parent's judgment. No mention of fees is ever made until the boy has been accepted. All boys are treated exactly alike, whether the fee paid is nothing a year, which is the minimum, or \$2000 a year, which is the highest yet offered. No secret is made about what is paid. The boys talk such matters over with entire freedom. 'We get,' says Pater, 'from all according to their ability; and we give according to need — which means that we give to every boy precisely the same service and affection. That is Christian, is it not?'

As for new educational theory or novelties in teaching practice, they interest Pater not at all. As he sees things, his school exists solely to develop fine, upstanding, God-fearing lads, to get them into college and to enable them to stay in once they have arrived. This

conservatism may be carried too far. It is a common complaint among old Kent boys that in school they were not taught how to discuss problems — or how to explore ideas. 'If you asked a question, there was the answer, all neat and compact, in a book, or in Pater's wisdom as he sat in his study, kindly, eager, available, and always sure. Life, alas, is not as easy as that.' Progressive education may be suspect; but is there not something to be said for the Socratic method? Be that as it may, Kent has gone in for no pedagogic experiments. It has kept intellectual eyes on the College Entrance Examination Board and discouraged roving glances. That is what the customers ask; and it has not occurred to Pater that the customers may not in this respect be making sufficient demands.

As a matter of fact, Kent has been a good school because from the start until now it has been Pater on one end of a log and some small boys on the other. The log has grown more complex. It is now matured into Georgian buildings round about a Norman church whose many bells ring gladly across the twilight sky; but Pater still has been found always on every inch of the log, nor has he permitted anyone, not even his two-dozen masters, to get between him and the lads. This has been very fine indeed, albeit exhausting to Pater; but what of Kent now that he is out? No successor can possibly be so eccentrically sane and so tireless. There are few such fellows born. The influence of Pater will last a good long time; but his methods will gradually but almost certainly be modified, probably by way of delegation of authority, possibly by reforming the school on something like the English house system. A man can be big brother to forty or fifty lads; only a superman can be that to three hundred. Pater himself foresees great changes. 'Let my successor be himself,' he says, 'and let no one interfere. I never permitted anyone to interfere with me.'

V

Pater is still at Kent, mostly in the infirmary but always at dinner in hall. He watches the school as it goes on its way. His energetic body rests. Most grievous of all physical hindrances, he can no longer say Mass. He does much thinking these days. On the whole, he is inclined to be optimistic. In June he talked freely about the future to a visitor who loves him. He said: —

'The world is in for some terrible times. What can you expect when people forget God? The revolutionary peace will be perhaps more trying even than what precedes it. It is going to be a different world, but not too bad a one. Of course there will not be any people left who have much of any money. Either we are going to pay the war debts, by a taxation that will put the wealthy out of existence, or else we are not going to pay them but inflate instead, which will equally destroy affluence. Yes, the self-help schools are the wise ones. Hard times? A new world? Well, what of it? There will be new problems. I have always enjoyed problems. Whatever our future form of government, we shall always need men with character to run things. If we private-school people can turn out such men, I have no fears for our future. If we cannot, off with our heads!

'The Church is in for a good jolting, which will do it good. Reunion may come out of it, if we can prevent denominations from making concordats and suchlike, trying to get organic union before people's minds and hearts are in harmony — a foolish business, it seems to me. What will the Church of the future be *like*? Well, I rather think it will be a bit like Kent School Chapel, simple and honest and friendly and beautiful, where people render worship without self-consciousness and where our Lord is understanding and patient, even when the Old Man loses his temper. Yes, I honestly do think it may be very much like that. I hope so, anyway.'

'ACCUSTOMED AS I AM . . .'

BY JOHN MASON BROWN

I

A LECTURER never knows what the lady and gentleman are going to say whose painful duty it is to introduce him. Sometimes they don't, either — a fact which must be counted among the hazards of a supposedly safe profession. As a person who has spoken almost everywhere in this country, except in Union Square and Columbus Circle, I have come to realize this to my sorrow.

'Gentlemen,' said a toastmaster I shall never forget, as he pushed back his chair one night, struck the table with his gavel, and smiled airily in my direction. 'Gentlemen,' he repeated, while the waiters left the room like Skull and Bones men. 'Gentlemen, may I have your attention, please?'

As the fellow members of his organization were making up their minds whether or not to give him what he asked for, I felt almost at ease watching him. My hand did not shake in its usual fashion when I downed that last tumbler of ice water, or tremble as I puffed my final cigarette. The toastmaster had proved a charming dinner companion. He had been gay, kind, comforting. Furthermore, he had his own theories about public speaking — theories which he had expressed with such assurance that I blushed as I thought of my own habitual nervousness. 'Stop worrying about what you are going to say,' he had laughed halfway through dinner when he saw me scribbling more notes on the menu than Tolstoi could have needed for *War and Peace*. 'Relax. I don't believe in pre-

paring a speech.' He had confided this while I was gulping my fifth cup of black coffee (my dinner) and he was pushing a two-inch slab of steak toward his hungry mouth. 'Nope — preparation's no good. Spoils the charm of the thing; kills the gaiety. I just wait for the inspiration to come to me when I'm on my feet — and it never fails.'

At last the fatal moment had arrived. He was on those enviable feet of his, and after several minutes had gained the silence he desired. 'Gentlemen,' said he again, 'we have bad news for you tonight. We wanted to have Isaac F. Marcossou speak to you, but he couldn't come. He's sick. (*Applause*) Next we asked Senator Bledridge to address you on "Migratory Workers," but he was busy. (*Applause*) Finally we tried in vain to get Dr. Lloyd Grogan of Kansas City to come down and speak to you. (*Applause*) So instead we have — John Mason Brown.' (*Silence*)

At least my friend, that inspirationalist, the genial toastmaster, got my name correctly. For this I shall always be grateful. Giving a speaker the name his parents gave him can help a lot. It does away with confusion all the way around. At the outset it prepares an audience for the worst. It can even give the speaker a certain amount of much-needed confidence. Right as Juliet may have been when, with lovers in mind, she spoke of the aliases under which a rose can retain its scent, she was wrong about lecturers. On the platform, as Gertrude Stein knew

in the moment of her great 'defy' of Luther Burbank, a rose is a rose is a rose. And a Captain Fighting Bob Bartlett is not a Maurice Hindus is not a Dorothy Thompson, and never can be.

Brown, you would think, is an easy name. It could not be easier, unless it were Smith or Jones. But speaking is a tricky business, and most introducers are not as self-assured as was my inspirational toastmaster. Although in his fashion they may depend upon inspiration, they are not apt to be as certain as he was that it will come. I have known it to descend upon them, however, and in floods. They are never more inspired than when it comes to rechristening you. Some of them could enjoy a lucrative future naming Pullman cars. Perhaps it's just a gambler's instinct on their part to raise the ante. Perhaps it's Freudian. Perhaps in their hearts they are wishing you were someone else. In any case, that wish of theirs can become contagious.

My face used to fall, almost as much as the collective hopes of the audience would rise, when, after hearing all the preliminaries, the chairman would turn graciously towards me, arm extended, and say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, it is with great pleasure that I introduce to you tonight Mr. Heywood Broun.'

Once I faced an especially hard assignment. A delightful professor had had wished upon him the Judas-ram job of leading me to the slaughter. We had been talking in the wings about an anthology he was preparing. His particular interest was Maxwell Anderson, and he was endeavoring to determine which of Mr. Anderson's plays to include. When the signal was given and we walked on to the stage to sit in those thrones fit for Doges which are usually reserved for introducers and speakers, his book — and not his unpleasant duty of the evening — was still uppermost in the professor's mind. That night I was Maxwell Anderson. Three times he referred to me as such. Finally, remembering the Bellman's insistence,

'What I tell you three times is true,' I almost began to feel like Maxwell Anderson.

II

These may serve as instances of that malady known as 'chairman's inspiration,' which must be set down as an occupational disease as surely as is 'housemaid's knee.' Even more common is that mixture of confusion and amnesia to which all public speakers can be heir. If the introducer is subject to this more frequently than is 'the speaker of the evening,' the reason is that the chairman's job is more difficult than the visiting lecturer's. The lecturer, after all, is speaking before strangers and knows he can always take a train out of town as soon as he has done his worst. One of the chief guarantees of his health is that he is in reality an escapist. Not so the chairman. He faces an audience composed of relatives, friends, and business rivals or associates. Usually his wife is in the front row repeating his speech with him, so that you begin to think the hall has an echo. He knows he has to live with these people the rest of his life, which means living down whatever slips the evening may bring forth. No wonder he is nervous.

Those slips can be many and various, and for them only those who have never done any public speaking would dream of holding the chairman responsible. Once a charming lady who had won a gold pencil from Dale Carnegie was introducing, at a luncheon at which I spoke, an actor who had toured the previous season in the Skinner revival of *Candida*. 'Ladies,' she said, her eyes sparkling and her voice breathy with excitement, 'it gives me great pleasure to present to you Mr. Richard Cromwell, who, as we all know, spent last winter traveling with Cornelia Otis Skinner in *Canada*.'

One reason for these dislocations of the tongue and memory is that some introducers seem to lead very active lives. Sometimes, of course, they are pinch-

hitting for a wise department head who has managed to leave town before the fateful afternoon or evening. Hundreds of obliging relatives have been known to die just in time to make these precipitous exits possible. The substitutes meet you at the station or backstage in a high state of excitement. 'Mrs. Purdy,' or 'Mr. Green,' they begin, 'was called away suddenly an hour ago. Now just what is it, Mr. Mason, that you want me to say about you?' You soon learn that this is only their polite strategy to find out who you are without calling in the FBI. 'Oh, anything,' you reply, 'anything,' with your face beet-red from embarrassment, 'anything.'

Thereafter, if they are not too distracted arranging their corsages or adjusting their black ties, these substitutes will make a last-minute dash through the circular which your manager has thoughtfully sent out ahead of you.

'First we will hear the report of the membership committee,' they sometimes begin, with their arms resting on the lectern as if they were just about to deliver — in person — their annual message to Congress. Whereupon a mild-voiced little lady stands up in the middle of the audience to say that owing to the poor quality of the lecturers this year the membership has fallen off badly, and earnestly recommends a much better program for the coming season.

'And now the finance committee's report, please.' At this point a lady or a gentleman gets up to say that the organization is not doing so well because of all the money it has had to pay to speakers. The audience applauds this vigorously.

'Now,' says the preoccupied type of introducer, with that special clearing of the throat which always means it is your turn to get into the tumbrel, 'now I'm sure all of you have been looking forward, as much as I have, to this evening's program. It's too bad the Junior Basketball game took place tonight and that the big meeting for the Community Chest is right now going on at the Town

Hall, or I feel sure we'd have a better attendance. Mrs. Ribbens, who was looking forward to this as much as we all have been, had to leave town only an hour ago. As you all know, we have with us tonight' (at this point the circular is hurriedly extracted from the notes), 'we have with us tonight a man who was born — well, that really doesn't matter, does it? — at any rate, he has been living — in Boston — no, New York since then. He is — uh — uh — a theatre editor and has written books which I am sure all of you have read, such books as — well, books you must all have read. Perhaps Mr. Mason — uh — uh — Brown will tell us more about them and himself. His subject is — well, he will probably announce that, too. Mr. Mason.'

The opposite of the overburdened introducer is the one who seems to have the time to make a specialty of introductions. Chairmen of this type are usually full of erudition, deeply interested in the drama, and apt to begin by saying, 'Since the Greeks, when Thespis first . . .' Thereafter, before quoting 'All the world's a stage,' they are inclined to give a more minute chronicle of the theatre's past than Mantzius was able to get into six stout volumes. When they are through discoursing on the drama of the Greeks, the mediæval liturgical plays, the Elizabethan and Jacobean theatre, Ibsen's influence, and the reasons why *Abie's Irish Rose* and *Tobacco Road* were successes in spite of the critics, with a few passing references to the Nō plays of Japan, your train is usually just pulling into the station. All you can think of is the legendary speaker who was scheduled to appear somewhere in New York in the late afternoon and in Philadelphia that night. He had begged the New York chairman to be brief, pointing out that he must catch a train, but the chairman talked for forty-five of the sixty minutes supposedly allotted to the speaker. Said the chairman in conclusion, 'Mr. So-and-So will now give us his address.' 'You bet I will,' the

irate lecturer is supposed to have said; 'it's 575 Park Avenue.' And with that he stomped off the platform to dash for the station.

Certain introducers can be classified as inspirational, nervous, preoccupied, or over-leisurely, and there is also the cheerless chairman — the solemn, Cromwellian soul who tries to calm you, when you are waiting offstage, by saying, 'I think I ought to warn you that ours is probably the coldest audience you will ever have to face. Our people are serious-minded. They don't laugh easily; in fact, they hardly ever laugh at all — that is, unless they are laughing at you. They are very intelligent, most of them being university people, you see, and if there's one thing they hate it's anything topical. I only tell you this because I'm certain you will agree with me that to be forewarned is to be forearmed.'

Almost as depressing as the cheerless chairman is the cheerful one — the one who laughs gaily and says, 'Well, well, well, well. Now don't you worry. Everything's going to be all right. I think you'll never find a friendlier group than ours. It'll take almost anything, so I'm certain you'll get by.'

Another variety is the Calamity Jane. This type invariably tries to hearten you, during those final moments of refrigeration when both your courage and your thoughts stand in desperate need of defrosting, by telling you how awful all of your predecessors on this year's program have been.

'You know,' this kind starts off with a twinkle as genial as Saint Nick's, 'So-and-So was here last month. And was he terrible? We had him for Husbands' Night. And most of the men when he was through said they'd have gone home five minutes after he had started if they hadn't been afraid of walking in their sleep.'

'But what about Whozit?' you ask, suddenly rushing to the defense of someone you have never met or cared about before. 'I see he was on your list.'

'Indeed he was,' the program chairman chuckles. 'Indeed he was. But, believe you me, he won't be again. He was dreadful. You couldn't understand a word he said. We wrote to his manager when he had gone, and demanded a rebate. What is more, we got it. Come on, now. Better put out that cigarette. I'm afraid it's time for you to begin. Look out! Don't drop it! What are you trembling for? Good luck. Oh, by the way, speak as loud as you possibly can, will you please? The acoustics in our auditorium are notoriously bad — dead spots all over the place — and the Public Address system has just gone on the blink.'

III

'Now, Belle, it's going to be all right,' says the husband of the lady who is to present you and who has suddenly begun to keen in the front seat of the car like a chorus of unhappy fisherwomen in an Irish play. 'I know you will be fine. Won't Belle be fine, Mr. Brown?' asks the husband. Forgetting whatever you were trying to remember about your own speech, you bow to the inevitable. 'Of course she will. Don't worry. It's easy.'

'But I can't! I won't go on,' moans Belle in a state of genuine collapse. There is a pause. Then a sudden rally. 'You see, I'm dreadfully scared, Mr. Brown, because this is the first time I have had to do this kind of thing. Oh Lord! I wish I'd never gotten into it! I know it's silly, but I'm petrified! Henry, I'm *petrified*! I'm sure I'll disgrace you. I'll have to read it, even though I promised Grace this afternoon that I wouldn't. I tell you I'm *petrified*! I was scared at luncheon — but *now*! Oh, Henry! Henry, did you bring the aromatics?'

By this time the auditorium has been reached, and you have begun to feel as nervous about Belle as Belle does and as Henry does. Henry has disappeared, mopping his brow. 'Good luck, girlie,' he has said in parting. 'Chin up! You couldn't be worse than Evelyn was.'

With that, Henry has gone to take his place out front. Belle has meanwhile been drawn to the mirror above the dressing table like an astronomer to the Milky Way. The drone of the audience is heard through the curtains and it unnerves Belle.

'My tummy! My tummy!' she sighs, with an expression usually reserved for the English Channel. 'It's full of butterflies!'

Your one hope is that moths won't emerge.

'Now calm yourself, Mrs. Tremens,' you say, patting her on the back as if she were a baby about to bring up a bubble, and trusting her husband will understand if he returns. 'It'll soon be over. All things come to an end.'

'No! No! No! It won't,' she insists, opening her evening bag to spread a neatly written manuscript before her on the dressing table. 'I knew it! I knew it! I can't remember a word of it, and I had it all by heart.'

'May I help you?' you ask, putting your own notes in your suitcase and locking it. Suddenly an interne's calm descends upon you.

'Oh, I know it's silly, but would you?' laughs Belle, passing her manuscript to you in a hand quaking with palsy.

'Now then, let's try it.'

"'Ladies and gentlemen,'" begins Belle, clearing her throat like a motorboat having a hard time getting started, and at last speaking in an astral voice: "'Ladies and gentlemen" — There! I told you. I haven't the vaguest idea what comes next.'

"'Ladies and gentlemen,'" you repeat, "'the —'"

'No! No! Don't tell me,' she insists. "'The — the" . . . Now, let's see. How could it go on from there?'

"'Ladies and gentlemen,'" you say firmly, reading her script to her, "'the Broadway theatre is a long way from here, but we are hoping it will be nearer us tonight. It gives me great pleasure to introduce —'"

By now it is ten minutes after the announced starting time.

'Don't you think we really ought to get going?' you ask. 'Why don't you just read it? No one will know.'

'Never! Never!' says Belle. 'I promised Grace I wouldn't. And anyway she said she'd kill me if I did.'

Someone knocks timidly on the door. It is Henry. 'Dear,' says he, puffing from the dash up the aisle of the auditorium, the plunge down the stairs by the box office, the long run through the basement corridor, and the climb up the truncated steps leading to the stage. 'Grace thinks you ought to begin. They're getting restless.'

So out you go, following Belle on to the stage to those chairs. For what seems an eternity Belle remains seated, doing her best to resemble Queen Mary at the Durbar. You try to whisper a few nothings to her, to indicate how much at home you both are. But, in addition to palsy, Belle now seems to have developed a sudden and acute attack of deafness. After five repulses, which have made the audience wonder what you could possibly have done to insult Mrs. Tremens in the wings, Belle at last rises. Swaying somewhat unsteadily, she advances to the lectern to grab hold of it as if it were a mast and she a sailor imperiled in a Conrad typhoon. Clutched in her hand you can see the manuscript of her introduction. In a moment or two she spreads this out before her and reaches in her handbag with magnificent defiance for her tortoise-shell glasses.

A new peace — a calm decidedly outward — has descended upon her. Only to the speaker is Belle's fear now evident. He, after all, can see what the audience cannot. Though Belle's voice is firm when she starts off with 'Ladies and gentlemen,' and her hands are propped so that they cannot shake, Belle's back contrives to tremble beneath her tight satin skirt like jelly in the wind.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' she begins,

bowing right and left at the sheet of paper before her as if the whole audience were sitting on it. Thereafter she never lifts her eyes from her written speech until, with a very pained look, she has expressed the pleasure it has given her to introduce you — whereupon she looks around in tragic confusion, smiles when she has at last spotted you, and rushes back to her seat to reread the manuscript, fearful lest she may have omitted part of it.

IV

No matter how calm or nervous, conscientious or inspired, a chairman may be, he or she still presents one problem to the speaker to which neither the introducer nor the audience ever gives much thought. That is what to do, where to look, how to act, while you are being introduced. It seems simple enough from the front.

A chair — one of those chairs — is near the centre of the stage. According to the protocol of the platform, the one nearer the entrance is usually yours. Supposedly all you have to do is to walk from the wings to that chair and then sit down on it and wait. But that walk of no more than ten or fifteen feet can seem an eternity. It is apt to be one of the unremembered interludes in the life of any person who has ever taken it. Twenty boards can unite to form a plank. You are in a trance, doing a conscious act unconsciously, driven forward only by the motor of your pounding heart. Matters are not helped by your knowing there is always the chance that the chairman may forget which of the seats he has agreed to occupy and that the two of you may be caught playing 'Going to Jerusalem' in public.

When, in some manner unknown to you, you have at last reached your place, graver difficulties arise. The chair may be one of two kinds. Either its high back and its seat, though covered with petit point, may conceal boards so stiff that you are sure the committee must

think your sacroiliac needs righting, or it is one of those low-set leather chairs which emit embarrassing noises as you sink down on to the air-filled cushions, and from the depths of which only a derrick can remove you. Once seated, you reach for the arms as if they were the hands of a long-lost friend. After you and the chairman have indulged in those preliminary whisperings, and have smiled broadly at jokes passed between you that neither of you has heard, the chairman rises to start his introduction.

Then your troubles begin in earnest. Even before he has finished saying 'Ladies and gentlemen,' you are apt to have crossed, uncrossed, and recrossed your legs so many times that you must look from out front as if you were trying to dance the Highland Fling sitting down. Suddenly realizing that poise is desirable, you quiet your shins by wrapping your feet around the far-sprung legs of the chair.

'We have with us tonight . . .' the chairman goes on. By now you have begun to do strange things with your hands. You have patted them together as if at any moment you were about to applaud yourself. You have surveyed your fingers with a baby's wonder and an interest no manicurist has ever shown. As the chairman continues, you have started that weird gesture known only to expectant lecturers, that act of public and dry libation in which you seem to wash the face (and every part thereof) with the hands but without benefit of soap and water. These physical activities, these setting-down exercises, get you so warm before the real gymnastics of the evening have started that, while the chairman is still trying to remember your occupation, you have reached in despair for your handkerchief and begun waving it as if you were a Morris dancer. Strangers in the rear of the auditorium have on occasion been so startled by what they have mistaken for friendly salutations that they have even been known to wave back.

These are not the only betrayals of embarrassment which as a lecturer you try clumsily to control. There are others, and their causes are valid, very valid indeed. When, for example, a frustrated biographer is at work on you, telling you your life story in detail, should you appear as bored as the audience is? Or should you look surprised? When the place of your birth is mentioned, should your eyebrows arch with amazement into an 'Is *that* so?' formation? When the college you remember slaving at is named, should you shake your head and whisper to yourself, 'Well, well, well. *Do* tell. So he went there? How very interesting!' When the introducer insists you are a dramatic critic, and says that you see plays on Broadway, should you make it clear that you are as astounded as anyone else by all this, and mutter audibly, 'Fancy that, Hedda. Fancy that!' And if he goes so far as to mention some of your books, should you set a good example by crying 'Well, I'll be!' and whipping out a notebook and a pencil to write the titles down?

On those rare occasions when the chairman gets his circulars mixed and has confused your case history with that of Eve Curie, John Mulholland, or Commander Byrd, is it or is it not forgivable for you to shake your head in gentle protest and indicate regretfully you have one, and only one, life to give to your country's lecture platform, and the introducer is taking it and someone else's in vain? Or should you play dead, exhibiting no more interest in the proceedings than a corpse does in the funeral oration he has provoked? When you are paid a compliment, every word of

which drips with jasmine, honeysuckle, and unearned increment, and you feel diabetes sugaring your blood stream, should you show you have not forgotten 'Veritas' was printed on your college shield by shouting 'No! No!' Or should you meet kindness with kindness by crying 'A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!'

Ought your eyes to be fixed on the footlights, the ceiling, the balcony, your wrist watch, or the introducer? And if upon the introducer, where? If he has struck a forensic attitude, should your eyes trace the outlines of his invisible toga? Or if she has struck a posture suggestive of the Venus de' Medici should your face express gratitude that she is better-dressed than the original?

If a giggling friend is winking at you in the fifth row, should you wink back? Or should you try to achieve that far-away look at which certain lecturers excel in their moment of being introduced, when they make it clear that their minds are in the clouds, that they are first cousins to Yogis, that the affairs of this world do not interest them, and that — ntellectually, at least — they have not as yet made their entrances.

No matter how much being introduced may embarrass you, you miss the introducer at those organizations where he does not appear. It is when you are placed in solitary, and are waiting for the signal to be given, that you become the victim of worse fears than have ever paralyzed a chairman. It is after an experience of this sort that you are most apt to kneel down by your trundle at the hotel in the dark hours of the night and thank God you are the kind of speaker who needs an introduction.

OUR SOUTHERN FRONT

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

I

If the United States needed a motto for military emergencies, one could compress it in five words: When in danger, look South.

One balance-of-power struggle in 1803 led to the Louisiana Purchase; another, in 1823, to the Monroe Doctrine. Now we are again threatened with the spread of war to the Western Hemisphere. Not only is war more swiftly paced today, but the United States is more exposed to its lightning strokes. Destruction of the Panama Canal in 1942 could cripple us simply by depriving us of our own capacity for swift movement. And Panama stands in its greatest potential danger today because of the subtlety of the new military technique.

To be physically safe from aggressors on our own land mass now we need not simply two-ocean navies and unbeatable air fleets, but the emotional and political sympathy of the Latin-American peoples and governments. We need the military coöperation of the Latin Southern nations and the use of strategic bases within their territory for the protection of our 'Southern Front's' immensely vulnerable artery at Panama. In economic and military organization as well as in diplomatic persuasion this is as tough an assignment as was ever presented to a group of statesmen in the history of the Republic.

Below the Rio Grande in our Western Hemisphere there are twenty independent nations: roughly speaking, 9,000,000 square miles of land and 125,000,000

people. None of these countries is a threat to the political or military security of the United States, nor are all of them together. Few of their products, if world shipping lanes were open so that we could do our buying anywhere, would be absolutely essential to our economic survival. Our trade with them is profitable and increasing. But United States investors have lost hundreds of millions in their public securities and in private ventures aimed at assisting their economic development.

These 125,000,000 people live behind 15,000 miles of coast line which in a disturbingly near future the armed forces of the United States may be called upon to defend. Yet as defensive allies the twenty republics would be relatively powerless to aid us actively. No Latin-American army today is equal in training, in fighting equipment, or in numbers to the lately annihilated Polish army. A few light cruisers and destroyers from their navies might prove serviceable for ocean patrols; but nowhere below the southern border of the United States is there a shipyard where a full-sized modern fighting vessel could be built, a factory to make heavy artillery or the implements of mechanized warfare.

The 125,000,000 — fully a third of whom are predominantly Indian — differ from us almost to the point of incompatibility, in temperament, in customs, in cultural backgrounds, in moral and political values, in codes of business and

sexual behavior. They have a different etiquette, a different family life, different standards of success and personal prestige. Their orientations in world politics are different. As weak powers they would prefer to have the strength of their nearest overshadowing neighbor, the United States, balanced by rival empires overseas, so that they could play one off against the other and prosper.

Because, too, most of the 125,000,000 either now live under dictators or have done so within fairly recent history, they are less disturbed than we over world clashes between dictatorships and democracies. Life goes on, they are inclined to reason from experience, under fairly intolerable political conditions. Certainly the twenty republics are not all democracies. The very word from time to time has been forbidden on the motion-picture screens in Brazil, and was in Peru as recently as three years ago.

All this is simply to say that if we took Latin-American relations from a strictly isolationist viewpoint, and at their lowest terms, fairly impressive reasons might be assembled for leaving the twenty republics alone to like us or lump us, for letting them conduct their own defenses against potential conquerors from overseas. Occasionally some single-track pragmatist sums up a few reasons for me by computing the cost of two-ocean navies and of our outstanding 'good neighbor' economic-aid programs, ending, customarily, with the question: 'How long is Uncle Sam going to be played for a sucker, and what does he expect to get out of it?'

But, unfortunately for direct answers, working Latin-American relations pay in a different sort of coin from that of conventional ledgers and perfect international congenialities. Lovable or otherwise, good debtors or bad, the Latin republics during the one hundred and twenty years of their independence have been, simply in their weakness, an inestimable convenience to us. The fact that they have been no military threat to us

has meant that for four generations the people of the United States have been able to live a comfortable democratic life free from militarism and the increasingly 'total' economic and social disciplines which go with it.

Any kind of Latin-American relations that work at all are safer, then, for the United States and its life than permitting a dangerously militant power to get a foothold on the same land mass with us.

This is the kernel of realism in the hemisphere defense and hemisphere solidarity policies which Washington has been fostering ever since the menace of totalitarian world conquest became a cloud over Czechoslovakia. We may not 'need' Latin America, but we desperately need — as Jefferson realized when he bought Louisiana and Monroe when he framed his Doctrine — to keep it free from the predatory imperialisms of others.

With world-empire designs thrusting far closer and more dangerously toward our land mass than in the times of Napoleon or of the Holy Alliance, it is not a question today of how much a hemisphere defense policy costs, of how much its beneficiaries below the Rio Grande may be 'deserving,' or of how appealing they are to our somewhat provincial prejudices. It is wholly a question of how well we are getting away with it; of how well we are holding 125,000,000 more or less 'good neighbors' to 'our side'; of how much they are being weaned away from us by Axis propaganda; of how competently we are drawing them to us through economic self-interest; and of whether, in the last analysis, we can physically defend them.

II

The question of the twenty republics' attachments to the democratic cause involves us with certain sharp differentiations of geography and some highly complex differentiations of Latin-American emotions and politics. Although it is

extremely unlikely that any nation below the Rio Grande would willingly risk the fate of Greece or Belgium to serve a beleaguered United States as a last-ditch ally, this side of Panama we are fairly safe from shifts of policy or official government activities definitely favoring the Axis.

Mexico, the three West Indian republics, and the six Central American Isthmus republics sit behind the guns of our Caribbean defenses. They know that the protection afforded by American military power is real. Conversely they realize that it might, in certain circumstances, be dangerous to refuse to cooperate with it. Their self-interests are tied in with ours fully as much as — if not more than — Iowa's are tied in with South Carolina's and Idaho's. The bulk of their vital trade is with the United States. The funds which saved them from economic collapse after the loss of their European markets have been forthcoming from Washington.

There are influential Axis elements in all these countries: Germans everywhere; Japanese, with full espionage organization, on the West Coast of Central America; Italians in Panama, busy in domestic politics; Spanish Falangists trying to muddy the water in Hitler's favor in Cuba and the Dominican Republic. There is Axis propaganda, Axis political intrigue, and no doubt everywhere preparations for sabotage. But there is virtually no chance that a pro-Axis government could survive, against Washington's disapproval, in any of the 'sphere of influence' republics; or that any government, no matter what the personal inclinations of a few of its members, would attempt any serious pro-Axis gestures.

So we find dictators as despotic and technically 'anti-democratic' as General Jorge Ubico of Guatemala offering the United States a virtual corner on his personally controlled republic's strategic raw material resources, and, informally at least, the use of many of his military facilities. We find Mexico, in spite of a

long history of backbitings and misunderstandings with the United States and of genuine grievances and counter-grievances, near enough to an understanding on defense problems to have granted us the use of her airports for military purposes.

The situation no doubt could change if a successful Axis could destroy or even raid the Panama Canal; if Germany could weaken the British Navy sufficiently to open the sea lanes for an attack on the mainlands; or if the Nazis occupied and held 'the bulge of Brazil' in sufficient force to throw a skirmish line out into the Amazon valley. The Caribbean countries would feel an impulse to propitiate — or at least not to run afoul of — the Axis in proportion as they came within Nazi bombing and shooting ranges. But as long as confidence in our ability to protect them lasts, their practical if not perhaps deliriously friendly cooperation can be counted on.

Below Panama, confidence weakens as American guns disappear from the landscape, and the bonds of mutual self-interest, trade ties, weaken with the distances. The war policies of the South American governments do not come out of a simple necessity of 'getting along' with Uncle Sam. There are domestic political alignments to be worried about; larger, in some cases predominant, trade bonds with Europe; fears of what an Axis victory would mean to weak powers that had 'stuck their necks out' for the democracies.

Colombia is a choice example. With the possible exception of tiny Costa Rica, Colombia is the nearest thing to a liberal democracy in Latin America, and its terrain is vital to our Panama Canal defenses. But it is extremely difficult for the present Liberal Party administration of President Eduardo Santos to make definite pro-Ally commitments or to grant the United States the use of naval or air bases. A 1942 presidential campaign is rolling up. The Liberals, who disestablished the Roman Catholic Church

as the official national religion in the 1930's, are under perpetual attack from the Conservatives as suborners of heresy and atheism. If the administration does favors for a war coalition which now includes Russia, these charges will be redoubled. If bases are offered, the Conservatives — who are screaming nationalists as well as fundamentalists and rarely forget the 1903 Panama seizure — will shriek that the fatherland has been betrayed again to the robber imperialists of the North. It may be demagoguery, but a Colombian president must know his practical politics.

Brazil suffers from even more difficult internal political tensions and, not unreasonably, from South America's strongest case of jitters over the Nazi *Weltmacht*. After all, at any time that Hitler took Dakar or the Cape Verde Islands the vast eastward bulge of the continent at Natal and Recife would be only 1800 miles from the German bombers and raiders — and 1500 from the still-building United States defense bases in Trinidad and British Guiana!

In Southern Brazil, too, there are scores, if not hundreds of thousands, of active Nazis in the German 'colonies.' There is a home-grown fascist party, the Integralistas, still powerful in intrigue though technically driven underground. There are disaffected elements in the army — which makes most Brazilian revolutions — willing to take help in ousting Dictator Getulio Vargas, when the occasion ripens, from either of these factions.

Glib smearers of Latin-American governments' war policies have called Vargas pro-Axis. I see little concrete evidence to support it. He has been cagey about giving British shipping exceptional port courtesies and recently hung back on seizing Axis ships in his harbors. On the other hand, he has given the United States a first-call contract on Brazil's enormous stores of strategic raw materials. Doubtless he feels this is the best he can do for the moment, until the ques-

tion of America's will and capacity to defend his coastline has been settled. The war has come close enough to Brazil to produce psychological reactions not unlike those of last spring among certain Balkan rulers.

Though the Argentine Republic is also troubled with Nazi propagandists and internal political tensions, its uncoöperative attitude toward hemisphere defense activities is basically governed by economic considerations. Signs of popular support for the democratic cause have been numerous, but Acting President Castillo is surrounded by a rich, reactionary group — the pattern of 'big business' appeasers elsewhere — that never loses sight of the fact that well over half of the Argentine's normal peacetime trade is with Europe. Castillo policy, then, has been to give no irritations to the Axis which would interfere with trade resumption if the Nazis won. Even in full appeasement stride, however, Castillo has never risked offending Congressional or popular sentiment by advocating programs which would directly benefit the Nazis.

Uruguay, on the other hand, has been as daring in pro-democratic acts and declarations as President Roosevelt. For this we have partially the Nazi propaganda machine to thank. The Montevideo government is disturbed over what has happened to small nations in the path of Axis conquest in Europe, and knows that in the proposals for a 'New Order' in South America its territory and Paraguay's have been offered, at least unofficially, to Buenos Aires. So there will be little difficulty about fighting bases, or about 'implementing' agreements for hemisphere defense, so far as Uruguay is concerned. The West Coast republics, though less sympathetic with the democratic cause on its merits than Uruguay and honeycombed with German propagandists, are rapidly being drawn closer into the Washington orbit by the sharply rising demand for their strategic mineral products.

At worst, no government in Latin America has dared to commit itself to a pro-Axis policy. At worst, there is no visible administration below the Rio Grande today that would risk a pro-Axis stand if some bold step in Washington — a war declaration or a break in diplomatic relations — forced it to choose between the democracies and Hitler.

III

Against these none too tender bonds of trade and practical expediency the Nazi propaganda is waging a determined and continuous undermining effort. Along with the propaganda go an enormous number of subtle or overt penetration activities in various phases of Latin-American life — in business circles, in diplomacy, in domestic political intrigues, and in the armies of the republics. The last two are closely related. In all but four or five of the republics the principal domestic politicians *are* the generals.

The objectives of both propaganda and penetration efforts boil down to a comparatively few items. The Nazis, who are the directing agency in these persuasive activities although powerfully aided here and there by the Italians and the Spanish Falangists, seek to convince the Latin Americans of the following things: —

1. That Axis victory is inevitable; that Latin-American governments must adjust their policies so as to be able in a comparatively near future to deal with Nazi Germany as the dominant world power.

2. That neither the United States nor any Anglo-American coalition of democracies can protect the twenty republics from the Axis New Order after it has completed the conquest of Europe.

3. That the United States has no will to war or to protect Latin America. This view is impressed on Latin Americans by immense circulation of enlarged accounts of Colonel Lindbergh's

and Senator Wheeler's anti-intervention speeches, of the doings of the isolationist movement generally, and of labor difficulties in United States war industries.

4. That the Axis offers no threat from which the twenty republics need to be protected. A triumphant Axis, its advocates are constantly insisting everywhere, will respect Latin-American sovereignty, will take more Latin-American goods than was possible during previous régimes in Europe, and will pay more for them in export products.

5. That the continental Europeans, as represented by the Axis powers, are more *simpatico* with Latin-American culture than the Anglo-American democracies can ever be. Subtle praise for the authoritarian and dictatorial qualities of certain Latin-American states is frequently offered from Nazi sources to buttress this point.

6. That the United States program of hemisphere solidarity and economic and military aid to Latin America merely cloaks imperialistic designs far more dangerous to the independence of the republics than anything accomplished at the time of the Panama Canal seizure or under dollar diplomacy.

7. That Nazi victory, by crushing Russia and putting a check on radical movements within the surviving democracies, will tend to uphold the religious and social stabilities so important to the security of the Latin-American ruling classes. Every step in Washington's program of fuller aid to Russia, every Winston Churchill declaration hailing the Soviets as an ally, is inevitably circulated by the Axis propagandists as proof that the United States and Britain have 'sold out' to the 'enemies of God and society.'

8. That a Nazi triumph will bring, from the Latin-American viewpoint, advantages to all men, all groups, all governments.

This last impression is being created by an ardent campaign of persuasive, though frequently inconsistent and

rarely quite binding, unofficial promises from Nazi agents. The promise to give Uruguay and Paraguay to Argentina, under a Latin-American 'New Order,' belongs in this category. Brazil is under similar seduction pressures through offers to deliver the southern half of Bolivia to her, while Chile gets the northern half. Colombia is offered the return of sovereignty over Panama and the Panama Canal. At the same time, Panama Canal ownership is being promised to Panama. Cuba and the Dominican Republic have been offered vastly better sugar deals than they are getting from the United States under present arrangements.

Meanwhile, inside most of the republics, pro-Nazi army and political elements have been secretly promised Berlin's blessing and material help in pro-Nazi revolutionary activities when the time comes.

The total combination makes an interestingly overstuffed menu for Latin-American consumption. But the Latins, who have had considerable experience with overstuffed promises from their own dictators, tend to view a good many of these future benefits with *connoisseurs'* cynicism.

Claims of German good intentions and *simpatico* qualities are by now, for instance, an old story with Latin-American audiences and tend to become boring with undue Teutonic repetition. Boasts of superior military prowess undoubtedly are impressing powerful elements in the Latin-American armies, but at the same time Germany's treatment of weaker nations in Europe is tending to alarm the responsible heads of the governments on more vital matters. More practically still, few if any current Latin-American dictators are confident that a Nazi-inspired 'New Order' in Latin America would preserve them in office.

Partially, that is to say, Axis propaganda and penetration efforts tend to bog down through the complications of their too inclusive aims. They promise,

as a Mexican proverb runs, too many moons for a child to believe in.

All, too, is in the future. And Latin Americans, by long experience, have learned to be skeptical of futures.

Meanwhile the tangible benefits, economic and otherwise, flowing in from the Washington front make, for would-be practical beneficiaries of world conflict, more immediate horse sense.

IV

According to the old trade aphorism that the only way to make a successful bargain is to give the co-bargainer a specific self-interest in a deal, economic measures for aiding the twenty republics during the emergency have been Washington's ace in the hole against pro-Axis flirtations by Latin-American governments.

In spite of considerable amateur work, some overplanning, and a few promises hardly less fantastic than the Germans', the job on the whole has been done successfully. Since September 1939, a better survey of the immediate import needs and export possibilities of the republics has been made than at any previous time in the Western Hemisphere's history. For the first time a fairly complete survey of the needs and possibilities of the neighbor countries for local and regional industrialization has been begun. Neither task in any sense has been finished. But enough progress has been made for results to begin to show — in many cases surprising and enormous results.

Virtually every Latin-American country's trade situation, for example, is vastly better than it was in the winter of 1939-1940 — in most cases vastly better than there was any reason to expect as late as last Christmas. Owing to the great boom in nitrates, copper, and other strategic minerals, Chile's internal economy, to take the most shining example, is better off than at any time since World War I.

In spite of the enormous surpluses of wheat and corn rolled up in the Argentine through loss of European markets, gains in the republic's chilled and canned meat trade during recent months have laid the spectre of imminent financial collapse. Brazil's and Colombia's coffee markets in the United States have been stabilized at higher prices. These two, along with several of the smaller tropical republics, have been enabled to push ahead in the development of more than a score of medium-sized crop and extraction industries in essential raw materials. In numerous local areas on the Latin-American trade map, 'white spots' are appearing where improvements are rapidly approaching boom conditions. There has been a sizable, if not phenomenal, increase in United States imports of Latin-American art and luxury products for retail trade.

Along with this has come the development of a new type of business partnership between gringos and Latins. Instead of the old type of penetration by owning entrepreneurs, which has produced a long period of disagreement with the Latin governments over the rights of foreign capital and 'absentee landlords,' the new investments in Latin productive effort have come mainly from government sources — the Export-Import Bank, the RFC, and so forth, acting in concert with Latin-American capital within the countries benefited. Through this basic method, \$20,000,000 has been advanced to Brazil, to be used in conjunction with Brazilian government funds for the establishment of a Latin-American 'big steel' industry. German control has been ousted and United States native ownership substituted in Colombian and Bolivian airways. Similarly, plans are on foot for rearranging the affairs of German-held airlines in Brazil and Ecuador.

Dozens of projects are under discussion or on a negotiation basis for the long-term development of much-needed industries or raw-material extraction ac-

tivities. These should return dividends to Latin-American owner-partners and higher wages to Latin-American workers in future periods, ranging from two to ten years hence. Brazil, for instance, has a chance through arrangements now under discussion to regain a large share of her former rubber traffic.

Some of these programs necessarily expose us — as well as the Latin-American beneficiaries — to Axis counterattacks. For example, some of the internal evidence known to Washington authorities suggests that a main objective of an attempted pro-Nazi *Putsch* in Bolivia in July was to interfere with tin production and ore shipments to ourselves and the British. Similar efforts may logically be expected as the strategic raw-material lines between Latin America and the war industries of the democracies become more marked, and more vital.

At the same time Washington is making strenuous and not unsuccessful efforts to iron out Latin America's shipping problems. The Committee for Coördinating Inter-American Affairs (unofficially, because of Nelson A. Rockefeller's chairmanship, often miscalled 'the Rockefeller Committee') and appropriate agencies of the Commerce and State Departments are slugging hard, not only for tonnage for Latin-American shipments, but for a long list of priorities involving practically all of the twenty republics' necessary imports. Even with the tremendous drive on for war supplies to Britain, and with the expanding needs of our own Army and Navy to consider, arrangements are being made to ship essential defense munitions to the Latin-American military and naval establishments.

These are tangible and highly impressive benefits for governments that a year ago were living in fear of economic collapse and privations, and of the political disturbances that traditionally occur in their wake in Latin America. No less impressive, though conveyed by diplo-

matic insinuations rather than by official warning, is the understanding — fairly well spread among the Latin politicians — that few of these benefits would be available to republics displaying an undue pro-Axis list.

Undoubtedly, in view of the circumstances, if the war remains at a stalemate or if the tide turns toward success for the democracies, the twenty republics can be held sufficiently out of the Axis orbit for all practical political purposes by these economic self-interests alone. The large and troubling question mark for United States economic policy in the South is whether Washington's economic favors and persuasions can hold them in the event of a German victory.

The most encouraging report I can make on the problem is that the economic divisions of the State Department, the Rockefeller Committee, the Export-Import Bank, and all the agencies directly concerned in a solution, are making what amounts to general-staff plans for action in precisely this emergency. What these plans are, of course, is as much a secret to be kept from the Axis as the Army's or the Navy's preparations for other emergencies. It goes without saying, though, that they would involve such things as import-export subsidies, hitherto undreamed-of regimentations of American foreign trade, and efforts to make the United States a clearinghouse for hemisphere commodity transactions on an unprecedented scale.

The shock to 'business as usual' advocates, if such measures had to be invoked as a result of British surrender, could hardly be less than unprecedented. But no matter what the cost in cash, and in abandoned trade habits, if we do not block off a triumphant Axis from trade control of Brazil, Chile, the Argentine, and their neighbors, sooner or later we shall have to face the defense, or more probably the reconquest, of South America as a military problem. Whatever Nazi trademastery did to Rumania and Bulgaria it can do to the Argentine and Brazil.

V

The military situation has not yet, of course, reached a stage calling for direct action. But there are headachy and highly responsible personages in Washington this summer who almost wish it had. That would clear the air considerably and give us some scope for action. As things stand, the military situation in all that concerns the practicalities of hemisphere defense is distressingly complicated by the psychological business of keeping the beneficiaries of hemisphere defense 'on our side.'

The difficulty centres in the question of bases. We need naval and air bases in Colombia to protect the Panama Canal, naval and air and possibly troop bases at 'the bulge' of Brazil to protect the South American mainland from Hitler's potential African bridgeheads. If the battle for sea control should become more desperate, it would be desirable to have a base at the mouth of the La Plata estuary to police South Atlantic shipping. Yet, despite self-interest ties and varyingly enthusiastic moral alignments with Washington, the Latin governments are seemingly more afraid of the presence of American armed forces within their territories than of anything Hitler may be planning for them.

Except for certain informal understandings in the Caribbean and a virtual offer from Uruguay which was promptly aborted by pressure from the Argentine, no government has offered us bases — not even on the winsome terms that American money and technicians would build them, that they would become the permanent property of the 'host' republic, and that the United States would only be permitted to occupy them in case it became a belligerent.

The Latins, for the present critical moment at least, seemingly would rather risk attack from Hitler than defense by ourselves. On the other hand, with certain qualifications, Washington has shown itself more interested in conciliat-

ing the Latin Americans than in defending them. Washington has been negotiating steadily if fruitlessly for bases since the Havana Conference last summer, if not before. Not once has it turned on heat or pressure in its persuasions. The words 'or else,' with their inference of eventual forcible seizures, have yet even to be whispered.

To put it bluntly, of all the phases of our relations with 'the good neighbors,' the military situation is the most scrambled.

Moreover, the lack of bases exposes us to the gravest hazards. Without them we may be forced at any moment to carry the war into Africa — seize the Dakar, Cape Verde, and Azores 'bridge-heads' at relatively high military cost and against almost insuperable political opposition at home. Without them our case is weakened in South America. Governments doubtful of our ability to defend them are made twice as doubtful because, even if as a result of their own policies, we lack the facilities for their defense. Finally, if an Axis victory found us still without the bases, we should have to race Hitler for them — and take them, perhaps, at the moment when the Führer, as Old World overlord, stood at the height of his prestige as conqueror and at the height of his powers for propaganda and mischief.

Plainly — and admittedly in their more confidential moments — our statesmen are floundering after a solution for this paradox of attempting to protect nations that are happy to be defended by us provided that our defensive operations do not affect their physical integrity. To date it is difficult to see that positive answers can be found in any action short of America's entrance into the war. Whatever reasons can be urged against it on other grounds, that step is the only one through which an effective hemisphere defense policy can be concretely 'implemented.'

A declaration would do more than save us from a peace in which Hitler economic control, Hitler technicians, Hitler military advisers and recruits and colonists, would convert South America into an outpost of totalitarian military empire.

It would prove to the Latin-American peoples at last that we can, and mean to, defend them. It would show that we know our job; that we realize that the best hemisphere defense — possibly the only hemisphere defense — is to win the battle of the Atlantic. It would compel reluctant governments, too isolated — and 'isolationist' — to appreciate the terrible march of events toward their shores, to choose, not between rival seductions, but between friends and enemies.

Actual belligerence would place the problem of military bases — even for the most hesitant Latin-American governments — in a new framework of practicalities. Not only are the defense needs of belligerents greater and more obvious. After a declaration, Washington would be in a moral position to speak for bases with a new authority and boldness. And peoples who have shown themselves as capable as the Latin Americans are of admiring boldness in personages like Hitler and their own dictators would hardly be unappreciative of a heightening of it in old friends like Cordell Hull and Sumner Welles.

In the long run, the good neighbors South would doubtless prefer *simpatico* qualities in the powerful neighbor North. But there will be time enough to develop stronger and more genuine sympathies between the many American nations after the safety of the Southern republics has been assured. Meanwhile, for Latin America's security as well as ours, the time to maintain the common-sense, historic policy of the founders of the Republic, and keep a desperately dangerous foreign enemy off the same land mass with us, is now.

NEW AMERICAN POETS

I

LOST

EVER been lost? Well, I have, and I know
What it is like to walk miles through tall trees
In fear at the strange way their branches grow;
To stop at last to comfort shaken knees:
The wood is tree-deep and a bird comes by,
With wings that whisper like a startled breath;
The sun is lost too, in a twisted sky;
And nothing is so still, this side of death.
And fear is set upon the Sewee lands
Because one man is lost. I feel the fear
Come from the trees and take me by the hands
And finger with my heart. And then I hear
Somewhere — O far, but near enough for me! —
An axe laid to the root of some tall tree.

II

THE RIDGE

I LOVE to top a ridge on wild, clear days
When every field is swept clean by the wind:
To come up, quickly, unsuspected ways
And find earth there below me without end.
I love to stand for long hours, looking down
On lands I know, discovering each line
Of every farm between me and the town,
And halfway dream that every farm is mine.
And there is there among the windy trees
Of any ridge, a thing farsighted, tall,
I give my heart to and my farmer-knees:
Though I'm not understanding it at all,
I think it's in the way a ridge can be
Eyes for a man too short to stand and see.

III

AUTUMN HICKORY TREES

I CAME upon a yellow hickory wood
On some tall ridge whose name I did not know,
And softly I came up and softly stood,
And there was nothing of the lands below
I'd started out to climb up there and see:
No marsh, no fields, no gleaming willow-line
Along the creek, or else this thing with me,
This saffron wonder, turned my wild eyes blind
To everything but autumn hickory trees,
And I could only stand among them, staring
My heart out at them, trembling in the knees,
My mouth gone dry: an earth-stained idiot glaring
Stupendous wonder at the yellow flood
Of leaves in that high, unsuspected wood.

GEORGE A. SCARBROUGH

GREETINGS BY SHORT WAVE

No matter how the land may rise
To snatch all ocean for a prize,
Or ocean rush against the land
With smoking torment in its hand,
Or land and sea combine to tear
The cold virginity of air;
When we can dial a face to face
From any place to any place,
Transport our bodies on a flash,
Death reserves the swoon, the crash;
No matter how invention may
Reduce the debt, still death will pay.
How difficult to sort deceit
Where fear and fear forever meet;
How we shall thirst for distance when
Our thoughts are known to other men;
Land will be as hard to track
As a bomb that slips the rack;
Air will be as hard to climb,
The sea to swim, the will to time;
Distance as infinite shall roll
Between one soul and another soul.

Yet hope still lifts her scarlet blooms
From the commonwealth of tombs;
Enough that London, in the night,
Sets old syllables to light:
It takes a shorter wave to tell
The rest, the last, the all's well.

ELLIOTT COLEMAN

THE HEAD OF WISDOM

*Written for Katherine Louise Lyle Starr,
born May 16, 1940. The head is Beethoven's.*

THE little Will comes naked to its world
Without a rag of wit;
Church, State, the crazy categories
Crowd to the straw where it
Weeps under the family's fondling;

The shepherds baa, the Magi smell like camels,
Hark, how Herod's agents sing!
No godmother comes giftless to the foundling:
Child, is there anything
In your whole universe to spare you

Its witless and officious blessing?
'Do, do,' your mother nags,
Your father gives his senseless laugh, or mutters
His sour hits while he wags
A dry head at each new day's errors;

State sets a rifle in that aimless hand;
The manufacturers
Bid for the labors of its fruitless years;
'Obey, or hell is yours,'
Church tells; and your Hell's apologists —

King, priest, philosopher, the lean professors —
Tell, tell, and tell. You see.
Learn it all — the lies, the hunger, and the blood:
The peoples' history;
What we said; and all that we knew instead;

Learn it; but wisdom is more than knowing
What we knew, what we said,
The famous errors of the famous dead.
The maned and erring head
Holds, under the truth, under the lies,

Something stronger than either; the great stare
Of the magnificent eyes
Dazzles, is dazzled with more than tears;
No surprise
Warms the ruined face: the wilderness

Of confusion, of desolation, the helpless laughter
Of the wise break free
From the mouth open in the dying face —
Child, *here* is history,
Here is knowledge, is wisdom — see! see!

RANDALL JARRELL

SONNET

You silvered through an ogre-eerie wood,
Observed a blossom shudder from a tree,
Interpreted a leaf, and understood
The laurel-metamorphosis of me;
And touched the husk of my captivity
With vivid fingers, quickening as rain. . . .
I felt a sudden, fluid agony —
Mortality — invade me, vein by vein.

So long the eloquence of flesh has lain
Within the narrow jacket of the bough;
The hand, the lips, but charily attain
The flaring heart's expression, even now.
And loving is a cautious subtlety
For Daphne, newly from the laurel free.

VIRGINIA FRENCH

CAN LABOR BE MOBILIZED?

BY BENJAMIN M. SELEKMAN

As our world grows steadily more dangerous one fact becomes increasingly certain. The war will be won or lost by American industry. Whether democracy or Naziism rules the world depends on how fast and how voluminously we produce and deliver planes, tanks, ships, guns, munitions.

In 1917 each man in the field required two or three in the factories; today it requires the work of seventeen men to sustain one soldier. Because we realize this we grow increasingly impatient with the seemingly greedy and selfish behavior of workers. Who has not heard the reproachful query: 'The soldier serves his country for \$21 per month; shall we permit irresponsible workers to refuse to produce, except on their own terms, weapons our boys must have to defend us all?'

Thus the nation responded with almost audible, if sober, relief when Mr. Roosevelt — certainly a pro-labor President — ordered the military occupation of the strike-bound North American Aviation plant. Our endorsement of so extreme an expedient stemmed from the conviction that Communist leaders were directing this particular outlaw strike. But it reflected also the mounting impatience with all strikes that had been slowing down defense production since the walkout of the Vultee workers in November 1940.

Efforts to reduce stoppages, however, can become effective only by facing squarely the basic complexities. Even if we should finally write into law any of

the measures suggested to curb strikes, we shall find, as democratic countries have always found, that there is no formula for completely abolishing stoppages — and still remaining a democracy. We think how relatively easy it would be to end walkouts if subversive agents or willful leaders or union rivals, or any other single factor, were alone, or even dominantly, responsible for them. But behind the strike leaders bulk the far more baffling average Americans who actually strike. Like the rest of us, the great majority of workers are patriotic citizens, sharing our detestation of Hitlerism, and the firm determination to arm the country against it. We still need to discover, therefore, why these workers follow subversive or willful leaders, or defy responsible ones.

I

Significantly enough, the human equation of total war furnishes our first real clue for understanding why workers, even in national emergency, still behave as workers. For, after all, is not the equation a reciprocal one? If the worker is truly a soldier, who is the soldier himself but the worker and the worker's son, the employer and the employer's son, the farmer and the farmer's son? The man at work and the man in uniform are in reality the same man — at different times. What we really need to ask is just why this same American, animated by the same patriotism, behaves so differently in his different rôles. Why, specifi-

cally, is the soldier in overalls so different from the soldier in uniform?

The answer must be sought within the pervasive and deep-rooted contrast by which the whole content of daily work and living is changed for the soldier but remains basically the same for the worker. Called to military service, a worker finds himself in new surroundings and among new associates. He becomes a part of daily ordered activities that abound in symbols of his new rôle as defender of his nation. In the factory, too, the worker may feel that he is participating in national defense. But *within the day's work* it must be, in the very nature of things, only an occasional, not a continuous, awareness. For men are what they do, not what they are told they should be. And the worker holding down a defense job spends his hours in much the same humdrum way he always did. No reveille, nor retreat, but the same factory whistle opens and closes his working day. He is not publicly marked by uniform and new routines as a defender of his country. Instead, at the bench or assembly line, amid the impersonal relations of the shop, he still feels himself as interchangeable a part of the work force as is a nut or bolt in the armament he is helping to produce. He may recall at times that his nut or bolt will go into some crucial instrument against Hitler, but hour after hour the moving belt, the time clock, the straw boss, and the foreman dominate his activity.

We may gauge the full measure by which the worker's unchanging daily round constitutes a problem in defense morale when we recall the meagre sense of participation, the anxieties and antagonisms, that may long have prevailed in his own shop. When we shift that shop from peacetime to defense production, we carry over not only its machines and its workers' skills, but also their emotions about work and its returns, their attitudes toward their employers and supervisors. With these emotions,

however, we have thus far completely failed to reckon.

In steel, for instance, so basic to rearmament, we have centred attention upon estimates balancing demand against capacity. Shall we construct new plants or curtail civilian consumption — or both? Good enough. But how about the morale — the attitudes and emotions — of the steel workers? In our impatience with threatened or actual stoppages, we forget that for almost fifty years — from the violent clash at Homestead in 1892 to that in the mill towns of Little Steel in 1937 — these workers have been fighting for a 'voice' in their industry. Under the impetus of the New Deal, Big Steel finally came to terms with its men and their union. But, two years after Hitler made war, Little Steel still holds out. Gradually these companies too are coming around. Nevertheless the defense program inherits the emotional deposit left by this long history of conflict. As one of their leaders recently symbolized it, steel workers enjoy their new opportunity 'to tell the boss off.'

For many steel workers, moreover, even the defense boom does not completely allay the fear of unemployment. The automatic continuous-strip mill has been replacing the old hand mill in turning out flat-rolled steel. Some 85,000 workers, according to Mr. Philip Murray's testimony before the TNEC in April 1940, have been confronted with actual or imminent loss of jobs. These men were stirred to new hope by the very likelihood that the obsolete hand mills might reopen to meet war demands. But, at best, reopening offers them only a 'last lap' on inevitably doomed jobs.

Can it be enough, then, to face the need to retool without even recognizing the parallel need to allay such fears among the workers who man the tools? Signs have steadily multiplied that the emotions of workers and management may yet present our most serious industrial bottleneck. Our preoccupation thus

far with the more obvious bottlenecks is rooted in our long tendency to regard production as the manipulation only of materials, machines, and skills. We have failed to realize that skills are inseparable from human beings, that output rates depend on the behavior of the whole man, with his cravings and frustrations as well as his skills.

And so, concentrating upon the mass production which will determine our future, we still disregard the important fact that the worker at the assembly line does not draw from his defense job any sense of direct individual contribution to democratic victory. The wage he receives, rather than the fragmented work he does, still continues his measure of social worth, the source of whatever status, prestige, or security he may win for himself or his family. In the pursuit of these returns he is still badgered by the pressures and uncertainties characteristic of wage work. He still remains aware that his share of the fruits of defense 'prosperity' depends in part on a tug of strength among various competitors for them.

II

This design of thinking is illustrated vividly by a dispute brought to me for arbitration early this year. The men had asked for a 10 per cent increase in wages. The management based its rejection upon the danger of inflation during the emergency. Wages had been increased in 1937, and government figures on the cost of living since then did not warrant another raise. The workers were reminded that only by holding wage increases 'in proportion to the rise in living costs can we prevent a runaway spiral from which it would be extremely difficult to recover.'

'What interests us,' countered the workers, 'is not statistics on cost of living but making a better living. When times are good, skilled mechanics like ourselves expect higher wages so we may live in a proper way.' They had co-

operated when business was poor by taking a decrease in 1932. They had received only one increase — in 1937. But 'today employment is here. The United States Government has given out billions of war contracts. Prosperity is here. We don't see why we are not entitled to have a little of that prosperity.'

Thus workers tend to see defense production as one more industrial fluctuation — a period of prosperity, of indeterminate duration, following upon a long depression. Few who get jobs in the forties will easily forget what unemployment can do to a man in a society that makes work the symbol of personal adequacy and social status. The skilled workers we seek so anxiously know well that they are scarce today because there was for so long so little demand for them.

Nor do even all skilled workers find in defense employment the opportunity to reestablish themselves. Mike Russell of New Castle, Pennsylvania, one of the thousands of steel workers displaced from the industry, told a typical story before the TNEC. For some twenty years, until his plant shut down in 1937, he had been a hand-roller, as proud a craftsman as could be found. When he testified, in April 1940, he was working on the WPA, although the defense program had been under way almost one year. One month after the shutdown Russell, together with some two hundred other hand-rollers, had been called to work in an affiliated mill, until it in turn shut down seven months later. The corporation, complained Russell, 'rehired all of us rollers . . . as catcher helpers on the job I had started at thirty-two years ago as a boy.' He 'didn't like it . . . to be lowered down like that.'

If men like Russell obtain defense jobs in the new automatic strip mills they probably won't 'like it' for much the same reason. For, according to Mr. Murray, the 'comparatively few hand-

mill workers who have been employed in automatic strip mills . . . are working as laborers, or semi-skilled workers, and are receiving wages one-half to one-third their former daily earnings.' Even though they will be working on defense orders, moreover, their employer will be, not the nation, but still the same corporation that had rendered their skill obsolete for all time.

The emotional 'carry-over' from the thirties rises not only from the strains endured by individuals and families, but also from the programs directed toward their welfare. This is hardly the place to appraise the various innovations of the Roosevelt administration. What remains important now is the passionate support and opposition they evoked. The hero worship of the working-class women who scrubbed the streets of an industrial town over which President Roosevelt's car was scheduled to pass during the campaign of 1940 was quite matched by the demonology elaborated at country clubs and dinner tables. That the New Deal program came at a time of world-wide upheaval intensified its aura of revolutionary transition.

Whether the New Deal be reform or revolution, the National Labor Relations Act has projected a major change in the balance of power between employers and trade unions. To labor, it marked the culmination of a long struggle to achieve equality of bargaining power. This power has generally been augmented by prosperity and impaired by depression. If this explains organized labor's determination to utilize its new rights in the defense boom, it also throws light on perplexing obstacles to uninterrupted, maximum production. For it is just the crucial defense industries—steel, motors, aircraft, aluminum, oil, chemicals, rubber—that have most stubbornly resisted unionization. Only recently or partially organized, these industries contain young unions determined to press their current advantages of favorable economic conditions and new legal sta-

tus. Strikes for union recognition present the most bitter form of industrial conflict, and leave in their wake the most lasting aftermath of hostility. It takes young unions time to establish discipline, to hold back members seeking quick returns from union dues, and to make the transition from fighting to collaboration.

Nor is this all. Just because the defense industries constitute the centres of the current organizing effort, they represent also arenas where the two rival labor movements are most likely to clash, as each seeks to extend its membership. And finally, because these industries are thus both central to defense and still unsettled, they attract subversive agents bent upon crippling production by stirring up class division and industrial strife.

Industrial relations are affected by still one more subtle emotional heritage of the thirties. The depression worked a change in attitude toward our leadership group. The business man, the idol of the booming twenties, has fallen from his high estate. For the past ten years he has been projected as the scapegoat for all our economic ills. Now he is commanded to mobilize industry for defense. The worker, once aspiring to the boss's place, now relates himself to the labor leader and the government official. The net result is sharpened suspicion and hostility between the two groups—management and men—whose daily and wholehearted working together must be the very spirit and heart of the defense effort.

III

What we have failed to solve in peace remains to plague us as we strengthen our defenses in a world at war. Human relations in industry have always constituted our outstanding failure, as mechanical efficiency our spectacular success. Just as our technical equipment, moreover, has been weakened by the

erosions of the Great Depression, so the emotions of workers and employers have been profoundly unsettled by its harsh stresses and social upheaval. Thus we are compelled to move from a sharp crisis to an even sharper one, before we have assimilated — or even generally accepted — the far-reaching changes introduced into our labor relations.

Yet emergency hardly seems the time for Olympian patience. Hitler does not wait for democracies to tackle stubborn difficulties; and, if we too fail to prepare our defenses in time, the Nazis will liquidate the democratic inadequacies for us by making our whole democracy impossible. If the man in overalls cannot immediately see how directly his every little personal interest depends upon the outcome of this larger conflict, surely his leaders know the fate of workers and their unions wherever the Nazis conquer and control. However much the pointed parallels drawn between the New Deal and the Popular Front may have slurred our greater resiliency and productive power, we cannot disregard the warnings written large for us in the tragic fate of France. Class strife even over social gains must yield priority to the collaboration of hard work and sacrifice, if those gains themselves are ever to prove permanent. That the large majority of labor leaders see this clearly is a national strength; that a minority have proved ready to play politics, or subversive whenever the 'party line' so dictates, is a challenge preëminently to the labor movement itself.

When all this has been granted, however, an appreciation of the emotional atmosphere in industry offers the only realistic approach toward keeping stoppages within the narrowest possible limits. We need, of course, emergency controls by which disputes can be adjusted as they arise, and strikes averted or quickly ended. We must also harness the power latent in the loyalties of our workers. 'Cracking down' is not the sole instrument available for opening

up emotional bottlenecks. It has its uses against subversive activity. For the bulk of patriotic men, controls imposed with voluntary consent, coöperation won by shared conviction, will prove far more potent than shotgun prescriptions. If we were ever inclined to doubt, Britain has shown the superior strength of free men convinced of their own stake in the society they are called to defend.

Yet no blueprints can be devised either for limiting strikes or for mobilizing emotions. Events move too swiftly. Yesterday we offered war supplies; today we promise delivery. Yesterday Communists sabotaged production for an 'imperialist war'; today they clamor for all-out aid for 'the people's war.' Yesterday the Ford Company appeared 'bitter-end' against organized labor; today it operates under one of the most comprehensive agreements ever extending power and recognition to a union. Yesterday the 'strike wave' flowed; today it ebbs; tomorrow it may flow again.

Clearly, then, the key for limiting strikes is flexible policy, administered by experienced men who talk the language both of labor and of management. Such policy and administration the National Defense Mediation Board has basically given us. Its handling of our turbulent industrial relations has thus far been as effective as any available. If the emergency intensifies, we may find it necessary to invoke new powers — a compulsory waiting period, or a ceiling over wages, or compulsory arbitration. But whatever steps we take will yield maximum results only as we obtain from employers and labor a consent based upon the overriding demands of the sharpening crisis. It is undoubtedly revealing that Britain, obtaining such consent even to compulsory arbitration, has succeeded best among the democracies in reducing stoppages to a minimum.

Toward the task of mobilizing the

affirmative drives of workers, peacetime experience has given the democracies almost nothing to go by. The Nazis now spend as much effort upon channeling the emotions of their people as they do upon harnessing their material resources. Why should we too not seek ways of carrying to every fragmented defense job the sense of vivid sharing in a stirring and widely accepted national cause? Pageantry, symbolism, celebrations, are no monopoly of the Nazis. Nor need it be only they who confer the community's accolade upon the man in overalls as well as the man in uniform.

But ceremonial participation, important as it is, will not completely satisfy the rank and file of the nation. Democratic victory depends also on how we deal with those feelings of insecurity that the dictators exploited so skillfully. The very fear of unemployment after the emergency, for instance, may be converted into solid coöperation if employers incorporate into conditions of employment adequate dismissal wages.

To claim the future, democracy need not deny any of its unsolved social problems. In all the great democratic dreams — opportunity, security, freedom — realization has never been as bright as aspiration. Nonetheless, de-

mocracy alone can rest its promise for the future on past performance. Democracy alone has brought oppressed groups the slow but steady advances that made them increasingly free, individual men. Tyrannies may be paternal, but they can never admit equals at home or abroad. They may give gifts, take tribute, exact homage, confer mastery, impose slavery. Free men alone can be truly fraternal; they alone can ultimately make a human family.

That is why democracy can afford now to reassess its people's internal aggressions and hostilities as well as their faiths. Do these aggressions blur the national purpose? Do they create industrial blocks that in the present emergent moment threaten the democratic future? Well, then, we need no hymns of hate to recanalize and deflect these differences within our nation toward a determined battle against Hitlerism and a Nazi world. Certainly whatever the differences between employers and employees, between labor and investors, between CIO and A. F. of L., they are all on one side, while Hitler is on the other.

Or do we have to wait for threatened invasion, the loss of the seas, or our own Dunkirk before we close ranks?

AT SALLYGAP

BY MARY LAVIN

I

THE red and white bus climbed up the hilly roads on its way, through the Dublin Mountains, to the town of Enniskerry. On either side the hedges were so high and heavy that the passengers had nothing more interesting to look at than each other, but after a short time the road became steeper than before. Then the fields that had been hidden by hedges were all bared to view, and slanted smoothly downward to the edge of the distant city.

Dublin was all exposed. The passengers told each other that you could see every inch of it. They could certainly see every church steeple and every tower. But, had they admitted as much, they would have said that the dark spires and steeples that rose up out of the blue pools of distance below looked little better than dark thistles rising up defiantly in a gentle pasture.

The sea that circled this indistinct city seemed as gray and motionless as the air. Suddenly, however, it was seen that the five-o'clock mail boat, looking little better or bigger than a child's toy boat, was pushing aside the plastery waves and curving around the pier at Dunlaoghaire on its way to the shores of England.

'There she goes!' said Manny Ryan to the young man in the gray flannel suit who shared the bus seat with him. 'The fastest little boat for her size in the whole of the British Isles.'

'What time does it take her to do the crossing?' asked the young man.

'Two hours and ten minutes,' said

Manny, and he took out a watch and stared at it. 'It's 3.39 now. She's out about four minutes, I'd say. That leaves her right to the dot. She'll dock at Holyhead at exactly 5.45.'

'She's dipping a bit,' said the young man. 'I suppose she's taking back a big load after the Horse Show.'

'That's right. I saw by the paper this morning she took two thousand people across yesterday evening.'

'You take a great interest in things, I see.'

'I do. That's quite right for you! I take a great interest indeed, but I have my reasons. I have my reasons.'

Manny put his elbow up against the ledge of the window and turned on his side in the tight space of the seat, so that he was almost facing his companion, who, having no window ledge to lean upon, was forced to remain with his profile to Manny while they were talking.

'You wouldn't think now,' said Manny, 'just by looking at me, that I had my choice to sailing out of Dublin on that little boat one day, and I turned it down! You wouldn't think that now, would you?'

'I don't know so much about that,' said the young man, uncomfortably. 'Many a man goes over to Holyhead, for one class of thing or another.'

But it was clear by his voice that he found it hard to picture Manny, with his shiny black suit and his bowler hat, in any other city but the one he had lately left in the bus. So strong was his impres-

sion that Manny was, as he put it to himself, a Dubliner-coming-and-going, that he hastened to hide his impression by asking what business Manny had in Holyhead, if that wasn't an impertinence? He forgot apparently that Manny had never actually gone there, but Manny forgot that too in his haste to correct the young man on another score altogether.

'Is it Holyhead?' he asked in disgust. 'Who goes there but jobbers and journeymen?'

'London?' asked the young man, raising his eyebrows.

'Policemen and servant girls,' said Manny impatiently.

'Was it to the other side altogether, sir?' said the young man, and the 'sir' whistled through the wax in Manny's ears like the sweetest string of a harpsichord, touched with a clever quill.

'To the other side altogether is right,' he said. 'I was heading for Paris — gay Paree, as they call it over there — and I often wished to God I hadn't turned my back on the idea.'

'Is it a thing you didn't go, sir?'

'Well, now, as to that question,' said Manny, 'I won't say yes and I won't say no, but I'll tell you this much — I had my chance of going away. That's something, isn't it? That's more than most can say, isn't it?'

'It is indeed. But if it's a thing that you didn't go, sir, might I make so bold as to ask the reason?'

'I'll tell you,' said Manny, 'but first I'll have to tell you why I was ever going at all.'

He took out a sepia-colored photograph from an old wallet and he held it over to the young man, who looked at it, holding it close to his face because it was faded in places and in other places the glaze was cracked. But he made out quite clearly all the same that the photograph showed a group of young men sitting stiffly on cane-back chairs, their legs rigid in pin-stripe trousers, their hair plastered back with oil, and their hands

folded self-consciously over the awkward contours of trombones and fiddles and brassy cornets.

In the centre of the group, turned up on its rim, was a big yellow drum wearing a banner across its face with the words 'Mary Street Band' printed on it in large block letters.

'That was us,' said Manny, 'the Mary Street Band. We used to play for all the dances in the city, and we played for the half-hour interval as well in the Mary Street Theatre.'

He leant over.

'That was me,' he said, pointing to a young man with a fiddle on his knee, a young man who resembled him as a son might resemble a father.

'I'd recognize you, all right,' said the stranger, looking up at Manny's face and down again at the photograph. Both faces had the same nervous thinness, the same pointed jaw, and the same cleft of weakness in the chin. Only the eyes were different. The eyes in the photograph were light in color, either from bad lighting on the part of the photographer or from the shallowness and pallor of immaturity. The eyes of the older Manny were dark. They held a dignity that might have come from sadness, but, wherever it came from, it was strangely out of keeping with the urgent respectability of his striped city suiting and his very slightly mildewed bowler hat.

'There was a party of us (the few lads you see there at the back, and the one to the left of the drum) planning on getting out, going across to Paris and trying the dance halls over there — *palais* they call them on the other side. We'd stuck together for three years, but these few lads I'm after pointing out to you got sick of playing to the Dublin jackeens. I got sick of it, too. They were always spitting out and sucking oranges and catcalling up at the artistes. We heard tell it was different altogether across the water. Tell me this, were you ever in Paris, young fellow? "Gay Paree," I should be saying.'

'No, I can't say that I was,' said the young man.

'Man alive!' said Manny. 'Sure that's the place for a young fellow like you. Clear out and go. That's my advice to you and I don't know who you are. Take it or leave it. That's my advice to you, although I don't know from Adam who you are or what you are. That's what I'd say to you if you were my own son. Cut and run for it.'

Manny gave a loud sigh down the back of the lady in front, who shivered and drew her collar closer.

'Paris!' he said again, and sighed once more. 'Paris, lit up all night as bright as the sun, with strings of lights pulling out of each other from one side of the street to the other, and fountains and band-stands every other yard along the way. The people go up and down linked, and singing, at any hour of the day or night, and the publicans — they have some other name on them over there, of course — are coming to the door every minute with aprons round their middle, like women, and sweeping the paths outside the door and finishing off maybe by swilling a bucket of wine over the path to wash it down.'

'You seem to have a pretty idea of it for a man who wasn't there!'

'I have a lot of postcards,' said Manny, 'and we were never done talking about it before ever we decided on going at all, myself and the lads. In the end we just packed up one night and said, "Off with us! By the holy God, this is too much to take from any audience!" There had been some bit of a row that night at the theatre, and somehow or other an old dead cat flung up on the stage. Did you ever hear the like of that for ignorance?'

'All I can say is, it's no wonder you packed your bags!' said the young man.

'Is it now?' said Manny. 'That's what I say myself. My bags were all packed and strapped, and what was more, before very long they were halfway

up the plank of that little boat you see pulling out there.'

They looked out the bus window, down over the falling fields of the mountainside, to the sea and its vanishing boat.

'Is that right?' said the young man.

'That's right. My bags were on the gangplank and there was Annie below on the quay, with the tears in her eyes. That was the first time I gave a thought to her at all. Annie is my wife. At least she is now. She wasn't then. I gave one look at her standing there in the rain (it was raining at the time) with her handkerchief rolled up in her hand ready to wave as soon as the boat got along. The porters were pushing past her with their truckloads of trunks and hitting up against her. Did you never notice how rough them fellows are? Well, with the rain and the porters and one thing and another, I got to pitying her, standing there. I got to thinking, do you know, of all the things we'd done together. There was nothing bad, you know, nothing to be ashamed of, if you understand, but still I didn't care much to think of her standing there watching me going off, maybe for good and all, and she thinking over the things I said to her one time or another. You know yourself, I suppose, the kind of thing you're apt to say to a girl, off and on?'

'I do,' said the young man.

'You do?' said Manny. 'Well, in that case you'll understand how I felt seeing her standing there. I felt so bad I tried to get back for a few last words with her before the boat pulled out, but there were people coming up against me all the time and I was having to stand aside every other step I took and crush in against the rails to let them pass. And some of them were cranky old devils, telling me to get to hell out of the way, to come if I was coming and go if I was going, and telling me for God Almighty's sake to take my bloody bag out of the way. It was jabbing in the legs of the women without my noticing it, and as sure as I pulled it to

one side it jabbed into someone on the other side.

'There was terrible confusion. You'd think, wouldn't you, that the officials would be able to put a stop to it? But I declare to God they were worse than the people that were traveling. There was one of them clicking tickets at the bottom of the gangway and all he did was let a shout at me to say I was obstructing the passage. Obstructing!

"Come on up, Manny," shouted the lads from up above on the deck.

"Good-bye, Manny," said Annie in a little bit of a voice you'd hardly hear above the banging of cases and the screaming of the sea gulls.'

'You didn't go down!'

'Down I went.'

'And the boys?'

'They were staring like as if they were transfixed! They couldn't believe their eyes. They began calling down to us from the deck above, but the wind was going the other way and we couldn't hear one word they were saying. Then the whistles began to blow, and the sailors began spitting on their hands and pulling at the ropes to let the plank up into the boat. The train was getting ready to go back to Westland Row. She was going to pull out any minute.

"I knew you'd come to your senses," said Annie. "Have you got your bag?"

'I held it up.

"Your fiddle?" said Annie.

'By God, if I hadn't left the fiddle above on the deck! Would you believe that? We started shouting up at the lads. Timmy Coyne — that was the little fellow with the moustache sitting next me in the photo — Timmy put his hands up to his mouth like he was playing a bugle (it was the piano he played in the band, by the way) and he shouts out "Wha-a-a — at?" like that, drawing it out so's we could hear it.

"The fiddle!" I shouted. And "fiddle" isn't a word you can stretch out, you know. No matter how slow you say it, it's said and done in a minute after all.

"Fiddle." Try it for yourself. "Fiddle." It's a funny sort of word, isn't it, when you say it over a few times like that? Anyway, Timmy didn't hear me.

"Ca-a-a-n't — hea-ea-ear!" says he.

'A couple of people round about me began to shout up too. "Fiddle." "Fiddle." The boat was pushing off from the pier. Suddenly one real game fellow that was after putting a fine young girl on the boat, and after kissing her too in front of everyone, ups and pulls off his hat, and crooking it under his arm, like it was a fiddle, he starts pulling his right hand back and forth across it for all the world as if he was fiddling a real fiddle. Timmy takes one look at him and down he ducks and starts rooting around on the deck. The next minute he ups and rests the fiddle case on the rails.

"Catch!" he shouts.

'Across comes the fiddle, over the space of water that was blinding white by this time with the foam from the boat.

"It's into the water!" shouts someone.

"Not on your life!" shouts our boy on the wharf, and he leaping into the air to catch it. But you know how slippery them wooden boards are with that green slimy stuff on them? You do? Well, to make a long story short, down slips your man, and down comes your fiddle on one of the iron stumps they tie the boat to, and fiddle and case, and even the little bow, were smashed to smithereens under my eyes. You should have heard the crowd laughing. I always say it's easy enough to rise a laugh when you're not doing it for money!'

'What did Annie say?'

"It's the hand of God," she said.'

'What did you say?'

'Sure, what could I say? I just went over and gave a kick with my foot to the bits of wood and put them floating out on the water, along with the potato peels and cabbage stalks that were just after being flung out of a porthole in the bottom of the boat.'

Manny looked down at the gray

feather on the horizon that was all that now remained of the mail boat.

'Whenever I see that little boat,' he said, 'I get to thinking of the sea and the way it was that day, with all the dirt lapping up and down on it and the bits of wood from the fiddle looking like bits of an old box. Walking back to the train, we could see the bits floating along under us, through the big cracks in the boards. I never can understand why it is they leave such big spaces between them boards anyway. And just as we were going out the gate to the platform, what did I see, down through the splits, but a bit of the bow. And here's a curious thing for you! You could tell what it was the minute you looked at it, broken and all as it was. "Oh, look!" you'd say, if you happened to be passing along the pier, going for a walk and not knowing anything about me or the boys. "Look!" you'd say to whoever was with you. "Isn't that the bow of a fiddle?"'

'Did you ever hear from the boys again?' asked the young man.

'We changed our address,' said Manny. 'I heard they broke up after a bit. Maybe they wrote and we never got the letter. After we got married we went to live in King Street, over the shop. We opened a shop, you see, in King Street. You know King Street? Our shop is down at the further end, along past the Gaiety. The shop took up pretty near all our time on account of us knowing nothing about business. We never get a minute to ourselves. Look at me! I've been out since early morning trying to get to hear of someone that would deliver eggs to the door. That's what I'm doing now, too, going up here to the Sallygap to see a man I was told about by one of the dealers in Moore Street. The dealer gets them from him twice a week, and I don't see why he couldn't bring us in a couple of dozen at the same time. If he does, we'll put up a card on the window saying "Fresh Eggs Daily." The Dublin people would go mad for a fresh egg. Did you ever notice that?'

The conductor came down the aisle and leant in to Manny.

'We're coming near the Sallygap now,' said the conductor.

'Is that right?' said Manny. 'Give a touch to the bell, so, and get him to stop. Anywhere here will do nicely.'

He turned to the young man confidentially. 'I have to look for the place, you see.'

'I hope you find it all right, sir.'

'I hope so. Well, good day to you now. Don't forget the advice I gave you.' Manny pointed with his thumb in the direction of the sea, and then he stepped off the bus and found himself on a country road alone, for the first time in so many years you might leave it at that and not say how long.

II

He found the house he was looking for easily enough. The farmer promised to send in the eggs twice a week, and three times if the orders got bigger. He wanted to know if Manny ever tried selling chickens or geese. Manny said his wife took care of the orders. The farmer asked if he would mention the matter to his wife. Manny agreed to do so.

Manny didn't want chickens or geese. Manny wanted a drink. He wasn't a drinking man, but he wanted a glass of beer, just then, to take the thirst off him. He remembered that they had passed a public house a while before he got off the bus. He started walking down towards it.

As he walked along he thought of the boys again. It was a long time since he had thought of them. The boat put him in mind of them. And the young fellow he was sitting beside was just about the age he was himself in those days. That must be why he told him so much. He was a nice young fellow. Manny wondered who he was, and he wondered, just as idly, what hour he'd get a bus going back to Dublin.

But it was nice enough, mind you,

walking along the road like this, he thought. He didn't care if the bus was a bit slow in coming. It was not as if it were raining or cold. It was a nice evening. He often heard tell of young lads from Dublin coming up here on their bicycles on a fine evening, and leaving the bicycles inside a fence while they went walking on the roads. Just walking, mind you — just walking. He used to think it was a bit daft. Now that he was up here himself, looking around and listening, he could begin to see how a quiet sort of chap might like this class of thing. Manny looked at the hedges that were tangled with wild vetches, and he looked at an old apple tree crocheted over with gray-lace lichen. He looked at the gleaming grass in the wet ditch, and at the flowers and flowering grasses that grew there. 'They all have names, I suppose,' thought Manny. Could you beat that!

Walking along, he soon came to a cottage with dirty brown thatch from which streaks of rain had run from time to time, leaving yellow stripes on the lime. As he got near, a woman came to the door with a black pot and swilled out a slop of green water into the road, leaving a stench of cabbage in the air when she went in. It was a queer time to be cooking her cabbage, thought Manny, and then he chuckled. 'For God's sake,' he said out loud, 'will you look at the old duck!'

A duck had flapped over from the other side of the road to see if the cabbage water made a pool big enough to swim in. 'Will you just look at him!' said Manny, and, as the road was empty, he must have been talking to himself. And he was giving himself very superfluous advice, because he was staring at the duck as hard as he could. After a minute a geranium pot was taken down from inside one of the small windows of the cottage, and a face came close to the glass. 'They don't like you stopping and staring, I suppose,' thought Manny, and he moved along.

His thoughts were on the smallness and darkness of the place for some time. He wondered how people put up with living in a little poke like that, and the thought of his own rooms behind the shop in King Street seemed better to him than it had for a long time. After all, they had a range. They had gas. They had the use of the lavatory on the upper landing. He was pleased to think of all the many advantages he had over those people that were peeping out at him. He used to feel that the rooms in King Street were terrible and that he was doomed to live in them all his life, while men no older than he went here and went there, and did this and did that, and some of them even went off to Paris. But at that moment he felt it was a fine thing after all to have a place of your own to keep things in, a place where you could lie down if you were sick or worn out. And it was within a stone's throw of the Pillar.

He didn't get out enough — that was the trouble. If he got out and about more he'd have the right attitude to the house, and maybe to the shop, too. No wonder he'd be sick of it — never leaving it except like this, on a message. He should take an odd day off. Man! What was he talking about? He ought to take a week. He ought to run over to Paris and look up the boys. Then, as if aghast at the grandeur of his revolt, Manny gave himself an alternative. He should go over to Liverpool, anyway, for one of the week-end meets. With a bit of luck he might make his expenses, and that would shut Annie's mouth.

The public house came into view just then, and very opportunely, because Manny went in with the high head of one who contemplates a sojourn in distant lands.

He ordered his drink. There were two or three locals leaning against the counter, and a large man, obviously a commercial traveler, stood cleaning his spectacles and asking questions about the village. The locals were looking sheepishly at their empty glasses that

were dowdily draped with scum. The traveler gave order for them to be filled up again. He looked down the counter at Manny as if he would like to include him in the company, but there was a repelling air of independence about Manny, due perhaps to his bowler hat, which sat self-consciously upon the bar counter.

Manny listened to the talk at the other end of the bar. Once or twice the locals mistook the traveler's meaning, but Manny felt a warmth in his heart for them. Their dull-wittedness created a feeling of security. He felt a great dislike for the talkative traveler. He hoped that they would not be on the same bus going back to the city.

Just then the sound of an engine stole into the stillness outside. The bus was coming. Manny drank up, and put out his hand for his hat. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the traveler buttoning his overcoat. He heard his jocose farewells to the locals, who were already leaning back with greater ease against the counter.

Manny went towards the door. The traveler went towards the door. In the doorway they met.

'I see you are taking this bus, too,' said the traveler. Manny had, of course, intended going back on that bus. He had no idea when there would be another bus. But a great revulsion came over him at the thought of journeying back with the large, talkative man.

'I'm waiting for the next bus,' he said, impulsively.

'I'm sorry!' said the traveler. 'I should have been glad of your company. Good evening.'

'Good evening,' said Manny, and he stood back from the dust of the bus.

III

When the dust had blown into the hedges, Manny stepped into the middle of the road and doggedly faced the way the bus had gone. He would be walking for a long time before another bus caught

up with him, but he did not care. A rare recklessness urged him onwards, and when the night came down swiftly over him the feeling of recklessness was deepened.

He walked along, looking from side to side, and in his heart the night's potent beauty was beginning to have effect. He felt a happiness and richness that confused his mind. The dark hills and the pale silk-shining sky, and the city pricking out its shape upon the sea with starry lights, filled him with strange feelings of sadness and joy mingled together. And when the sky flowered into a thousand stars of forget-me-not blue he was strangled with the need to know what had come over him. His heart was all confusion. And, having no thoughts to meet and stem the flood of desolating joy that began to swell so suddenly within him, he ran down the road the way he used to run on the roads as a young lad, and as he ran he laughed out loud to think that he, Manny Ryan, was running along a country road in the dark, hardly knowing when he'd run into a hedge or a ditch.

Yesterday, if anyone came to him and suggested that he'd do such a thing, he would have split his sides laughing. And tomorrow, if he were to try and persuade Annie to take a walk out in the country, she'd look at him as if he were daft. The Dublin people couldn't tell you the difference between a bush and a tree. Manny stood to recover his breath. That was a fact. All the Dublin people were good for was talking. They'd talk you out of your mind.

He thought of his wife with her yellow elbows coming through the black unraveled cardigan, as she leant across the counter in the dismal shop, giving off old shaffoge with any shawley that came the way with an hour, or maybe two hours, to spare. He thought of the bars filled with his cronies talking about the state of the country for all they were fit, men that never saw more of it than you'd see from the top of a tram. He thought of

the skitting young fellows and girls outside Whitefriar Street after late Mass on Sunday, and he thought of the old men standing at the pub ends of the streets, ringing themselves round with spits. He thought of the old women leaning against the jambs of their doorways, with white crockery milk jugs hanging out of their hands, forgotten in the squalor of their gossip. He thought of the children sitting among the trodden and rancid cabbage butts on the edge of the paths, whispering over again the gossip they had heard when they crouched, unheeded, under some counter. He thought of the young and the old, the men and the women, and the pale frightened children, who were shuffling along kneelers in churches all over the city, waiting their turn to snuffle out their sins in the dark wooden confessionals.

It seemed as if the cool green light of day scarcely ever reached those people — or the night-shaded lights of evening. The only wind that blew into their streets came out from their own drafty houses thickened with the warm odor of boiling potatoes. The loathing he felt for the city years before when he first came to Dublin stole over him again as it had come over him one night long ago in the little theatre in Mary Street. 'Dublin jackeens!' he muttered.

'Dublin jackeens!' he said out loud, the jibe coming forth from some dim green corner in his mind where the memory of a buttercup field, and a cobbled yard prickled with grass, gave him the right to feel immunity from them. Once more he longed to get away from Dublin. But this time there was a difference. He wanted to get away from Dublin, but not from Ireland. He didn't want to go away from Ireland, he thought, with anguish; not away from her yellow fields and not away from her emerald ditches — only to get away from the stuffy Dublin streets and people that walked them. Even to get away for an hour, like this, would satisfy him.

Wasn't it well, after all, he hadn't

gone away to Paris? Things turned out for the best in the end. If he had gone away he would never have come up here to Sallygap. And he would never have found out that peace was not a matter of one city or another, but a matter of hedges and fields and waddling ducks and handfuls of stars. Cities were all alike. Paris was no better than Dublin when you looked into the matter clearly. Paris was a wicked place, by all accounts, even if they did have a rare time there at night, with the lights and the bandstands.

Who ever heard of the boys since they went? Where were they? God alone knew where. They were playing, maybe, in some cellar done up with striped tablecloths, like in the pictures, with smoke cutting their guts, and women with big thighs and dresses torn open down to the waist sitting on their knees and cracking the strings of their sinews with the weight.

A sweat broke out on Manny, and he had to stand in the cold road to let the vision fade and the winds cool his burning face. He was damn glad he stayed at home. What was the need in anybody going across seas when all he had to do, if he got sick of himself, was take a bus and come up to a place like this? As long as a fellow could come up to a place like this, what was the need of going further?

'I'll come up here again,' said Manny, 'upon my word I will.' He had found at last his real escape from the sordidness of the life he led, and perhaps in time the seed of sensitiveness that had lain sterile in his heart through his bleak and unnatural spring and summer might have had a rare and wonderful winter flowering. There are gentle souls who take nothing from their coarse rearing and less from their chance schooling, but who yet retain their natural gentleness, and sometimes it flowers, as Manny's did, in the hills.

'I'll come back again,' he said. 'I'll come back again all right.' He turned to look at the hanging hills before he went

round the last bend in the road, where the houses and shops of Rathfarnham would hide them from view.

IV

With the first shops and the first beginnings of the city, with its dazzling tramlines, its noises, and its shoving crowds, Manny felt the tiredness he had not felt in all the enchanted miles of rough road he had walked. His feet burned. His thighs were heavy, his back weighted down with the knapsack of weariness. He took a bus and sat on the edge of the only seat that was vacant, his light weight joggling with every motion, and the elbow and hipbone of a fat woman on the inside of the seat nudging his ribs with the insistence of inadvertency. Smells of gas and oil sickened him. Broken lights strained his eyes. But most of all a dread of returning home came over him as he remembered that Annie had told him to hurry. The sharp strokes of Annie's voice sounded sudden and loud in his ears, and it seemed impossible that he had forgotten what she said. He felt like a little boy who had blotted his copy, a little boy who had lost the change, a little boy who creeps in under fear of the whip.

The fear of her whipping tongue hung over him all the way along the suburbs. When he reached home and saw the closed shutters of the shop, his hand was so stiff and cold he could hardly find the string in the letter box by which the latch of the door could be pulled back from outside. His hand clattered the letter box for a long time, and then he pulled the string and the door opened. He went in. He groped around empty packing cases and felt for the knob of the kitchen door. He didn't see that the door was wide open because the room was dark and the fire was only a powdering of red ash among gray. Annie was sitting at the fire. His eyes became used to the dark, and after a minute the room was clear before him, the customary position

of things supplementing the eye, where it failed, in enabling him to reach the fire and sit down on one side of the range, watching Annie on the other side and wondering when she would speak.

She said nothing. The truth was that she had been so excited at his unusual absence that she was left unfit for any emotion at his eventual return.

Marriage had been an unselfishness on Manny's part. He had married Annie because he thought that was what would make her happy, and he was weakly content to give up his freedom for that object. She, however, had not thought of marriage as anything but a means of breaking the monotony. But she had found it a greater monotony than the one she had fled from, and, unlike the other, it had no anteroom of hope leading to something better. Manny accepted her so complacently from the first day that he bored her in a week with his monotonously kind manner. Soon she began to show an artificial irritation at trifles in the hope of stirring up a little excitement, but Manny was kinder and more gentle on those occasions than he was before. Gradually her irritability and petulance became more daring until they could scarcely be classed as such venial sins. And soon, too, what had been slyly deliberate became involuntary, and the sour expression of her face hardened into the mask of middle age. She sought in the throbbing pulse and rippling flux of anger the excitement she had unconsciously hoped to find in her marriage bed. But her angers too were sterile, breeding no response in Manny. He was the same always. It seemed that she would never believe this, and she tried from time to time to break the strength of his weakness and she fought against his kindness as if it were her enemy. And so, in an obscure way, it was.

Annie Ryan's nature was too fierce for the quiescent passions of love and motherhood. She wanted the flaming face, the racing anger, the temper that

raised red weals on the skin, and the heat of two bodies crushed together in a rage of wrestling. And this need of her nature had never been satisfied except vicariously, leaning over the shop counter listening to the whispered stories of other women — stories of obscene blows given in drunken lusts, stories of cunning and cupidity and red flashes of anger and hate that rent the darkness in tenement hallways around the block when she and Manny were asleep for hours.

'Ah, woman dear,' they said to her, 'sure you know nothing at all about life.' And then, as if she were to be pitied, they rolled up their sleeves indulgently and showed her scalds, and scabby sores, saying, 'Take a look at that!'

And sometimes, standing at the hall door in the dark at night after the shop was long shut, she would hear a scream in some room high up across the street or round the corner, and then dull thudding sounds and children's voices sounding as if they were frightened out of their wits. Or sometimes a neighbor would come down the street sobbing loudly, linked on either side by her children, sobbing softer and asking her in high childish voices not to mind, not to mind. Not to mind what? Annie wondered. Which of the incentive words and gestures she had heard the neighbors tell about had provoked this woman to hysteria? She used to draw back a bit into the doorway while they were passing, and sometimes, pressed sideways against the wall so they wouldn't see her spying on them, she used to catch a glimpse of Manny sitting in the kitchen with his stocking feet up on the cooling range while he read the paper. Her eyes would flicker with hatred and resentment, and she would have an ignoble impulse to be revenged on him by going in and poking the range, sending clouds of ashes over him till he had to get up and go out.

This day, when he did not come back at the usual time, she set her mind on planning some taunt for him as he came

through the shop. If there were customers there, it would be so much the better. One time she wouldn't have risked a row before the customers, but she soon found it helped trade more than it hindered it, particularly when Manny never answered back or made trouble. But, as the evening wore out and there was still no sign of him, she began to think better of him. She began to think that in his weak way he was defying her at last. Maybe he was getting his temper up with drink. He wasn't a drinking man, but there was always a time to start.

A wild elation welled up inside her, waiting for a torrential release in singing or loud shouting. She had battered in his patience at last. He was going to try to get even with her. She was ready. She went into the kitchen and left the door into the shop half open while she knotted her hair as tight as she could, and when she came back the pricking pain on her neck, where the hair was too tightly caught, gave her a foretaste of the fight she would have, and made her eyes glitter. She let the customers go without giving them their usual bit of chitchat. She put the shutters up before the time. Where was he? It was getting very late now for a timid man like Manny. And he had no dinner. She lifted the saucer that was covering his plate on the range. She ought to let him get a bite of food into him before she started the row. Where was he?

She was on her way out to the door to look up the street when she saw the silhouette of the poorhouse hearse, the Black Maria, passing the door. Supposing he was gone for good? The little skunk! That would be just like him, to go over the river wall, like a rat in the dark, and never be heard of again. She would be cheated in this like everything else. Then the darkness lifted a little in her heart and she began to consider other possibilities. Maybe he skipped off to better himself somewhere and give her a miss? Fear beat throbbing in her breast, but it faded out as she remem-

bered that he wouldn't have any money. Thanks be to the Almighty, and to her own good sense, she hadn't given him the money for the eggs. She wondered if he got them. Did he go for them at all?

One after another, then, pictures of horror came into her mind. She saw a sodden corpse, white and hideously swollen, being carried in across the shop, and dripping water from muddy clothes upon the thirsty wooden boards. She saw herself at the wake, moaning and rocking from side to side at the fire, fanged with the yellow teeth of remorse and mauled by memories.

V

He wasn't a bad sort, the poor fellow, always wanting to take her to the Gaiety when the opera was on. He wasn't to blame for being so weak. His hands always went dead when he was cold. His face got a terrible blue color in frosty weather. She thought about the peculiar habit he had of sleeping with his feet outside the bedclothes. And she began to feel uneasy about the past as well as about the future. She walked up and down the dark room.

Once in a while she went into the street and looked up and down. She did that in an effort to anticipate the terror she felt was coming nearer every minute, rounding each corner more rapidly than the one before. But the evening winds were cooling the air and breathing their clear sweet peace into the streets. The lights were lighted, but their rays were not yet drawn out from them because the day had still some brightness of its own. They kept their gold carefully folded inside their glass globes, against the hour when their light would be needed, and it seemed as if they had no other function than to decorate the streets with gilt stars. The trams too were lit up, and they sailed like gilded galleons down the evanescent evening blue. The noises of trucks and drays sounded singly in the stillness and seemed to say that they were going off as fast

as they could and that soon the city would be given over to the revelry sounds of cars and taxis traveling to gaudy cinemas and theatres pearly with lights.

The city evening was so fair and so serene, so green and blue and gilt, that she disliked looking out at it, for it threatened to rob her of all her dreads and deluge her fears with the sane waters of hope. She preferred to sit by the whitening fire and imagine that the city that lay outside was dark and vicious as she had often seen it to be, crossing it late on winter nights — a place of evil shadows, with police standing silent in the alleyways, and its shops shut down and barricaded with boards like coffin lids, and all the private houses fortified with battered ashcans lined up along the path, and, dreariest of all, the Green with its padlocked gates and its tree-high railings, through which you heard the agonies of a thousand cats wailing out from the dark greenery.

She did not know which of her black forebodings she felt to be the more likely, but the ones that brought their terror without robbing her henceforth of the object of them were the ones that most appealed to her, and so she more or less expected a living Manny to be brought home to her — but one in whom some latent mutinous instinct had at last done its work and set up a tremorous twanging of chords that would echo throughout the rest of their lives and put reality into their relations. She waited for his coming with more eagerness than when he was coming to court her.

But the instant she heard his footfall she knew he was the same old Manny. She knew he was all right. She knew he was sober. Her fears faded out in widening ripples, leaving stillness and stagnation in her heart once more. When he put his head inside the door she knew by his hesitation and his apologetic cough that not even his own pleasure had kept him out so late, much less a high-riding, spur-jabbing revolt. She didn't even want to know what it was that kept him,

because she knew it was some pale and weedy shoot from the anæmia of his character, and no sudden bursting into leaf of unsuspected manliness.

She sat by the fire without moving.

Manny was drained of thought by her silence. He was driven to break it with words of his own.

'Did you keep my dinner?' he said, going over to the range, stooping his head as he went to avoid the slapping of wet sheets and towels that hung across the kitchen on a piece of string. He opened the door of the oven and looked in, bending down. There was nothing there, and he shut the door quietly and stole a look at Annie. She was sitting scratching her head with a hairpin she had pulled out of the tight knot.

'Get up out of that!' she ordered him tonelessly, and, pulling a damp cloth off the line over their heads, she took a hot plate from the top of the stove and went over to a pile of rubbish in the corner of the room.

'Light the gas,' she said, pulling out a square of brown paper from the pile of rubbish and setting the plate down upon it on the table. The nauseous smell of gas roamed around the room in streamers that soon ran together into one thick odor. The green light took away the only dignity the room had — its darkness. Manny sat down to the dinner set on the brown paper. It was a plate of meat flanked on two sides by tallow-yellow and a mounded pile of cabbage that still held the shape of the fork that patted it into place on the plate. Meat, potato, and cabbage were all stuck fast to the dish by a caking of dried gravy that the heat had crusted into a lacy doily of brown scallop and flutings to within an inch of the plate edge.

'It looks good,' said Manny appeasingly, 'and it smells good.'

'It smelled better four hours ago,' said Annie, cleaning a knife on her apron and putting it down beside the plate.

Manny wondered if the reference to keeping the dinner hot was intended as

an opening for him to say where he had been, and what had kept him. He looked at Annie and decided on saying nothing.

He ate his dinner in silence and tried as best he could to keep the food in his mouth from making noise, but the sounds of chewing seemed so loud in his own ears that he began to swallow down the coarse lumps of beef unchewed. Soon the silence became so terrible he could eat no more. He pushed aside his plate and sat staring at the ring of grease it left on the absorbent brown paper. He thought of the paper he had used the night before his wedding to get the grease out of his sleeve. Reading in bed used to get his clothes all candle grease, because he used to hump up his clothes to raise the candlestick higher beside the bed. That was a long time ago. The past was coming back into his mind all day. He used to hear his mother say that you relived all your life in your mind before you died, but he hated all those ignorant old pishogues. This silence was enough to make a man go mad.

He turned around in the chair and deliberately drew down the lash of her rage by saying quietly, 'I went up to Sallygap to get the eggs, but I missed the bus and walked home.'

'From the Sallygap?'

He had expected a vicious answer. He looked at her. She was picking her teeth with a bit of the brown paper she tore off the table.

'Gets in your teeth, doesn't it?' he said in a faint-hearted hope that there was not going to be any row.

'Are you finished?' she said.

He looked at his plate.

'Finished,' he said. 'All except my tea. I'll wet the tea myself if you like.'

'The tea is on the pot,' she said, and as he poured the spluttering water into the teapot she got up and went over to the dresser and took down a cup and saucer. She put them on the table.

The cup had not been washed since it was last used. There was a sandy sediment of moist sugar in the bottom of it,

and down the outside were yellow streaks of tea.

'This cup is a bit dirty,' said Manny, moving over to the sink.

'It's your own dirt, then,' she said to him. 'It was you had it last.'

He stood irresolute, and then he said he'd like a clean cup.

'There's a quarter pound of sugar in the bottom of that cup,' she said, and then she snapped at him suddenly with some apparent relevancy in her own mind between the two sentences, 'What did you do with the return ticket?'

He rooted in his pockets and took out the half a ticket. She snapped it up and looked at it closely, and then she stuck it down in a jug that was hanging by its handle on the nail of the dresser.

'Is he going to send the eggs?'

'Every Monday.'

'Give me that cup,' she said and went over to the sink, where she ran the cold tap on it. She clattered it back on the saucer, wet. Cold drops splashed on to his hot hands from her wet hands. She stood looking down at him.

'It's a queer thing when a man disgusts to himself!' she said.

Her eyes were greener than ever. They used to remind him of the sea at Howth, where they went walking while they were courting. They were the same color still, but they reminded him suddenly of the still green water under the landing stage at Dunlaoghaire. And as that sticky sea was one day flecked with splinters of a broken fiddle, her eyes above him now were flecked with splinters of malevolence.

He used to be afraid of her sharp tongue, ever since their first quarrel. But it had been the fear of a timid soul. Now, looking up into her silent eyes, he felt the immature and childish fear fall from him, and instead of it there came into his heart a terrible adult fear, a fear that came from his instincts, from his

blood. He thought of all the talk he had heard at different times in public houses, talk of morgues and murders, and he remembered what he said himself up at Sallygap about the people of Dublin — that they were ignorant people with clogged pools in their blood that clotted easily to unjust hate. They held their hate. He thought of Paris, with its quick flashing lights and its quick flashing hates and its quick flashing knives; its women with quick hands slapping the face at an effrontery, and banging the door as they went out into the streets, their red lips glossy with temper. And the dangers of Paris seemed suddenly fresh and vital compared with the dead man's danger of the sullen and malevolent eyes that were watching him. Desperately he thought of the hills, but the thought of them gave him no refuge. The happy hills were falling into forgetfulness already. He would never seek a sanctuary among them again.

For there was no sanctuary from hatred such as that he saw in Annie's eyes, unless it came to him from behind some night, when a raised hatchet crashed down on his skull, or from a queer taste in the mouth followed by a twisting in the guts. She had him imprisoned forever in her hatred. His little fiddle had crashed on the pier the day he gave up all his dreams for her, and it had floated in splintered sticks on the water. He thought of it for a moment and then he thought of nothing for a while, but just sat watching her as she went about the room.

Then suddenly he remembered that she had said something to him when she clattered down the wet cup on the saucer in front of him a little while before. He tried to think what it was she said. He couldn't remember what it was.

But he remembered, distinctly, thinking at the time that it was true, whatever it was.

PROPHETS OF DOOM

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

I

THE social historians whose business it is to record interesting phenomena have thus far failed to record one of the most interesting phenomena of our time. I refer to the fact that the generation to which I belong — the generation of men and women now in middle life — has produced prophets. Nothing about the time we live in is more remarkable than the number of middle-aged men and women who are familiar with the shape of the future and willing to share their familiarity with others. There are those who have divined that the true index of the future is the violence and brutality and obscurantism which are now sweeping over the world, and who have prophesied, therefore, that if we attempt to oppose this brutality and violence we shall have our labor for our pains. There are others who come to the same conclusion by the use of a somewhat more scientific vocabulary, speaking of historical imperatives and prophesying that the violence of this time will take its course as the violence of the French Revolution took its course and that nothing we can do or fail to do will change the outcome. There are still others who prophesy in the vocabulary of the military expert, foretelling inevitable humiliation and defeat to all who attempt to lift a hand in their own defense. There are also the realists, — those who speak in the rôle of the old soldiers, plucking at our sleeves and telling us we were tricked into the last war by the talk of democracy, — prophesy-

ing that if we listen to the talk about democracy again we shall be tricked again.

The content of the talk is familiar enough — so familiar indeed that it has aroused a chorus of replies, some of them angry, some of them pungent, some of them salty, some of them wise. But it is not the content of the talk which signifies so much as the fact that the talk takes place. What is truly interesting is the fact, first, that prophecies are heard in the world again; second, that they are prophecies, for the greater part, of despair; and, third, that the prophets who emit them are almost without exception members of one generation.

The first observation is perhaps the most curious. Prophets have been infrequent in recent centuries, and the sudden appearance of numbers of them in the time in which we live, foretelling the future to the young and informing them of the disasters which will inevitably follow certain actions, is a curious phenomenon.

The second observation, however, has interest also. It is the observation that all these prophecies are prophecies of defeat, prophecies of negation, prophecies not of the things which men can do but of the things which men cannot do. This too is unusual. Prophets have prophesied disaster before this, but rarely as consistently or in such numbers, and rarely in terms of impotence and failure so complete.

The third observation is less dramatic,

but no less interesting. It is that these prophetic voices are not, as was the case in antiquity, the voices of old men and women, but of men and women in middle life — men and women of the generation which knew in its childhood or its youth the other war and which came to consciousness of the world and of itself in the years between. It was not common among any ancient people that men and women in the full strength of their middle years prophesied publicly and always of disaster and defeat.

Why do these men and women prophesy, and why, if they must foretell the future to us, do they tell it in these terms? Is it because they possess a knowledge of the future not possessed by other men? Or is there a different reason? And if there is a different reason is it a reason which has to do with the fact that the speakers are men all of one generation — the generation of men now in middle life?

The answer, I think, is not too difficult. Prophets appear only among those who know, or who think they know, that the pattern of life is determined beforehand and who know, or who think they know, that they are privy to its determination. The generation to which I belong believes, as all who have read its books are aware, in a predetermined pattern of life. It is our conviction — explicitly stated in our histories, our political commentaries, and our studies in economics, implicitly stated in our novels and our poetry — that the pattern of life is determined by Economic Law or Historical Necessity or Psychological Compulsion, and that we are, or by taking thought can make ourselves, privy to these laws and these necessities. My generation not only believes in a predetermined pattern of life: we believe in it to a degree unknown in Western civilization for centuries.

It is probable, therefore, that it is not because they have been touched by a god's breath or because they have beheld visions at night, but for a simpler

reason, that these prophets prophesy: they prophesy because they belong to a generation which, whether it so admits or not, believes and has believed for years in Fate, and because, therefore, prophecy is natural to them.

II

Why these prophets prophesy in the language of impotence and defeat is, however, a more complicated question and one which requires for its understanding a more extended discussion of the relation between my generation and the notion of fate. The fact that men of a given time believe in a predetermined pattern of life does not necessarily mean that they are fatalists or that their prophecies must take fatalistic form. The Greeks, for example, were believers in fate and producers of prophecies, but not of prophecies like these. For the Greeks conceived of fate, not as a predetermined pattern controlling the whole of life and controlling therefore the will and acts of men, but as a divine intervention capable of cutting across the acts of men at unexpected moments.

Fate, to the Greeks, was a force to be reckoned with, a force to be respected, even a force to be feared. But fate was never an inevitable pattern to which history and all men's hopes must be resigned. Odysseus, most Greek of all Greek heroes, outwitted the implacable will where he could, and it is the chorus of Sophocles in the *Antigone* which says 'Many wonders there are, but nothing more wonderful than man.' A man among the Greeks was not relieved of the necessity of choice or of the responsibility for choosing because an unalterable will had already chosen in his stead. Nor was it either honorable or admirable for a man among the Greeks to accept, and to admit that he accepted, the domination of his world by forces beyond his power to control, fitting his life to their patterns and living at their will. The Fates were not an inevitable force, but a

three-named god; and with a god, with God's help, a man could struggle, surrendering only when he had no choice but to surrender.

To the Greeks, in short, man was capable of the mastery of the greater part of a human and sunlit world, and only the shadowy edges, the dark depths of unforeseeable mischance, were left to the inscrutable and fatal will. Men could be destroyed and were often destroyed by inconceivable disaster, but they were capable also of compelling the human world — and sometimes the non-human. They were capable of victories against odds, achievements in the face of improbabilities: Thermopylae — Salamis.

Our view of fate — the view entertained by men of my generation — differs, however, in every sense from the Greek. It differs even in the manner in which it was formed. The Greeks learned the will of fate by opposing to it their own wills, determining for themselves, by their own defeats, by their own experience, what limits are placed upon the freedom of men to act and at what point it is seemly and proper for a man to bend his will to that other will. Our generation ascertained the will of fate not by opposing it, not even by yielding to it when we met it, but by searching it out in order that we might yield to it, and by yielding then not only our responsibilities but our will. And the fate which we searched out — the fate of universal economic laws and universal historical necessities — was a fate which accounted not only for the margins of our lives, the twilight of inexplicable event, but for our lives themselves and the entire world in which we lived.

Fate lay across the road by which the Greeks moved to the understanding of their world. We fled to fate — we invented a fate of our own — to escape a world which had grown too large for us, a world too complicated to understand, too huge to know.

The innovations of our period — the steam engine, the plane, the radio, the

automobile — did not, as clumsy speakers sometimes say, *contract* our world. On the contrary, they extended our world, or extended at least our experience of our world, until the physical hearing, the physical sight, and almost the physical presence of an individual man were pushed out to cover an area of which previously he could have had no physical and personal knowledge. This physical extension of a single man's experience, moreover, was accompanied by no increased extension of his competence to deal with his experience. No innovation in the physical sciences and no triumph of education equipped him to deal either with the larger world he saw and heard himself or with the tangled and complicated world of tangled and complicated social and economic relations which lay beyond his personal experience and behind it.

We became, all of us, huge and unreal shadows of ourselves like the shadows a level autumn sun throws out across a meadow and a hill, to stumble and gesticulate and fade. We seemed suddenly huge and we touched the earth more broadly, but we ourselves were still no larger than we ever were. We realized our smallness, our inadequacy. The thought frightened us, and we accepted willingly and even eagerly the notion of a world directed by historical necessity and economic law. We accepted it, not as the Greeks accepted the existence of the fates, — a power to be reckoned with, a force to be taken into account in the accomplishment of one's own purposes, — but as the creatures of unalterable law accept the ineluctable necessity of obedience, surrendering to the unopposable will.

The capitalist, who 'knew' that the law of supply and demand was a universal law which must inevitably operate sooner or later and to which all social as well as all economic problems could be safely left, took refuge from an insoluble puzzle in a fatalistic reliance upon the will of fate. The pre-fascist revolution-

aries, with a fatalism even more naïve, entrusted to the sacred laws of dialectical materialism the labors of a revolution they could not make themselves. And their successors, the fascists, have carried the worship of fate to its last and most devout extreme. The fascists do not even trouble to translate their private destiny into terms of law. To them the sole duty of the individual is to surrender his will to the single will of his leader, who surrenders his will in turn to the mystical pulse of history. And the individual's sole destiny is to accept the inevitable future as the weeds accept the senseless and inevitable surging of a wave.

But it is not only in our political theories and our historical theories and our economics that the men and women of my generation are fatalists surrendering to the will of fate. We have made the same confession again and again in our literature. The books we have written about ourselves and the world we live in are books which will take their place in the great tradition of such work. The best we have done is work well done indeed — work which will be remembered. But the picture of our world and of ourselves which these books give is nevertheless a picture of a world compelled by forces beyond the control of men — a world in which men at the worst are violated by these forces and at the best are clever victims.

The heroes of the books we write about ourselves are neither heroes nor masters of their fate: the very phrase for us has a romantic, a pretentious, even a silly sound. The heroes of the books we write about ourselves are defeated men whom we pick out for notice because of the manner of their defeat or because of their bravery in accepting it. They are defeated men who have been defeated as the martyrs were defeated, or defeated men who have accepted their defeat with the saving salve of irony, or defeated men who have secretly escaped not only from their defeat but from the

world, or defeated men who have revenged themselves on their defeat as a street boy revenges himself upon the streets and buildings of his city.

It is commonly said of the literature of my generation that it is realistic, and for this it is much praised. It deserves the praise, I think, but not the reason. Other generations whose writers could claim an equal honesty have presented a world which was at least as real and altogether different. What is true of the characteristic novels of my generation is not that they are realistic in any absolute or universal sense, but that they are realistic from a particular and special point of view. They are realistic from the point of view of the defeated man — the man conquered by forces beyond his power to resist.

They are not so much realists' novels as they are victims' novels. The world they describe is the world as the victim sees it. The truth they tell is the victims' truth, — the truth told behind the hand, the truth discreditable to the teller and the hearer, — the lowdown, the confession, the exposure. The 'enemy' of these books also is the victims' enemy. The human enemy is another man or even many other men: an enemy which can be fought. But the enemy in the books we write about ourselves is something that rises out of the total life of the time like the sour smoke that hangs over a great city, or something that rustles and gibbers and mews in the contemporary psyche, or something sprawled along the whole of history, its tail and huge hind quarters buried in the dark of long-past years. The enemy is 'the System,' or 'History,' or 'Life.'

It is a truth our generation has told as it has never perhaps been told before. But the books in which this truth is told are, nevertheless, books which mean, if they mean anything, that our generation sees the world as the victim sees it, and accepts as unopposable and inescapable the laws which take for us the place of fate.

III

It is for this reason, then, that the prophecies are the prophecies of impotence and defeat. They are the words of men who speak as prophets, not because they have greater knowledge of the future than other men, but because they belong to a generation which believes that life is determined by a preëxisting pattern. They are words of frustration and defeat because the pattern of life in which their generation believes is a fatalistic pattern, because their generation sees the world as the victims of impersonal and mechanical Laws, Necessities, and Systems see it.

It is for this reason also that we must be warned against these speakers. Those who tell us that we need not make decisions in this desperate time because the laws of history will shape the future in any case, those who tell us that we need not face the fact that Naziism threatens everything we love because Naziism is an agency of the historic process which will determine everything regardless of our acts — those who tell us this are victims speaking consciously as victims in a victim's words.

Those who tell us that the destroying guns, the ruinous bombs, the lies, the murders, the indiscriminate death and confusion and untruth of the fascist military action are a new, creative, irresistible historic force which we cannot oppose, but can only ride with as the rubbish rides the surf, are victims prophesying with the tongues of victims.

Those who tell us that we cannot defend democracy without losing it because the historic forces and the economic laws will turn it into fascism the moment we attempt to defend it; those who tell us that we cannot win a war against fascism because the military laws won't let us and that we shall suffer humiliation and disaster if we attempt to defend ourselves while we still can, gaining honor and glory only if we sub-

mit — those who tell us this are victims shameless in their impotence as victims.

But it is not only because these speakers speak as victims that we must be warned against them. We must be warned against them for another reason. We must be warned against them because they are not disinterested speakers. Neither they nor any others who continue to accept at this moment of our lives the fatalism of historic necessity, of social and economic determinism — neither they nor any others who doubt the possibility of human action or the freedom of the human will to act — are disinterested speakers. Whether they so realize or not, they have taken sides already in the basic conflict of our time. They are men who would have been obliged to invent a fascist revolution if they had not found one, and nothing they may say in disapproval of the fascist method or the fascist policy will change that fact. They have already made, and willingly made, the one surrender which engenders all the rest.

For the real issue is precisely the issue between those on the one side who believe that it is possible for men to imagine, and in imagination to act, and by action to create the kind of world they wish to live in, — the kind of world in which each man is truly free, — and those on the other side who believe it is not possible for men to create for themselves the world they wish to live in but only possible to accept a world predestined, a world ordered and directed by those who know and can interpret the commands of fate. The real issue is the issue between those on the one side who believe in themselves, and believe in their capacity to act and are willing to accept the responsibility for action, and those on the other who believe there is no room for men to act, and no possibility that men will govern themselves and control their own lives, and who therefore remit to the fates, to the universal laws, the responsibility for action.

Those who continue to believe despite the failure of democracy to accomplish its ideal or even nearly to approach it in any country — those who continue to believe despite the failures of democracy and the successes of the fascist armies — those who continue to believe that man is what the Greeks believed him to be and what the founders of this republic believed him to be, will not accept the prophecies of defeated men. Neither

will they accept the prophecies of those who offer to tell them how they can avoid the necessity of decision and of action. For they know, as they know nothing else on earth, that their first duty is to decide, and to decide with individual responsibility, and to decide with full and faithful knowledge of the facts. Only by such decision is government of the people by themselves conceivable.

THE JEWS: A PROBLEM OR AN ASSET?

BY ARTHUR H. COMPTON

I

DURING the last 'Great War,' the Jews supplied 40 per cent more than their proportionate quota of soldiers in the United States Army. Eighteen per cent of these soldiers were volunteers, half of the volunteers being in the Marine Corps, where the hottest action was expected. Indicative of the quality of their fighting is the fact that 6 of the 78 Congressional Medals of Honor were awarded to Jews. Such is the impressive account of the military service of our Jewish population as described in the *Congressional Record* for November 25, 1940.

Nevertheless the gossip goes around: 'The Jews are slackers.' 'The best thing that the Jews could now do would be to volunteer for military service.' With a Jewish population in the United States at that time of 3 per cent, 5 per cent of the death roll was Jewish. They did their part, and more.

Those who are concerned with the forces that mould American opinion at once recognize this charge of 'slacker' as the result of propaganda from some

interested source. Of the hundreds of organizations openly anti-Semitic that have recently been active in the United States, one of the most important bears a German name and is unquestionably a part of the Nazi propaganda machine. Perhaps more dangerous, however, are those that work under a cloak of religion or of 'America for the Americans.'

Such propaganda follows a well-known technique. As that past master, Adolf Hitler, explains it, the bigger the lie the more believable it becomes. Name calling, assigning to disreputable categories, raising fears of domination and prejudices based on half-truths, generalizing from isolated examples — these are standard procedure. The method is as effective in well-read circles as among the illiterate.

Business men are told that Jews are Communists, and as the employer sees a Jewish agitator fomenting a strike in his plant the statement is believed. According to a poll made by *Fortune* in 1935 and published in February 1936, however, not more than one in a thousand of

American Jews is a member of the Communist Party. Within the party they are active, and are the intellectual leaders, though they hold few of the highest offices and form but 15 per cent of the membership. The business man is not reminded that for every Jewish Communist there are a hundred Jewish shopkeepers, traders, and employers to whom a radical revolution would mean disaster.

The peace-loving poor and middle classes are told that the Jews are 'the international bankers who are getting us into war.' The editors of *Fortune* name seven non-Jewish banking houses that do larger business in foreign loans than does the most active Jewish house.

'Your industries are run by a bunch of Jews,' the laborer is warned. Yet, according to *Fortune's* summary, 'if the Jews have a subordinate place in finance, where they are often said to control, they have an even more inconspicuous place in heavy industry.' This statement is documented with figures on steel, coal, automobiles, rubber, and shipping. The electrical and chemical industries might equally have been included. Significant exceptions are in the scrap-metal and clothing industries, on which Jewish effort has concentrated.

Workingmen are told that shiploads of Jewish refugees landing in New York will displace them from their jobs, and perhaps some individual is pointed out as a horrible example. The fact is that, during the years 1932 to 1938 inclusive, '4487 more aliens (including all countries) departed than were admitted to the United States' (statistics from the American Friends Service Committee and *Current History*).

Even Mr. Albert Jay Nock, in his recent articles on 'The Jewish Problem in America,' in the *Atlantic Monthly*, notes that 'today as I write this I read a disclosure from the State Department that 4000 refugees a month are coming here, that 600,000 more have applied for visas, half of them, "including many Jews," in

Germany and German-occupied countries.' I do not know in which particular month 4000 refugees may have arrived; but the average from July 1, 1932, to June 30, 1940, was approximately 1000 per month, or a total during eight years of less than one part in a thousand of our population. The figure of 600,000 has nevertheless served the typical propaganda function of leaving the impression, however false, that these refugees are a serious national hazard. In his scholarly writing as an historian, Mr. Nock could not afford to let himself be so misled by someone's expression of opinion.

II

Mr. Nock bases a large part of his discussion on the assumption that anti-Semitism is the result of an inborn human instinct, which will run riot among the masses. It is not to be expected that one who describes himself as 'on the extreme Right of present-day economic theory' will have faith in the soundness of popular judgments. In spite of his all too true references to American mob violence, those who are familiar with our working people know their deep sympathy with others in distress. Social service agencies reëcho the story of the widow's mite.

Here again statistics are not lacking. Mr. Nock dates 'the sudden flaring up' of anti-Semitism in the United States as from the onset of the depression in 1929, and thus ascribes it to economic causes. On the contrary, a poll carried out in October 1935 by the National Conference of Christians and Jews, with the objective of learning where their work was most needed, showed that 95 per cent of those questioned considered that there was at that time less anti-Semitism in their communities than there had been at the beginning of the depression.

The American public reaction to the Nazi anti-Jewish measures was caught by a *Fortune* poll on the question: 'Do you believe that in the long run Germany

will be better or worse off if it drives out the Jews?' The answers were: —

	Worse	Don't Know	Better
Per cent. . . .	54.6	31.4	14.0

Perhaps even more significant than the confidence thus expressed in the value of the Jews is the large group that has been so unconcerned as not to have formed an opinion. To them there is no 'Jewish problem.'

Mr. Nock must have known the weakness of his theory that because of his Oriental character the Jew cannot be understood by his American neighbor. It seems futile to argue the well-known absence of anthropological differences. If these did exist, the 'Aryans' would trace their origin to Iran, or Persia, which is farther east than Palestine.

There are, however, marked differences of culture, partly of religious origin and partly caused by the different social surroundings for many generations. The latter differences may be expected to disappear rapidly in our country, unless by various discriminations we force upon the Jews a feeling of separateness. The sensitiveness to criticism to which Mr. Nock refers can unquestionably be traced to this source. As Mr. Nock himself observes, wherever in our country there has been opportunity for the Jews to live without effect of prejudice they have promptly become integral parts of the community. Elsewhere by discriminations we are forcing the Jews to be different.

It is nevertheless true that since 1935 in some parts of our population antagonism toward the Jews has grown. This change is definitely the result of propaganda of foreign origin. The fact that the *Atlantic Monthly* now considers the Jews a problem of common concern is indicative of the change that has come in certain educated circles. Father Coughlin has radioed half-truths to all who would listen. The German Bunds have been active in promoting the Nazi views. Annual subscriptions to anti-Semitic pa-

pers from one North Carolina publisher recently investigated by the government amounted to over \$50,000. The primary objective of this propaganda is political.

In 1927 I became acquainted with a family of educated Russian Jews living in Vienna. Through them I learned of the swastika, which was just beginning to become prominent as an anti-Jewish emblem. Its chief representatives were a group of hot-headed students who saw in an anti-Jewish movement the opportunity to develop a powerful group to uproot the Socialist Party, then in control of the city. Its methods and standing were similar to those of our Ku Klux Klan. Their appeal to the passion of hate gave them a unity that carried with it extraordinary political power. It was the power of this small movement that gave Hitler his start. By 1933 the usefulness of rabble rousing against the Jews had become established as a potent, large-scale, political tool. In Europe the present anti-Jewish action was thus fomented definitely with the objective of obtaining political power. It was in no sense a mass movement, as Mr. Nock would have us believe.

In America an even more immediate use is being made of anti-Jewish feeling. It is Hitler's most favored weapon of 'divide and conquer.' By fanning into flame every latent spark of suspicion between groups, foreign propagandists hope to prevent our national strength from asserting itself. Labor against capital, industry against government, Protestants against Catholics, and Christians against Jews — these are obvious possibilities for division, and every one is being exploited.

If at this moment intense anti-Semitic feeling can be aroused, an accusation that 'the Jews are trying to get the country into war' can discredit every measure of defense. Though promptly exposed, if such a story is effective for only a few months it may delay important measures for a crucial period.

III

The fundamental divergence between the Nazis and the Jews is not mentioned in our anti-Jewish propaganda. This is the question as to whether one's supreme loyalty is to be given to the local tribe or to humanity, whether the true God is Wotan of the Teutons or the One God of all the world. Our tradition, as we sing 'Great God, our King,' is to place the welfare of humanity above patriotism. On this our Christians and Jews are united. Those who discuss the Jewish problem in America thus avoid the issue which in Nazi Germany is paramount. With us it would weaken the effect of the disorganizing propaganda to point out that since the time of Ezekiel and Isaiah and Jesus the whole trend of Jewish teaching has been toward bringing about a common understanding among all men.

It would be equally fatal to the anti-Jewish drive to call attention to the value of the Jews as a national and human asset. Historically our greatest debt is undoubtedly for our religious and moral heritage, which we owe to Judaism through Christianity. It is here that we must look for the recognition of the value of the individual, which is the basis of democracy. Here likewise is history's most effective force that has worked toward human brotherhood.

This is, however, only the beginning. 'If we could but have the eyes to see,' said Woodrow Wilson, 'we should easily discover how very much besides religion we owe to the Jews.' Among our scientists and inventors the Jew stands high. My late colleague Albert A. ('he taught the world to measure') Michelson was the first American to win the Nobel prize. More recently Karl Landsteiner of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research has received the same honor. Simon Flexner, who studies infantile paralysis, Milton Rosenau with his anti-toxins, Julius Stieglitz, the chemist of dyes, and David Sarnoff with his radio

inventions, have helped to shape our world. Mr. Hitler has presented us with others, equally notable, such as Einstein and Franck and Rossi and Bethe, to mention only a few in my own field of science.

As shapers of public opinion, though only $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of our one thousand leading newspapers are Jewish-controlled (data from the *International Yearbook of Editors and Publishers*), this small fraction includes the *New York Times*, whose impartiality, reliability, and thoroughness have set the standard for American journalism for a generation. The credit as well as the blame for our moving pictures, whose quality is such as to put them in demand throughout the world, must go largely to the Jews. In our radio broadcasting chains the nation takes proper pride. Of the three principal ones, National, while non-Jewish in management, has a Jewish head in David Sarnoff. The Jews control Columbia. Mutual is non-Jewish, but has some important Jewish-controlled outlets. Except for their lurid bedtime stories, the quality of their programs and the ethics of their operations have made these broadcasting companies an important national asset.

In the professions the service of the Jews is distinctive. Whether it is in the Supreme Court of the land or before the criminal bar, our Jewish lawyers are outstanding. According to *Fortune's* survey, though there are as many Jews as non-Jews who try to enter our medical schools, only one fifth as many are admitted. Because of this higher selection, the Jewish students make excellent records, and keep up the enviable tradition that Jewish doctors have established since the Middle Ages.

It is perhaps our country's greatest source of strength that it has within it so many varied groups. In nature those organisms persist which have great versatility. The specialized ones, adapted only to a particular environment, are eliminated when conditions change.

Always in America someone can be found who is prepared to meet the new demands. Is it a Mohammedan sultan who is suspicious of the American Christians who would work among his Armenians? Our ambassador Oscar Straus, as a religious neutral, can quell his fears. Does the world situation at a favorable moment indicate the possibility of a permanent peace? As a keen observer of international affairs, Salmon Levinson prepares and urges a pact and remains behind the scenes while Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Briand place it before an alas too faithless world. When, however, militarist dictators would forcibly dominate the world, the humanitarian Jews see in military counter-force the only means of meeting the gangster threat. As in an organism, our strength lies in the healthy growth and coördination of these many cells that compose our structure.

IV

In unity, then, lies our strength. Never before did we need more urgently to keep in mind our nation's motto, 'E Pluribus Unum.' It is an inevitable consequence of the growth of science and technology that we have all become more highly specialized. Such specialization means greater efficiency and skill in performing our tasks, but it means also greater dependence upon our fellows. If we would thrive in a world of machine tools, telephones, motorcars, and breakfast fruit from across a continent, far more than in any previous civilization our efforts must be coördinated. The plight of the unemployed in a depression shows the difficulty of living now by one's own effort. The destruction that ravages a hemisphere demonstrates the chaos that comes from division into antagonistic groups. Never before have the punishments for hatreds been more

severe or the reward for coöperation more evident than in these difficult days. Coördination of effort, based upon intelligently directed good will, is to an entirely new degree the condition for the strength and welfare of modern society.

In a lesser degree this brotherly coöperation has become the evident need at every period of highly organized society. Akhnaton sensed it when Egypt first became an empire, and founded the first religion of one friendly God who ruled the world. When the Roman Empire was at its height the Jewish rabbis selected the love of God and the love of one's neighbor as the two great laws, which Jesus incorporated as the heart of his religion. Vast migrations of peoples, world-wide economic dependencies, and the thinking of common thoughts inspired by newspaper and radio have now for the first time truly made mankind a unit. If we have not yet learned that the major condition for adaptation to this new mode of life is friendship among men as expressed in service for the common good, it can merely be because the implications of the world's growing social unity have not yet been understood.

Personally I am vastly more hopeful than Mr. Nock regarding what he calls the 'Jewish problem.' Not easily will any considerable group of Americans be inspired to turn violently against a section of our society. The fact that every one of us belongs to some minority group breeds wide sympathies. A century and a half of give-and-take has shown our nation how to bring these groups together. The tragedy around us is sufficient warning against listening to divisive propaganda.

With great problems before us, both of war and of peace, we are faced with common trials. It is by such hot fires that the bonds of unity are welded.

JOURNEY CAKES

BY LLEWELLYN HOWLAND

EARLY in April 1895, I joined the Skipper on board his cruising boat *Garland* at Norfolk, Virginia. I found the 'old man' short-tempered with impatience to be off and away on the voyage home to New Bedford, where he had agreed to deliver me on a certain day; for I was a schoolboy then, and Easter vacations had a way of ending abruptly on specified dates.

The *Garland* was a fifty-foot yawl. She had been built for the Skipper the summer before at Beetle's Boat Yard on Clark's Point. Fife of Fairlie, Scotland, had designed her. She was flush-decked and the rig was snug; but I thought her too heavy a vessel to be handled by so small and light a crew as we were. The Skipper's gray hairs put him in the 'venerable' class; and Willie Lucas, a young neighbor of ours on The Point, was no more of a seasoned sailor than I.

However, by the time we were abreast of Montauk Point, I had the feeling that Willie and I, not counting the Skipper, could 'handle the sticks out of her,' for we had made a wonderful run of it, so far, with a steady south-southwest wind, clear warm days and nights, a smooth sea, and regular hot meals.

Fourteen hours later my confidence had disappeared; so too had the serving of 'regular hot meals.' Our good breeze deserting us in the late afternoon, a dead calm kept us rolling and wallowing through the early hours of the night; and then, at about eight bells, a strong northeast wind made its boisterous appearance. Since then we had been beat-

ing to windward under reefed sails, and had had to face, without letup, an incessant bombardment of heavy spray and a sniping of snow, hail, and rain that came screaming at us in thin showers from the cover of a low, gray, hurrying sky.

This combined attack had worked through our defense of oilskins, sou'westers, towels around our necks, and sea boots until we were lumps of icy pulp, longing to exchange the hammer and splash, the procession of white-crested, steely seas, and the cold searching wind for the quiet of an anchorage.

By midafternoon the wind backed two points and blew harder. It was clear we could not fetch New Bedford by daylight; but we could lay up through Vineyard Sound on the port tack with a fair tide and smooth water under the lee of the Elizabeth Islands. By this change in course we were able, as dusk was coming on, to ease the sheets and run to leeward out of the current-tortured waters of Woods Hole and commence twisting our way into the landlocked haven of Hadley Harbor, Naushon Island. Both Willie and I shivered with relief when we felt the wind on our backs instead of in our faces — but the Skipper, in spite of his gray hairs, sat there on the steering bench with the long tiller tucked under his left arm and gave no outward sign of his emotions. As we made the last turn and opened the inner pool to sight, all hedged about with wind-clipped oaks and beeches, there lay the old *Myra*, beamy and comfortable — a very homey sight.

Before anchoring the *Garland* the Skipper steered close under the *Myra's* stern and hailed her. Instantly the slide of her companion was shoved forward and a head with silvery hair was inquiringly poked out.

'I'll match a bottle of my Braganza against one of your dinners if you'll come aboard us and cook it, Captain Wasque,' barked the Skipper, as we rounded up into the eye of the wind and slowly forged ahead with the mainsail and the sheet blocks slatting and banging.

Up went the Captain's right arm with that sweeping gesture of acceptance — the universal and perhaps oldest signal in the code of the sea. And twenty minutes later, when the *Garland* had settled into her berth with sails furled and stopped, ropes coiled, and riding light set for the night, Captain Wasque and his inseparable mate, Theoph Crowell, came alongside in their skiff. Spurred by a fierce shower of hail that rattled down on us at this moment, they boarded the *Garland* in a hurry, after handing up to us a basket that crackled and quaked with a constant weaving motion, and with it a fetch bag, bulging with sundries that evidently called for protection from the wet.

No one of average build, standing beside Captain Wasque for the first time, could fail to feel both gross and clumsy. His delicacy suggested a porcelain figurine — perfect in proportions and of fragile workmanship. Seventy years and the sun and wind of the Seven Seas had not tanned the pink out of his cheeks, nor creased his face and neck with lines. Everything about him was fitting and very clean, and although he wore on his tiny feet a pair of women's black, glazed-kid, buttoned boots — scallops and all — this rather startling finishing touch was so in scale with the rest of him that it did not strike a false note.

Shaking hands with the Skipper and running his eye over the *Garland's* deck and gear, the Captain turned and disappeared down the companionway, like

a chipmunk diving into a stone wall, and was followed by his ponderous Man Friday with the basket and bag.

Much as we longed to be below with our friends in the shelter and warmth of the cabin, the Skipper, Willie, and I had to spend ten more disagreeable minutes on that wet, hail-swept deck while we fumbled over buttons with numb, wizened fingers in our struggle to peel off the outer layers of our sodden clothing.

The dinghy that lay bottom up over the skylight made a shelter for these discarded wrappings; and there, *as soon as possible*, we left them and slithered down the companion ladder in stocking feet, singlets, and drawers.

Theoph, the good Samaritan, as we landed on the cabin floor, handed us three heavy-bottomed bar glasses which he had filled with a pale liquor that had a white bead on top. 'Sup that up slow,' said he, as he dusted the bead with powdered cinnamon from a salt shaker.

As the first 'sup' reached my vitals I felt the stirring of hope, and by the time I had swallowed the whole of my drink this sprout had grown to a vigorous plant with tendrils reaching out to my frozen extremities.

'What is it?' I asked.

'Bridgetown snorter,' replied Theoph. 'Barbados XXX rum, lime juice, Falernum, a dash of angostura, white of an egg beaten stiff, a lump of ice, and a hell of a stir — smooth, ain't it?'

'*You bet*,' thought I, as, following the Skipper's example, I stood naked and glowing after a rubdown with a coarse crash towel.

Meantime Captain Wasque, swathed in a white apron, hovered busily over the coal-burning cookstove that now, purring fiercely, was filling the cabin with warmth and teasing our craving for food with savory odors.

Turning to the Captain, the Skipper, dry, clothed, and pleasantly relaxed, asked an old man's unvarying question after an absence from home: 'Who died since I've been away?'

'Nobody *much*,' was the reply, 'only Wash Peck over to Central Village, my Myry's first cousin, the fella that was always runnin' rum or cigars or liftin' sheep or cows — you remember him. I *had* to go to his funeral. Lot of folks there — interested to see the end of him, I guess. Fella from away presided at the meetin' — said he, "I've been *exhort*ed and *im-portun*ed to preach Brother Peck's funeral sermon, 'n' I don't want to. He was a bad man 'n' you all know it. He kep' hosses 'n' he rin 'em; he kep' cocks 'n' he fit 'em; but they do say *occasionally* he was good to a fire. We will now all jine in singin' hymn one hundred: 'With rapture we rejoice the cuss [curse] is now removed.'" Kinda short, wasn't it? But most folks seemed real pleased. And now, boys, come *and get it*.'

The dinner Captain Wasque dished up for us that night was surely a thing of beauty. As he stood at the after end of the table dealing out the piping-hot willow-pattern Canton plates, his apron and silvery hair seemed to imbue him with priestly authority. He proceeded, as if performing a ritual, to put a clean folded dish clout in the middle of the table, on which he set a blue bowl of snow-white mashed potato that had been whipped to a creamy smoothness and mossed lightly with the green of chopped chives. Next to this, hot from the oven, he placed a brown earthenware baking dish capped with a golden crust of bread and cracker crumbs that had been worked into a paste with butter flavored with a few drops of lemon juice. Under this crust, which heaved slightly from internal pressure, there lay, as we presently discovered, the tenderest parts of the eight live lobsters that had come aboard in the 'crackling' basket, together with morsels of the green fat. As a catalyst in this compound the Captain had used a thin white sauce flavored with two tablespoonfuls of 'Bristol Milk'; and as a sign of his *deep* friendship for us he lastly presented a pan of what he called 'Rye Injun Journey Cakes' —

the recipe for which no one could ever wring from him.

As we were about to dip into these good things, all sizzling hot, an unusually heavy squall swept singing through the *Garland's* rigging, to be followed immediately by the annoying slap-slap-slap of a slack halyard against the mainmast. 'Whose slippery hitch is that?' said the Skipper, eying me with reproof. 'Mine, I guess,' I had to answer, as I squeezed by Willie to go on deck.

It was cold, wet, and dark up there and I did not linger. Hurrying back through the fore hatch, I slipped on my wet soles, so that I came below on the run, fetching up in the forecabin with a crash, and reaching my place at table shaken, subdued, and moist.

As I suppose time is reckoned, it was only a scant half hour before the blue bowl and the brown baking dish stood there on their white mat as cleanly empty as the day they were drawn from the kiln. The journey cakes had gone too; for they had a crisp crunchiness and a flavor suggestive of salted almonds, right out of the oven, and we were continually helping ourselves to 'just one more.'

Now the Skipper, faithful to his promise, brought from the spirit locker five slender-stemmed glasses enriched with delicate designs in gold leaf, and also a quart bottle of so dark a green that, as it stood on the table jinking in the light of the slightly swaying lamp, it glowed a jet black. Against this background the crude white letters and figures painted on the irregularly rounded sides were thrown into high relief. To the initiated, these marks on the girth of the bottle and the cap of red wax on the long neck were guarantees that the contents were a portion of those two pipes of Madeira that had been laid down in New Bedford years ago after a three-year whaling voyage in the ship *Braganza*.

As the Captain set his second pan of cakes on the table, the Skipper, using great care, cracked the seal and drew the

cork of that bottle, while Willie and I cleared away the plates and silver.

'I propose the toast "To absent friends,"' said the Skipper, after he had charged the glasses and passed his own under his nose and held it to the light; and I can remember that as the first sip lacquered my tongue and trickled down my throat the last shred of the discomfort of the past twenty-four hours faded away and was replaced by the exaltation of accomplishment — the job well done.

The passage of time and sequence of happenings for that evening now come to an end for me. I only know that as the hard squalls buffeted the *Garland*, causing her to shift her head and quiver as her masts and rigging vibrated, I had a sense of security never experienced on shore; and that the bronze green of the floor planking, the Chinese red of the sheathing, the white of the deck planking overhead, and the occasional roar of the burnished copper stovepipe all combined to make of that little cabin a palace of contentment and delights — where I could lie full stretch on the transom cushion listening to the low-pitched conversation of the three old men and watching the blue smoke of their cigars drifting and eddying about, to soften all angles and to perfume as with an incense.

At last I heard the Skipper, who had been nibbling a journey cake between the regular circulations of the Braganza, say with emphasis, 'Captain Wasque! You know you're living now on borrowed time, and I think it's your duty to give me a written record of how you concoct these cakes of yours. Now come across — clean.'

'Oh, gammon!' said the Captain, with a grin of satisfaction. 'This harbor here and Bub's fall tonight puts me in mind of the old *Euphrates*, Capt'n John Smith, that was owned by Fish and Grinnell of Noo York. The Hillman brothers built her in New Bedford — oak for her

timbers was cut right here on Naushon. They run her as a packet between Noo York and Havre. Capt'n Smith, The Mate Elihu Jones, 'n' second mate Hosea Robinson, was all drivers — out to make records for the ship 'n' 'emselfes — *no* liquor when at sea — but Mister Jones, when in port, used to *browse* his jib up *pretty taut* once 'n a while. One mornin', when they was dischargin' cargo and had the main hold cleared with the main hatch wide open, Mister Jones, who'd been ashore, come flyin' on board and started across-deck to bawl out one o' the hands he thought was soldierin', but, not lookin' where his feet was goin', he stubbed his toe on the main hatch coamin' and pitched head fust into the hold. Capt'n Smith was on the quarter deck, and believin' there'd been a fatal accident he sings out: "Mister Robinson, take two hands and the fall of a whip and bring Mister Jones's body on deck." All who'd seen that dive was sure The Mate was a corpse, for the drop was considerable and the keelson a hard landin' place. Down the ladder to the 'tween decks went the second mate and the two hands and disappeared into the dark of the hold. For a while nothin' happened — 'n' then up come Mister Robinson and the two hands again, lookin' kinda sheepish, but no signs of The Mate. "Mister Robinson," says the Capt'n, "what about Mister Jones, and why did you leave him below instead of bringin' his body on deck as I ordered?"

'Before the second mate could answer, Mister Jones *himself*, lookin' very cross and marked up considerable from his collision, comes bouncin' out the hatch, runs up to the second mate, 'n', wagglin' his fist in his face, bawls out, "*Can't I go down below* in this ship, *when I want to, the way I want to, without you follerin' me around?*" And that,' ended Captain Wasque, 'is the way *I* feel about them *Rye Injun Journey Cakes*.'

TOMORROW WILL COME

BY E. M. ALMEDINGEN

[MISS ALMEDINGEN was born in St. Petersburg in 1899. Educated by her English mother and knowing only by reputation her father, a Russian scientist, she tells in the *Atlantic* \$5000 prize autobiography the story of a young girl who saw an old world collapse and a new world begin. Chapters from her book have also appeared in the August and September numbers. — THE EDITOR]

I

WE had a small enough room in an ordinary flat, its walls were covered with bookshelves and its furnishings looked very modest, but it was paradise to me. Still a cripple, for about a week I did little more than browse among the books. One evening Esther found me reading Mommsen's *Roman History*, and she smiled.

'I was afraid you had forgotten all your German.'

'Not quite,' but I shut the book almost guiltily. 'All the same, this is a waste of time. I must start looking for a job — and at once.'

'Your health is so badly undermined that manual labor is out of the question. Get your mind back — it's the richest part of you. Return to the University. *Liebchen*, you must do it. Students get rations, you know. When will you go?'

'This morning,' I stammered.

I was afraid. My mind seemed a blunt and rusty blade. For more than three years I had neither read nor thought, and I wished I had not committed my-

self to an adventure as futile as it would be painful. None the less I reached the University, and at last came to a brief halt at the Chancery door. There a kindly old man welcomed me in a manner which somehow allayed my fear.

'I joined the College in 1916,' I mumbled.

He found my name in a ledger, and smiled.

'Well, you needn't have kept away all these years. We've carried on — in spite of everything. There are two alternatives for you. Either you come in and run the usual course for about three years, or else you could start with Mediaeval History at once. The second alternative has this much against it — you'll have to pass a stiff preliminary examination before any professor accepts you for the seminar work.'

I almost replied, 'Of course, I must choose the easier way,' when I remembered Esther and her strange faith in me. It was so extraordinary and flaming, and I felt that my own effort, whatever the outcome, should not be cheapened by anything even remotely suggesting a compromise. So I said, 'Do I have to ask for an interview with the professor?'

'Dr. Dobiash is in College now.' He bent his gray head over the desk and wrote out a chit. When I was at the very door, he said quietly, 'Best of luck to you.'

In a big study behind the cloisters, Dr. Dobiash — thin, grave, but kindly —

talked Life rather than History. Within a few minutes my dread had gone.

'Now I should like you to come in about three weeks.' She bent her small, neat head over a notebook. 'You can get all the books you want in the College Library. I should also like you to read this,' she handed me a heavy German book, Eucken's *Weltanschauung im Mittelalter*. 'I want to see how your mind can handle a "heavy" book. The rest please use to refresh your general knowledge.'

She saw me out with an encouraging smile, but I went home with bitter ashes in my heart.

The three weeks began.

I worked among an avalanche of notes, and those grew more and more crabbed, illegible, and disjointed as each day slipped by. They were all written on blank temperature charts brought by Esther from her hospital. The muddle grew apace. Dynasties, battles, peace treaties, a maddening chaplet of dates and names, economic conditions, the shaping of boundaries, treaties again, racial developments — Roman, Frank, Barbarian, Arab, Norman. My mind, as I thought, was being rapidly filled with all kinds of historical lumber, none of which, I felt certain, would pass the examiner's scrutiny, let alone win her approval.

The day came. Once at the University gate, Esther stopped and held out her hand. She would wait in the cloisters, she said. I nodded my head feebly. Somehow I found my way to a door at the end of the great courtyard.

'How punctual you are! And what about some tea before we begin?' invited Dr. Dobiash.

More than two hours later I limped towards the bench and Esther. She never asked a single question. She got up and spoke briskly: '*Liebchen*, never mind! You've made the effort. They'll let you try again, sometime in the autumn, perhaps.'

'But I've passed!' I whispered.

II

'We are running short of everything,' was a familiar cry. 'It's famine, famine everywhere. . . . Have you seen? Have you heard?'

'No bread will be given out this week,' roared the manager of the local food store. 'Here is dried fish — if you like.'

'Students' rations to be cut down by half from next week onwards,' the notice on the Chancery door read.

'We shall all be dead in the winter. Man must eat to be alive. Last night I saw . . .'

'They are giving nothing but potatoes,' said the prefect at our seminar. 'It's miles away, and only ten pounds per head, but I suggest you all go and fetch some.'

Potato peelings were saved and used for making funny flat cakes. Queer herbs were infused in fond pretense of tea. Grass in public gardens was gathered for soups. Somebody argued that bark could be edible. I saw several tattered women stripping the bark off the old trees in the Roumiantzeff Square on the Quay. They said that all our earlier experiences of hunger would be as nothing compared with the coming scourge. . . .

Sometime in 1921 a third university was opened — for the sole purpose of language study. By that time the government policy of isolation had already veered in a different direction. There was a great deal of fiery talk about winning the whole world over to the tenets of Communism. The Third University was to have five branches — English, French, German, Italian, and Slavonic. All the lectures were to be given in the language of the branch.

Masses of students were enrolled, and a few college professors were 'invited' to take their share in the work. They were to receive a modest enough salary, but the greatest inducement was the green ration cards. The green ration cards were a hungry dog's juicy bone in those days.

I heard that there remained a vacancy on the lecturing staff; they had nobody for English mediæval history and literature. I made cautiously impersonal inquiries. The appointment would mean four hours' lecturing every week. They had already fixed the time-table, and I discovered that the hours would not overlap with my seminar work. I heard that a professor whom I knew slightly had been called to an important post at the Third. I went to see him.

'You may know your history, but can you teach? And do you know literature? Come again in a week, and I'll put you through your paces.'

I went home and brushed everything aside for more than a week. I practically lived at the old Imperial Library. I read some Stubbs and Maitland, an unnecessary number of chronicles, Langland and Chaucer. I returned, and the fussy little man gave me about half an hour.

'That will do. Now, I have talked to the Rector. We have decided that a herring might be better than no fish at all. You are not even a herring yet — you are a miserable little shrimp. All the same, we are going to take your degree for granted and make you a member of the faculty. But you will have to win your spurs by giving a public lecture to the University. Would a month be enough for you to get ready?'

'Yes — yes.' I swallowed hard, and he measured me with a fierce look.

'You'll be expected to speak for about an hour. Don't make it too thin in substance and don't finish on a well-padded cushion — they'll make mincemeat of you if you do that. Now what about your subject?'

'Fourteenth century,' I said rather gropingly. 'People like Rolle . . .'

The month was over all too soon. I knew it would be a University lecture, but I had not quite expected the hall to be so vast or so crowded. My courage was shredded long before I climbed the few steps to the desk. My sheaf of notes seemed astonishingly thin, and, even as

the Rector was reciting something in Latin, I realized that I had forgotten half of my notes. Suddenly I knew that the hall was waiting. I cleared my throat. I was not even Daniel in the den of lions, but a limpet among whales.

There were gaps, and there were awkward pauses. The remaining notes seemed too sketchy, yet I must use them — I dared not trust to my memory. I finished, and I knew the depths of failure in their silence. At last the Rector rose and addressed the hall. I could not gauge their reaction. The students kept still, and the faculty were well-bred men. In my presence — very coldly, without any enthusiasm — they voted for me. The Rector shook hands with me. I must stand up and thank them. I did so, in a shaking, small voice. Presently the hall must have become empty — the platform was an uninhabited island except for my sponsor and myself.

'You could not have done it worse,' he said.

'Why didn't they vote against me?'

'Well, there is nobody else to do the work. Your delivery was ghastly, but you seem to know your subject. I suppose we could not have expected more.'

So began my brief academic career. It started in the summer and ended the following November. Throughout those months I received the green cards, but not a penny of my salary. When I left it was still unpaid.

III

One Sunday afternoon Esther ran into my room. 'The Americans are here! They've taken a big house on the Morskaya. It is the American Relief Administration — they've already begun calling it ARA for short. They'll want interpreters.'

'What spare time have I got?' I said moodily.

But the Americans were there, and the air rang with endless stories about the *Amerikanzi*, the salaries they paid,

and the food they gave. The house on the Morskaya was supposed to have a canteen where they fed their half-starved personnel twice a day. There were legends about freely given woolen stockings, shoes, and blankets. Every queue discussed the American theme, and even at the Third I heard about tins of condensed milk and flitches of bacon.

A few days later, Esther and I sat down to a supper of a rye rusk apiece. Our breakfast had been the same, and the midday meal had consisted of a halved *wobla*. The next morning I went to see my professor. She suggested that I might look on any job I could get with the ARA as something like a cure. 'It need not necessarily take the whole of your time. After all, a brain must have food.' That afternoon I went to the Morskaya.

I found the place seething with men and women, all busy, hurrying, unconcerned. I edged my way to a counter, and a tall man asked me what I wanted. I very nearly blurted out, 'Why, food, of course,' but I managed to control myself and said I wondered whether they had any vacancies for interpreters. 'Upstairs, first door on the right, ask for Mr. Saunders,' and he was gone like lightning.

I found Mr. Saunders. The room was so warm that it made me feel dizzy. 'I've come to —' I said, and he pressed the bell. A girl came. He spoke to her. I could not hear much. A minute later I found myself in the canteen. Almost unaware, I drank hot soup and ate white bread. Condensed cream, lavishly poured over the pudding, made me cry.

In the room upstairs they told me they wanted no interpreters in Petrograd. Their Moscow office, however, was badly understaffed. The question was shot at me like a bullet: When could I start?

'Tonight, if I were free.'

'Aren't you?'

I explained about the Third. Mr. Saunders telephoned, and soon a reedy,

sandy-haired *tovarisch* came into the room from the other wing of the building. Speaking in execrable English, he said the Third people could be 'squared up in a jiff and no mistake.' All those professors and people had to do what they were told. I was mobilized by the ARA, and that clinched the matter for everybody.

A paper was given me, and I signed it. They talked about salary, expenses, and an immediate food draft. In less than an hour I got home, a little boy behind me pushing a sleigh laden with sugar, flour, condensed milk, salt, cocoa, bacon, and corned beef. The thought brought comfort: whatever happened, Esther would not be hungry for some weeks. . . .

On reaching Moscow, I tramped towards the ARA headquarters. In a tidy office the officer in charge greeted me genially, but he looked perplexed. He was not sure if I should be needed, but even if they wanted me they could not house me anywhere in Moscow: conditions were far worse than in Petrograd and that was saying a lot. He was obviously puzzled, not knowing what to do with me. But at last he remembered that the committee room was unoccupied. It was very big, and there was a sofa of sorts in a corner.

I spent my first night in Moscow under layers of thick blankets, brought by an ARA orderly. None the less, I got up frozen to the marrow of my bones. A jug, half filled with water, had been left on the table. The water was ice.

But apparently they needed someone in Moscow, and I stayed on. The committee room gave me shelter for a few more nights, and then I got a room in a flat not far from the Headquarters. My task was mainly distribution of food, medicine, and clothes. Food was doled out in poorer districts, and its distribution required a certain amount of red tape. Supplies were limited. Yet, all the formalities notwithstanding, there were some cases of flagrant dishonesty, and some people managed to get much more

than their share. By some mysterious means *Amerikanskye* sugar, bacon, and corned beef crept into the Moscow markets. Formalities were almost doubled, but no measure could prevent a certain trading in condensed milk and cocoa.

The city was a revelation. The first impression of that desolate station and forlorn streets was soon to be dispelled. If Petrograd was more or less a derelict churchyard, with her closed shops, her absence of traffic and markets, her charred ruins and nightly blackness, then Moscow was very much like a fair in full swing. I trudged along the Tverskaya Street and the Kuznetzky Bridge, silent and astonished, remarking the innumerable shops, stocked with food, tobacco, footwear, clothes, and even furniture. True, prices were prohibitive, except for foreigners and speculators, but things could be bought, and even my own slender exchequer occasionally permitted the purchase of a bun or a packet of German cigarettes. At night the streets were flooded with light, and wherever you went you heard scraps of foreign speech.

Yet, in spite of the glitter, the traffic, the laden shops, and the spectacular sights, Moscow was far grimmer than Petrograd had ever been, even in the very depths of her silent dereliction. Moscow was the centre of the Government. Armored cars slid up and down the streets. Heavily armed sentries paced to and fro in their appointed places. Moscow was indeed alive, but her life was fever, dread, and also fatigue. Moscow was like a blinded old woman placed in front of a picture and ordered to admire it volubly and endlessly.

So we distributed cotton wool and corned beef, saw tragedies every day, lived our own small-scale lives in what then seemed undreamt-of luxury; but famine with its host of familiars — plague, typhus, and worse — danced its own measure at no great distance from Moscow. In fact, often enough the grim

steps echoed down the closed-in alleys off the boulevards, and forgotten people died a slow and lonely death before the kindly hands of rescuers could be stretched out to save them.

I had been with the ARA no more than a month when I found myself switched off in a different direction. The ARA was not alone in the relief field; several other bodies had come both from the United States and from England, and the British Relief Mission was among them. Dr. Farrar came with it, and he found that he could not do much without an interpreter. The ARA lent me to him. With Dr. Farrar work became interesting. Typhus and plague were then raging in the famine areas. Dr. Farrar started studying conditions in outlying hospitals, and I followed him on those excursions.

Was it a fortnight or three weeks? One morning Dr. Farrar had a headache. Two days later he was dead. The ARA suggested I had better return to Petrograd, but I could not get my permit for several weeks. I filled in the gap by doing odd secretarial jobs at the British Trade Mission.

When the permit came, I went back to Petrograd. After Moscow it seemed a paradise. None the less the twin monsters, famine and typhus, were very much there. I got back in January 1922, returned to my own college for the seminar studies, and also worked for the ARA on the Morskaya Street. One morning I got up with a headache. I went to the ARA, and they sent me home. Our flat was not too far away. Somehow I managed to get home, hoist myself up the stairs, open the door, and tumble into bed.

A louse must have bitten me somewhere. They suggested to Esther that she should send me off to one of the typhus hospitals. Had she agreed, I might not have come out. People died like flies in those hospitals. There were not enough doctors, and the supply of medicines was negligible.

For three weeks I was unconscious. When this was over, I wondered whether my body was made of spun glass; at the least movement the glass seemed to break with an exquisite pain.

IV

I recovered — and in time to wind up my year at the University.

What a littered year! The finals began in June, and I passed them, but I can't remember much about them. Then I settled down to Kolpino and to my thesis, when my cough, which had never left me since my illness, began keeping everybody awake at night. Esther remembered that a good German doctor saw people at a hospital where she had worked. I went there early one morning. After about twenty minutes he put down his stethoscope and said kindly, 'Would you like me to send you to the Health Commission?'

'Is anything the matter?'

'Well, they might find you eligible for something like a year in some sanatorium in the Crimea — I don't think another winter here would do you much good. The South might put it right.'

'Put what right?'

'Your left lung is not all it should be.'

A fortnight later a brief chit from the Health Commission summoned me to go there the next morning. After preliminary examinations they received me in a large sunny room. They said I had tuberculosis in the left lung, and they thought they would have a year's vacancy in a sanatorium not far from Alupka in the Crimea. The chairman added, 'In such case you would be expected to go at the end of August.'

'My degree,' I faltered, and he smiled not unkindly.

'A degree would not be of much use to a corpse. But we are not forcing you to go. Take a week over it and let us know, will you?'

Still I could not decide. Even with

my thesis finished, I should have hard work to keep abreast of the seminar studies. There would be little privacy at the sanatorium. I had heard enough about conditions there: oranges and sun and plenty of milk . . . but I wanted books and a room to myself. At last Esther put an end to all my hesitation.

'Either you leave for the Crimea or I apply for a nursing job in the country. Imagine what next winter will be like! And you coughed blood the other day.'

I duly applied for the vacancy at the sanatorium. But that same day I returned to find a visitor, a girl from the Third, who rushed towards me with the day's great news: —

'They have started issuing foreign passports. I hope to get to Berlin in the autumn. Isn't it a miracle?'

'Is it?' I asked almost indifferently.

But that night I took out a letter I had received some time before from an aunt in Italy and read the postscript: '*Veux-tu venir ici chez moi?*'

I realized that I had never answered her. Stamps were at a premium, and moreover there had not been anything to say.

From several unofficial sources I gathered the information which I needed. Such a lot had to be done before a foreign passport could be issued that my heart quailed at the idea.

The first stage meant going to the Smolny, the Petrograd offshoot of the Central Executive Council in Moscow. There I must ask for the preliminary application form — not for the passport itself, but for permission to apply for the passport. This application would go to the Cheka. The Cheka alone would decide whether I was eligible for the passport.

The application was sent early in June. We waited. We went on waiting till the middle of August. I was supposed to be leaving for the Crimea on the nineteenth, and I burned my bridges by telling the Health Commission that I had changed my mind. We waited and waited.

The Smolny people sat there in their awful and distant glory. They had received the application, but if I wanted to know the answer I must visit the Smolny. It lay roughly about four miles from my home. Twice a week I trudged there, always starting in the early morning, a book under my arm.

One week followed another, until I felt it would be better to keep away from the Smolny. But it was August, the college was closed, my thesis nearly finished, and desultory reading seemed barren of all profit. I let a week go by. Then I decided to go again, but I had started late, and the lists of those granted permits were already out when I got into the dismal room. A group of men and women stood scanning the names, and from the doorway I heard someone's peevish voice:—

'I can't read this one, Pavel. Something foreign, isn't it? Al—Alme—never mind, it's not ours. And now I have dropped my spectacles. Let's find them and go home. Oh goodness, will our names ever be out?' Someone, but surely not myself, crossed the room and received the permit for the application.

Upstairs a man clerk, quiet, timid, but friendly, offered me a chair by the desk. Patiently and at great length he explained the further procedure. I grasped that an application for a foreign passport had to be accompanied by all my personal documents, four photographs, and a set of fingerprints. I must also get two 'responsible citizens' of some recognized public position to be my guarantors. They would have to sign various documents to vouch for my political impeccability. More signatures, more photographs, more everything else. . . .

The gathering of that documentary harvest took about a week. At last, armed with a bulky dossier, I returned to the Smolny. In Room 89 a second application form was handed to me. I took a rusty pen and wrote along the dotted line that I wished to leave for Italy on six months' sick leave.

'How long do I have to wait now?'—and for the scowl the clerk gave me I might have inquired about an earthquake or a murder.

'Am I an almighty commissar to answer such questions? The papers are now going to Moscow, and we have nothing more to do with them.'

An Englishman who had come to Petrograd to work at a shipping office offered his services as postman, and my letters to Italy now went through Finland and Denmark. I wrote asking my aunt whether she could arrange an Italian visa. Wisely enough, she left the question unanswered in her own letter, but my friends at the British Mission in Moscow soon wrote to say that a visa was awaiting me at the Italian Legation.

Yet a visa was useless without a passport, and the Kremlin remained silent. Again I started dreary journeys to the Smolny, but the wheels of the Foreign Commissariat ground very slowly. The tired, impatient clerks kept telling me they had nothing to report. Finally a clerk suggested that if I really wished to speed things up in Moscow I might go there myself and see if something might not be done on the spot.

The very next day I was fortunate to get a ticket for the night express to Moscow. I laid siege to the office of the Assistant Foreign Commissar, armed with an introduction from the Head of the British Trade Mission. That letter proved to be the trump card, which got me past clerks and secretaries into the inner sanctuary.

I was ushered into a small, modestly furnished room. Behind the desk a little bearded man got up with a surprising bow. A chair was pushed forward. I handed the letter to the Assistant Commissar. He read it slowly once, twice. He leaned forward and gave me a peculiar, searching look.

'You are not a British subject?' he asked in passably good English.

'No.'

'Then why this?' He tapped the letter with a well-shaped, well-manicured forefinger.

'Well, I am known there. My mother was British before her marriage. We've always had links with the British. Also I worked at the Trade Mission last winter.'

'I see.' He studied the letter again. 'You worked there! What exactly was your work?'

'I — just typed — odds and ends of things. I can't really remember.'

'Wouldn't you like to go back there later on?'

'Go back? Well, no, I don't think so. I've got my University work. It's history.'

'Tell me — did you ever have to type anything about the Ukraine — or the economic conditions here — or the Far East, for example?'

I blinked. I swallowed hard. Then I laughed.

'I am sorry, Comrade Assistant Commissar, but I am afraid you are under the impression that I was someone's confidential secretary there. I was nothing of the sort — only a very ordinary and incompetent typist — and that for no longer than a few weeks.'

'Quite' — he smiled again as though my reply had been a reassuring one, and studied the letter for a third time. 'I see that you want to go to Italy for six months' sick leave. Well, there is no reason why you shouldn't go. We are always ready to do anything for our British friends.' He folded away the letter and added, speaking with an emphasis it would have been impossible to misunderstand, 'If, on your return, you find that your college work is not — er — remunerative enough — you will remember to come back and see me here, you understand? Foreign languages are a far more important asset than you seem to realize.'

'It is most kind of you, Comrade Assistant Commissar,' I replied, my face wooden.

He pressed the button, and the secretary came in.

'Citizen Almedingen's papers,' he said curtly. 'Ah, you have brought them. Nothing has been done so far? Have a foreign passport made out at once.'

He rose and shook hands with me. In less than half an hour I left the great building, the foreign passport in my hands.

V

The same night I traveled back to Petrograd. According to the instructions received in Moscow, I handed my passport to the local Cheka headquarters for 'a final inquiry,' and then I went to book my berth for Stettin. I was not quite certain about the date of my departure. I had a vague idea that it would be ten days or a fortnight. But at the shipping office the Norwegian clerk handed me the ticket and smiled: 'Leaving on the twenty-fourth!'

Three days only! They were crowded. I went to the University. I heard from the clerk at the Chancery that my thesis would be safe. 'They have given you a degree at the Third. Probably the faculty felt that they could not go on having an un-degreed member in their ranks.'

Those three days fled like arrows. I knew that, in spite of the six months' sick leave, I should never come back again. A host of friends at college and elsewhere had to be seen. A crowd of apparently trivial things demanded to be done. My packing was, necessarily, a sketchy affair, since too much luggage would have aroused suspicion. The nights seemed endless; excitement made sleep nearly impossible. I had to take refuge in trivial things — for there was Esther.

We had been close friends for little more than two years, yet we were bound together by links which could not be sundered. I owed my very sanity to her, and I could leave her nothing except a little money, the old fur coat, and a few

odds and ends. I was leaving her — to what? She promised again and again to get out as soon as she had got me off her hands. She talked about her sister in Sweden.

But even in 1925 her letters still reached me from Russia. They were very brief. She had never talked much about herself, and in her correspondence I found the same dearth of personal details. I knew she could not be candid because of very rigid censorship, but I wrote time and again, begging her for a crumb of news. Towards the end of 1925, when she had not written for some months, I had a letter from a college friend, who mentioned Esther and added that her position was 'desperate.' Apparently, because of her muddled national status (she was born in old Kurland, now Latvia), she had not been able to go anywhere. I wrote again and again, but there was no reply. Owing to my virtual escape, the official channels of possible information were closed to me. Unofficially I continued trying to trace her for several years, and every fresh inquiry ended in a cul-de-sac. She had left the house on the Moyka: nobody knew more than that.

'I'll be all right,' she kept saying to me during those three days. 'There is no question about it — it is your duty to go. You nearly died last winter — if you but knew it. You just must not worry about me.' All the same, I worried, and, had it not been for her own iron reserve, I suppose I should have gone to pieces during those last days.

All too soon, the moment arrived. I walked by Esther's side down the English Quay and across the Nicholas Bridge. We came to the pier. The wind had dropped, and the September evening was warm. There were about two hundred of us going off. We all huddled on the quay, sitting on our luggage and trying not to worry too much about our passports.

The few friends who had come to see me off left, and I was not sorry to see

them go. Every minute, as I knew well, might be the last one. There were a million things I wanted to say to Esther, and none could be said. We just sat and shivered, because the night was getting colder, and she talked about everything under the sun — except herself.

My own turn with the Cheka official came somewhere between three and four in the morning. I was one of the very last to be called in. When my crudely mispronounced name rang from the doorway, we both jumped to our feet. Esther handed me the suitcase. She would have no further chance of seeing me. We had only a few seconds left. We could not kiss. We shook hands, and she said, '*Gott sei mit dir, Liebschen.*'

I stood still, my hand clutching her cold fingers, but once again my name was called, and I hurried forward. Suitcase in hand, I entered the shed and faced the long low table, where five men and three women sat and watched me in silence. The table was littered with papers. They were all smoking, and the air was thick with the acrid smell of very strong tobacco. There were a few thick candles stuck into empty beer bottles. I came nearer the table, and the last act of the five years began with a simple enough question: —

'Where are you going?'

'To Italy.'

'By what route?'

'By sea to Stettin — then overland through Austria to Rome.'

'What address are you going to in Rome?' I gave it to them.

They glanced at the papers before them, there followed a brief pause, and then the chairman shot another question: —

'When are you going to resume your lectures at the University?'

'On my return.' Here I noticed that at one end of the table a woman was busily scribbling down my replies.

'Are you going to engage in any political work in Italy?'

'I am a scholar. My subject is history. I don't meddle with politics.'

'The British helped you get this passport in Moscow, didn't they?'

'They gave me a letter of introduction to the Assistant Foreign Commissar. He helped me get this passport without delay.'

'What made you go to the British for help?'

'I had worked for them before. At the Commissariat they told me I might have to wait a year for a passport. My health is none too good, and I could not stand another winter here.'

'Because of the economic conditions in this country?'

The question was asked quietly, but in spite of fatigue I saw the trap and tried to avoid it by replying, 'Certainly not. Because of the state of my health.'

'We see that the Health Commission had accepted you as a candidate for a year's stay at a sanatorium in the Crimea. You were due to leave in August. What made you change your mind?'

This was a question I had not expected. I dug my hands deep into the pockets of my coat and said that I thought the Italian climate would be more certain than the Crimean.

'Why aren't you going to England?'

'Partly because of the climate. Also because my only relative lives in Rome.'

'She is a woman of title?'

'She married a man of title.'

'Do you share her political and social views?'

'I have not yet met her. I don't know what her views are.'

'You understand that you have promised loyalty to your own government?'

'I am bound to — holding this passport,' I said, remembering my secret decision to tear up the passport immediately on crossing the Italian frontier.

They stopped looking at me and began whispering among themselves. I imagined it was over. But the chairman picked up a scribbled sheet of paper. I heard him say, 'Where are you going?'

'To Italy.'

'By what route?'

We had got to the middle of that infernal questionnaire when I knew my head was beginning to swim. I could see a blur for the table, and the few candles became so many spots of swaying light. I wondered if they ever meant me to have my foreign passport. I thought vehemently, and an automaton's mouth moved steadily enough.

'Partly because of the climate. . . .

'She married a man of title. . . .

'I have not yet met her. I don't know what her views are. . . .'

At that moment something I could not account for whipped my more than shredded energy to a new life. My voice rang loudly enough when I replied for a third time, 'I am a scholar. My subject is history. I don't meddle with politics.'

They exchanged glances and whispered comments. A woman shrugged. The chairman said gruffly, 'That will do. Sign here for your passport.'

In about ten minutes they had examined the contents of my suitcase, had me searched for documents and foreign money, and then, swaying a little, I found myself groping up the gangway. An officer piloted me to the dining saloon. 'Yes, it is all safe. All is behind you now. Good, is it not?'

I could only smile. Adequate words would not come for several years, and when they came they rang an unexpected note: they could express little else than very broken thanks for all those yesterdays, full of horror and of splendor also, now laid aside and yet still living; for an experience which came and left a truth graven on the consciousness. That truth, however, could not be told in my own words. Saint Paul's must be borrowed for it: 'For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

IN MEMORIAM: INGVALD BJORNDALE

The lines which follow are a translation into poetic form of a letter written somewhere in the North Atlantic and sent to the Government of Canada by Inspector Ovide Hubert of Cap-aux-Meules, Magdalen Islands. The original letter, addressed to Lovise Stigen, Kalan-deendet Fana (?), was written in Norwegian, corked tight in a bottle, and thrown into the sea, where eventually it was found by a fisherman, Hubert Duclos.

WHILE we sail and laugh, joke and fight,
comes death
And it is the end. A man toils on board;
His life blows away like a gust of breath:
Who will know his dreams now when the sea
roared?

I loved you, my dear, but now I am dead,
So take somebody else and forget me.
My brothers, I was foolish, as you said:
So are most who place their fate in the sea.
Many tears have you shed for me in vain.
Take my pay, Mother, Father; I have come
A long way to die in the blood and rain.
Buy me some earth in the graveyard at home.
Good-bye. Please remember me with these
words

To the green meadows and the blue fjords.

MALCOLM BODEN LOWRY

WE HAVE AN ARMY CAMP!

TOWNS are queer things. My town is queer too.

We have an army camp now. Everybody and everything in town — the Chamber of Commerce, the Boosters Club, the newspaper, the City Dads, the wholesale grocers, the bankers, the landlords, the salaried fry — nearly burst buttons off trying to talk Uncle Sam into locating a camp here. It would be a fine thing for the town, they said. It would give the town a big payroll — a thing it lacked. It would pull us out of the red. In fact, an army camp — please give us an army camp — was the cure for the town.

When Uncle Sam said, 'O.K., boys, raise \$125,000 and we'll locate her there,' an extra came out, and the town mighty nigh burst the remaining buttons off celebrating. Every-

body was put on a committee to solicit donations from everybody else. A huge thermometer was erected on a conspicuous downtown corner. 'The town's fever' it was called. Every time any considerable amount was raised, down the street clanged a red fire wagon. The delighted citizenry rushed to the spot, and the firemen, with the aid of the ladders and red paint, ran the city's fever up.

Meanwhile the wet-blankets leaned against the lampposts and observed, 'The town'll be sick of this army camp before it's all over.'

One afternoon the town's fever went so high that the mercury spilled over the top. A delirium resulted. The full amount was raised! All buttons had already been burst off, but hats could be thrown into the air and backs slapped. Hurrah! And huzzah! A \$5,000,000 army camp! And a payroll! A big payroll!

While the mob was still celebrating, the landlords slipped unnoticed back to their offices and started raising rents. The salaried fry dodged the crowd and rushed over to the employment office to look for a job with better pay. The banker hung out an 'Open on Friday Night' sign. The real-estate agents grabbed some surveyors and tore out nine miles to the camp site and staked off some cotton fields into town lots and drove a few stakes here and there with 'Sold' painted on them. Owners of vacant business property multiplied by two the rent previously asked, announcing, 'Will remodel to suit tenant.'

The wholesale grocers snatched the telephones and hired new salesmen to solicit the mushroom cafés and restaurants that would inevitably spring up near the site. One enterprising merchant had already secured the franchise to operate passenger buses to and from the camp. The red hook-and-ladder wagon on its way back to the fire station almost ran over the buses already plying down the street with their destination marked 'Army Camp.'

A telephone company pulled out its maps and started charting a line. Hotel managers sent rush orders for supplies of cots. 'Cot houses' sprang up. Everybody who had a

one-story garage summoned a skilled carpenter and figured on adding a second story to rent as a garage apartment.

The little settlement itself near the site woke up, bought a batch of 'Bedroom For Rent' signs, and everybody tacked one on his house. The Santa Fe passenger train started stopping there for the first time in a decade.

In a few days captains, majors, all kinds of quartermasters, contractors, architectural engineers, and what not were thick. Soon contracts were let and actual construction was ready to begin. A few carloads of lumber were set, and *bang* — the building started!

The appearance of the downtown area was immediately changed. The street loungers since 1881 (the town's birth date) had been peculiarly American, but from the length and breadth of the noses now in evidence the town might have been a seaport. Long lines of men garbed in work clothes crowded the sidewalks and streets near the employment offices. The town was verily seething with job hunters. Soon more than 4000 were at work, then 6000. What a payroll! And what a town on pay night!

Trailer houses in droves descended on the community. Girls must be careful not to be out after dark unescorted by a male. People must lock their doors tight and keep them locked even when at home. The town had an army camp under construction! It had a payroll! It had an epidemic of petty thievery!

Then the graver side of the situation suddenly began to dawn. When the camp was completed and the soldiers moved in, the town's population would be almost, not quite doubled. What provision had the city for the wholesome entertainment of 20,000 extra men? To be exact, there were five picture shows already in operation and one under construction, all of which were limited on Sunday to matinees; one bowling alley; one skeet shoot; one athletic club; one night club of limited capacity and unknown rating — and that was about all. The county and city were dry. That is, they voted dry, but the town was alarmingly wet for a dry town. The dry-voting inhabitants had learned with embarrassment from a December statement of the Board of Liquor Control that the county's consumption for that month averaged per capita more than any other dry county in the state with one exception.

The City Commission had to do something

about the entertainment situation, so they introduced an ordinance to permit Sunday night picture shows. (Sunday afternoon shows had been voted several years before despite desperate opposition and much bitter feeling on the part of the ministerial association and the presidents of the three local religious institutions.) Word of this Sunday night show matter seeped out at remarkable speed, for, almost before the Commissioners could adjourn, the ministers were in session. The day the final vote was to be taken, the preachers, the college presidents, and the curious filled the meeting chambers and the corridors. An angry session ensued. Everybody talked.

Pleaded one minister, in substance, as he pounded the table: 'We should be unfaithful to our trust to the youth in our colleges here if we countenanced the evil of Sunday night picture shows.'

One layman dared speak for the issue — a druggist: 'Sunday night shows will help to keep the boys out of the honky-tonks.'

Another indignant minister sprang to his feet and barked: 'Young man, there are not going to be any honky-tonks here.'

The squelched druggist meekly lied: 'I had reference to the honky-tonks in the neighboring counties.'

The vote was taken. Three for, one against. The wet-blankets leaned against the wall and said, 'I told you so.' The town had an army camp! A payroll! An epidemic of robbery! And Sunday night shows!

Someone in a muffled whisper cautiously asked, 'Where do you want the red-light district?' 'That,' said the authorities, 'is something else we are not going to have in this town.' The wet-blankets smiled, 'Maybe not.'

The town had an army camp! A payroll! A wave of robbery! Sunday night picture shows! And perhaps a — well, a smug town could not think of that!

In another two months the soldier boys will be here. What then?

Yes, even towns are human. I must remember that once I wanted something very badly, and I have been wondering ever since I got it what I should do with it. I yearned for a piece of rent property all my own from which I could collect and keep the revenue — my payroll! That was what I needed, too. I hinted, begged, wheedled, demanded, until finally a deed was handed me. I too burst

buttons with joy — an income! The wet-blanket in my payroll, it painfully dawned on me, was that I must reroof the house and pay the upkeep, insurance, and county and city taxes out of my income.

Towns are queer things, but then there are queer people living in them.

MADGE MORRISON

SONNET OF A HOPELESS REACTIONARY

YES, I will follow, as indeed I must,
Since no man against time may stand alone,
Toward that arson which you call The Dawn,
Where men cry plenty, snatching at the crust,
And, mouthing love, embed the traitorous thrust,

Accurate, final, between bone and bone.
I will be there, but let me pause for one
Last backward look at all I know and trust.

There was a homesick woman long before
Who dared to linger on the desert track,
Her breast advanced, her eyes turned briefly back.

O God of mercy and of wrath, once more
Punish with peace the obstinate, loyal fault,
And sculpture my recalcitrance in salt.

CAROLYN WILSON LINK

THE EXPULSION

WE were talking, one day at the Club, of golf clubs near London, when Jorkens broke in like this: —

'I think I told you once of a poets' club that I came on, a club for the poets of all time. It was an odd experience: Pope was the hall porter.'

'I think you told us you had a flask of whiskey with you,' said Terbut.

'Of course I had a flask with me,' said Jorkens. 'I was on a long walk.'

'Yes, yes,' said Terbut. 'Quite natural.'

I remembered the story, too: the club secretary had got in on the strength of a single line, a very fine one, but one line had not been enough for ordinary membership. I reminded Jorkens of the line: —

A rose-red city half as old as time.

'Yes, that was it,' said Jorkens. 'And I wanted to see the place again. So I went there not long ago, to the very spot by the

roadside at which I had rested the first time; and I took my flask with me, Terbut, as any sensible man does when he goes for a long walk.'

'Yes, yes, yes,' said Terbut.

'Not that I walked this time,' Jorkens continued. 'I don't care for walking quite so much as I used to, so I took a bus a good deal of the way. The road had altered the whole way along, altered a great deal: they had widened it, turned it into asphalt, and built queer houses along it; but I found the old spot where I had rested, and the same old hedge. So there I stopped again, and looked through the hedge to see if I could see the club over the green lawns. Not a sign of it, or of the houses, either. There were bungalows there now. And then I remembered my flask, and sat down and took a long pull at it. Or I may have taken three pulls. Do you object, Terbut?'

'No, no, not at all,' said Terbut.

'Very well, then,' said Jorkens. 'I took a pull at my flask and had a bit of a rest, because I needed it after my journey, even though I had not walked the whole way. It was a nice place to rest, leaning against the bank, provided one got down low enough. It was a summer's evening, and the sun was low over the opposite side of the road and the rays were in one's eyes at first; but by shifting one's position a little one got the shelter of the hedge and was only troubled by a few golden specks along the edges of leaves.

'As I rested I thought; and, just as I was wondering what had become of that club, I saw a little eddy of dust in the road, dancing in a light breath of a wind that had got up cold with the sunset. I watched the eddy of dust with some interest, because it is unusual on an asphalt road. It reminded me of the old roads where wandering plumes of dust used to run up and down so merrily. But you don't see that now. So this one seemed to have come back to me from the past; and, as I watched it, it grew longer and thicker, and still danced in the road. The drowsy chill from the sunset would have moved me on but for that.

'Watching this stray waif, wandering, as it seemed, from old roads, I forgot everything else; and the chimes of the church clock, far away in the evening, failed to remind me that it was growing late. The small wind still blew on and the same eddy of dust

danced to it, and as it danced it grew taller and more and more opaque. It puzzled me, this thickening dust at play on an asphalt road, and I took another pull at my flask to help me to understand it. Soon it began to take a definite shape, and that explained everything: it wasn't dust, it was a ghost. I do not claim any special ability to remember faces after several years, but the surroundings helped me and I saw at once that it was the ghost of Dean Burgon — that is to say, the club secretary. I hadn't known his name at the time, but I found it out afterwards, the man who wrote that line,

A rose-red city half as old as time.

"What are you doing here?" I said.

"The dancing in the road fell to a faltering shuffle, and he muttered something that I did not hear.

"How is the club?" I asked.

"And the ghost or the dust or the wind gave a little sigh.

"Anything the matter?" I asked.

"And then he blurted it out.

"I was dismissed from the club," he said.

"What? What, really?" I said. "They didn't find any fault with you?"

"Theft," he answered.

"Not only the word, but his whole attitude was mournful. Birds were singing, the sky was glorious, and the leaves were golden. He was the only mournful thing in the evening. But a man in a position like that, as well as being a dean of the Church of England — I could not believe it.

"What happened?" I asked.

"It was a man named Rogers," he said.

"I never touched anything in the club. But there was a man named Rogers, and they said I stole from him. I am sure it was quite unconscious."

"Kleptomania?" I said.

"Well, practically," he replied.

"Then surely they needn't —" I began.

"Unfortunately," said the poor ghost, "it affected my whole qualification."

"One hardly expects to understand a ghost at once, and I didn't understand this one. So I asked him to explain to me, and he went on: 'It was this man Rogers. He seems to have written a line,

By many a temple half as old as time,

and left it, as it were, lying about. And I suppose I saw it, and put my hand on it

without thinking what I was doing. And they said that, however I had come by it, I could not expect to be admitted to such a club as theirs, in any capacity, merely on four words, 'a rose-red city.' They said, kleptomania or not, the best part of the line didn't belong to me, and there was an end of it. I couldn't blame them. The man I blame is Rogers."

"Rogers?" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Well, yes," said the disconsolate ghost.

"You see, he left it lying about. He was an obscure man and should not have had such a line. I mean, nobody steals jewelry out of a jeweler's shop. No decent man would think of it. But if one sees a fine brooch lying about on a grocer's counter, among shavings of carrot and sticks of licorice, one is so surprised that perhaps unconsciously . . ."

"But at that moment the wind dropped and the poor ghost dropped with it, invisible, on to the asphalt."

LORD DUNSANY

THE MODERN SHEPHERD TO HIS FLOCK

(News Item: Sheep will show best after they have had a small amount of beer)

COME, sheep, the Shropshire and the Welsh,
Leicester or South or Oxford Down;

The black of face, the white of race:

The hour has come to go to town!

Now is the time when all good sheep

Prepare for show or fair. . . .

The fight's begun; oh, run, sheep, run —

Win ribbons for your hair!

Shake out your tails, my little lambs,

To whom the hand of Fame has beckoned!

Comb out your curls, my woolly girls —

Nobody wants a Second!

Lick up the salt, and quaff the malt,

If you'd be in the pink;

The gamboling lamb suggests, madame,

That ewes can take a drink!

So let your clarion bleat ring out,

And roll an eye that's gay, not chilly;

And let them eat their words, the birds

Who say that sheep are silly!

And if you leap like proper sheep

To drain a proper dram,

We'll take a Blue upon the ewe

As well as on the lamb!

LOUISE OWEN

THE DOCTORS MAYO

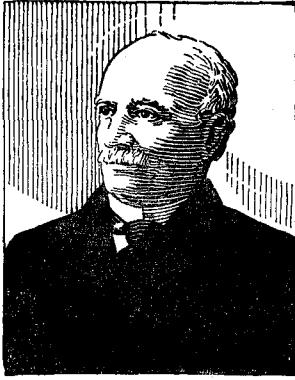
FATHER AND THE BOYS

BY *Helen Clapesattle*



THE NEW ATLANTIC SERIAL

— CHAPTERS I-X —



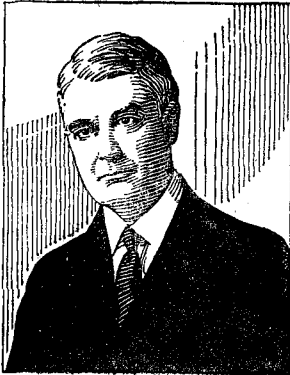
DOCTOR MAYO
(Father)

THE DOCTORS MAYO

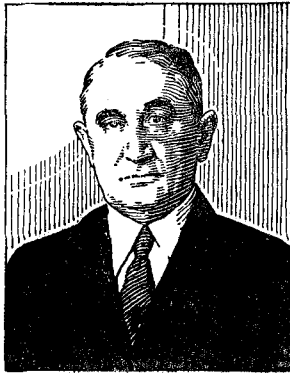
FATHER AND THE BOYS

BY

Helen Clapesattle



DOCTOR WILL



DOCTOR CHARLIE

In this and subsequent issues the *Atlantic* is privileged to publish portions of one of the great stories of our time, *The Doctors Mayo*, by Helen Clapesattle.

That this story would have to be told sometime was inevitable, but in strict conformity to medical ethics neither the Doctors Mayo nor any of their staff could be brought to undertake it during the lifetime of the Mayo brothers. In the end, in order to divest themselves of any connection with it, they authorized the University of Minnesota to publish, through the University of Minnesota Press, a history of the Doctors Mayo, the Mayo Clinic, and the Mayo Foundation. In short, the university inherited the responsibility to produce an objective account in human terms of the contribution of the Mayos, and of their colleagues throughout the world, to medical science and education. Research, interviews, and the accumulation of source material have been carried on intensively for nearly five years. The book which results is an independent study written by Helen Clapesattle, a trained historian and editor of the University of Minnesota Press. No other agency or individual but the university and the author has determined the contents of the volume.

THE DOCTORS MAYO

Father and the Boys

BY HELEN CLAPESATTLE

To Rochester? This way, ma'am. There's a special bus for Rochester.' Thus on a midsummer morning a redcap in the Minneapolis bus station directs the traveler, who finds not one special bus but two loading with passengers for Rochester.

You move swiftly southward along the white belt of road for ninety miles, through a countryside of slow rise and fall that is a patchwork quilt in the greens of corn, small grains, clover, and alfalfa. The black and white of grazing cattle and the recurring pattern of hip-roofed barn flanked by the tall pillar of a silo tell you that this is a dairy land.

The towns that interrupt at every ten or fifteen miles are small, some of them just a few stores and houses with a little white church and a one-room school-house grouped around a filling station at a crossroads, others large enough to boast a bank, a hotel, perhaps a cheese factory or a cannery, and a furniture store that is also the undertaker's establishment. They might all be called — as one of them is — Farmington, for they exist solely as market villages, service stations for the farmers.

And then from the crest of a hill you look down upon Rochester. In the saucerlike valley of the Zumbro River it lies, its metropolitan skyline rising to dramatic climax in one tall tower, yellow as ripe wheat against the bright blue sky.

Among cornfields, dairy farms, and market villages you have come upon a

little city of great hospitals and crowded hotels; a city with hundreds of acres of parks and playgrounds, with fine stores and specialty shops; a city that is a crossroads of airlines, railroads, and national highways.

Here in the rural calm of southern Minnesota is a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants that has an annual transient population of ten times that number. Here in this river valley town of midwestern America, this 'little town on the edge of nowhere,' is one of the world's greatest medical centres, to which men come from the ends of the earth for treatment and instruction.

That is the paradox of Rochester.

It was William James and Charles Horace Mayo who turned a pin point into a great starred capital on the map of medicine. In one room of that tall wheat-colored building, the home of the Mayo Clinic, the walls are hung solid with diplomas, certificates, and medals of honor bestowed upon the Mayo brothers, and in an adjoining corridor two long cases are packed tight with the academic robes they were entitled to wear.

When the famous brothers died one of their fellow surgeons in England paid them this tribute: 'And now death breaks the David and Jonathan partnership which for forty years has exerted a more profound influence on American medicine, and probably on world medicine, than any other single factor in modern times.'

The Mayos' contribution to medicine began in surgery, but their work there has merged with the general progress of the art, and their enduring reputation rests upon the integrated, coöperative form of medical practice and education they developed. There were other great surgeons of their day, some greater than they. What forces, then, personal and social, transformed *their* surgical partnership into the Mayo Clinic and the Mayo Foundation? That is an untold story of unique achievement that is part of the proud heritage of all medicine and of every American.

Dr. W. J. Mayo once said, with perception above modesty, to a visitor who was exclaiming over the robes and certificates of honor: 'Yes, we have them from all over the world. To be frank about it, we have accomplished much, my brother and I. But we *should* have done great things; we were given the opportunity. We were born at the right time and to the right parents. Perhaps no one will ever again have the opportunity to accomplish as much. That day is gone, unless for some genius. We were not geniuses. We were only hard workers. We were reared in medicine as a farmer boy is reared in farming. We learned from our father.'

In Mayo Park in Rochester stands the statue of a man the inscription identifies as 'William Worrall Mayo . . . Pioneer, Physician, Citizen . . . A Man of Hope and Forward-Looking Mind.' As an old man he was often congratulated upon the brilliant work of his famous sons. To one well-meaning gentleman he snapped in reply, 'Why don't you congratulate *me*? I started all this.' That was the irritable answer of an active mind that resented being relegated to the past, but it was the truth. He was the foundation upon which his sons built. He gave them the precepts and principles by which they worked. The phrase 'Our father taught us' was forever on their lips.

So with him the story begins.

I

[William Worrall Mayo was born on May 31, 1819 in a small village on the outskirts of Manchester, England. In his impressionable years he lived with his widowed mother in the town of Salford, then in the tumult of the Industrial Revolution. He went to school, then to college in Manchester, and from the famous scientist John Dalton he caught an enthusiasm for chemistry which eventually set him on the road to medicine. Young Mayo apprenticed himself to the physicians in the Manchester Infirmary; he studied for a time in the hospitals in Glasgow. Then in his twenty-sixth year he emigrated to America, where he eventually earned his license to practise. In New York he found employment as a pharmacist in the Bellevue Hospital. But the West seemed more inviting, and he went first to Buffalo, then to Lafayette, Indiana, where he supported himself as a tailor. One of his clients, Dr. Deming, rescued him from this business and helped him to enroll in the Indiana Medical College, where he took his degree in February 1850. A year later Dr. Mayo married Louise Wright, and soon thereafter the young couple set out for the Minnesota frontier. At St. Paul, their first stop, Mrs. Mayo opened a millinery shop, while the doctor, now a Jack-of-all-trades, explored the lake and Indian territory for an ideal home. Their daughter Gertrude and then their two famous sons were born — William James on June 29, 1861 and Charles Horace on July 19, 1865. The family eventually came to rest in Rochester, its perfect haven. — THE EDITOR]

In the early 1860's Rochester had fewer than three thousand residents, but it was already the Olmsted County seat, the capital of a rich agricultural district several hundred miles square which was rapidly developing into one of the largest primary wheat markets in the world.

In the fall of 1864 the railroad that had been moving slowly westward from Winona on the Mississippi finally reached Rochester. An elevator was built alongside the tracks, and the inland city became the grain depot for most of south central Minnesota, the funnel into which hundreds of thousands of bushels of wheat poured from all sides each year.

In harvest time the roads were lined with farmers on the way to dump their loads of grain into the wide-mouthed hoppers of the elevator. Wheat buyers, many of them agents for dealers in Milwaukee and Chicago, gathered at every entrance to town and, as the wagons passed them, called out their bids.

Rochester became the centre of social life. When men made a trip to the county seat to appear in district court or to pay their taxes, they took time for conviviality in the saloons, billiard rooms, or 'ball alleys.' On holidays the population of the countryside drained into town for the mass entertainments arranged by the merchants — a parade, band concert, speeches, and fireworks on the Fourth of July, balls and banquets on Christmas and New Year's Day.

Little Dr. Mayo was soon a force to be reckoned with in community life. His first efforts went toward providing the city with a library, and late in 1865 he joined with half a dozen other men to form the Rochester Library Association. He contributed fifty dollars to the book fund, helped to solicit subscriptions from others, and as a member of the executive committee took a leading part in selecting the first fifteen hundred books and establishing the collection in comfortable reading rooms above the bank.

The association also decided to sponsor an annual course of lectures, and Dr. Mayo was named with one other to plan them. The two men arranged series by current celebrities, state and national, including over a period of three years such figures as Wendell Phillips, Horace Greeley, Anna E. Dickinson, 'the best and ablest representative of the rapidly increasing class of women known as the strong-minded,' Fred Douglas, a Negro orator of great repute, and Earle S. Youmans, a popularizer of science. The strong-minded woman drew the biggest crowd.

In the meantime Dr. Mayo had entered heartily into the activities of the local Republican Party and had served a year

as county chairman. In the spring of 1867 he was elected to the school board, and soon afterward the board decided to put up a new building, a brick building, five stories, sixteen rooms, single desks, furnace heat, cost \$65,000. Such a schoolhouse in Rochester? Not even St. Paul had anything like that. The state superintendent journeyed down to see it and went back to tell the legislature that Rochester had 'the largest and most costly' school building in the state.

Dr. Mayo undoubtedly had a great deal to do with it, for he was given to just such big ideas for Rochester.

When the Republican Party caucus nominated Dr. Mayo for election to the school board for the fourth time, in the spring of 1870, a disgruntled faction led by John Edgar, a zealous church member and temperance leader, labeled him an infidel and a friend to Demon Rum and bolted to the Democrats, thereby accomplishing the defeat of the entire Republican ticket.

Thomas Huxley and Herbert Spencer were then leading the battle for Darwinism in England as was Ernst Haeckel in Germany. And they were doing more than offer a new theory of man's origin, or even a new biology; they were pleading the cause of science as an intellectual discipline and urging the application of its critical spirit to the daily doing and thinking of mankind. To Dr. Mayo, Darwin and Huxley brought the thrill of discovery. Their ideas delighted and stimulated his mind. He added their works and those of Haeckel and Spencer to his library as fast as they appeared, read Huxley's essays aloud to his friends, and discussed and defended Darwinism by the hour. No wonder he was labeled an infidel.

The theory of evolution gave no wrench to his spiritual moorings, for he had been bent toward science by the training of his youth and had never yielded more than a superficial allegiance to any church or creed. 'He was an Episcopalian, but he didn't work very

hard at it,' was the way his elder son summarized his father's religion. Dr. Mayo himself defined his position by quoting Bismarck, 'I never felt the need of any [religious faith], and therefore never had any,' and adding an echo of Huxley's humanitarian creed, 'My own religion has been to do all the good I could to my fellow men, and as little harm as possible.'

Freethinker and confessed unbeliever though he was, Dr. Mayo was not a scornful cynic in religion. He felt sincere respect for simple, honest faith always, and he did not care what church or creed inspired it. He got on as well with Catholics as with Protestants. Easily and comfortably he stood with the parish priests at the bedsides of his many Catholic patients, and he and the fathers became fast friends.

His attitude toward morals — or mores, if one prefers — was equally unorthodox. Amusements were as necessary as sermons, he stoutly maintained. He did not smoke himself, but he saw no reason why others should not do so if they wished. He liked a nip of whiskey on occasion, kept a quart or pint of it on hand at home, and thought a tankard of porter or ale often the best possible medicine for what ailed folks' spirits. Teach temperance, yes; legislate prohibition, no — a positive and uncompromising no.

That attitude, exaggerated by his opponents into an all-out defense of the saloon and the whiskey ring, led to his defeat in 1870 and was made an issue against him in many a later campaign.

II

For several seasons bad weather had worked havoc with the local wheat crop, and, striving frantically each time to stave off ruin until a good season next year should relieve the stringency, many farmers borrowed heavily at whatever rates of interest were asked of them. Some had mortgaged everything they

possessed, down to the plough in the field and the next year's crop, and many a farmer and his wife went about their work with grim faces in the tense summer of 1869. If the wheat crop should fail this year . . . But nature smiled, and the yield was bountiful.

Too bountiful. The price of wheat, which had been trending gradually downward from the peak of two dollars and more a bushel in the palmy days just after the war, now dropped sharply, to sixty cents, fifty cents, forty cents a bushel. Forty cents, when it cost the farmer from sixty to eighty cents to raise and harvest it!

Creditors were seized with alarm and hurriedly took legal action to recover their investments. A local panic resulted. Mortgage foreclosures listed in the Rochester newspapers mounted to more than fifty a week. Rochester was harder hit than most places, since its business had been brisker, its borrowing and lending and buying on credit more extensive.

The national economic forces contributing to their plight were beyond the horizon of most of the losers, so they fastened upon grievances nearer home, of which the chief was the stranglehold of the railroad and the 'wheat ring.' In the spring of 1870 the price of wheat again neared seventy-five cents, and the farmers who had been able to hold out for such an eventuality rushed to sell. Whereupon the railroad, with insufferable insolence, upped the freight rates from eight to fifteen cents a bushel. The farmers swore, gathered in angry, excited knots on the street corners, and called public indignation meetings.

Slowly came the realization that, although individually they were helpless, collectively they could be strong. They had the power of the ballot and must unite to elect legislators and executives who would represent them instead of the 'soulless corporations.'

That was the beginning in and around Rochester of the social phenomenon

historians call 'the agrarian crusade.' During more than two decades Dr. Mayo was an outstanding local leader in that crusade, for reasons he explained in one of his last campaign letters: —

I am often asked by my friends why I, as a professional man and doing a good business, should bother myself about these things. In reply, First, it is every man's duty to take an interest in the city affairs. Second, as a physician I am better capable of understanding the situation than most other people. I have in a professional way ridden over this country for more than twenty-five years. Having seen a generation grow up to manhood, I have personally known of the struggles and privations of many families in their efforts to attain a medium competence. I have seen many of them ruined by the snaky ways of the wily money loaner who has become rich upon other men's ruin. I have seen men robbed of their earnings by combinations of wheat and coal rings and a railroad which has given them the opportunity to plunder, and to carry away their plunder.

When in 1882 he was elected mayor as the candidate of the Democrats and a 'People's Anti-Monopoly convention,' no one was more genuinely surprised by his victory than he. 'My election as chief magistrate shows a sudden and extraordinary change in the views and temper of the people,' he told the aldermen. The change seems to have been a fresh resentment against the practices of the wheat ring. The doctor's opposition to that monopoly was well known, whereas his Republican opponent was actually one of the wheat dealers.

No literate person in Olmsted County could have been unaware of Dr. Mayo's position on any public question. He was forever addressing some group on something — the holiday crowds at Fourth of July or Memorial Day exercises; the German citizens when they staged a parade and bonfire to celebrate the victory of their fatherland in the war with France; the Irishmen when they met to express collectively their indignation at the plight of Ireland; all sorts of workingmen's, farmers', and citizens' rallies,

many of which he himself called together. In addition, he made a speaking tour of the county in almost every fall campaign, and sometimes covered the district too.

Many of his speeches were published, and, together with his frequent letters to the editor and communications and reports to the city council and the board of trade, they fill an astonishing number of columns of fine print on an equally astonishing array of subjects.

In August 1890, the district Alliance, assembled as a political convention, nominated Dr. Mayo for a four-year term in the state senate, and two months later the Democrats agreed to what amounted to a coalition with the Alliance by endorsing the same candidates. Dr. Mayo won the election.

The little doctor did not make any phenomenal record as senator. It was easier to say what ought to be done in legislative halls than to do it when he got there. He served on several important committees and secured the passage of some special bills for the benefit of his constituents, but he had bad luck with his major bills. He introduced three (two for the regulation of railroads and one for the regulation of medical practice) and worked especially hard for the passage of two others (one for a constitutional amendment permitting the levying of a state income tax and one for the establishment of grain elevators on railroad right-of-ways), but none of them became law.

It must have given him great satisfaction, however, to share in the enactment of a law that eventually eliminated the unfair grain-grading practices of which the farmers had complained so long. Dr. Mayo ended his active career in politics when he retired from the senate at the age of seventy-four.

III

Though courteous and kindly, Dr. Mayo was not a man to offer or invite familiarity. Men might call him Mayo

and a very few William, but no one called him Bill, not even his wife. His was a strict code of professional conduct, extending even to dress. Perhaps because of a style he acquired when he was tailoring in Lafayette, he never appeared in public except in a long-tailed, double-breasted coat and tall top hat. That was the badge of a calling of which he was proud.

Dr. Mayo thus garbed, and 'going somewhere in a hurry,' became one of the familiar sights of Rochester. In town he always made his calls on foot; for country trips he kept four or five horses of his own and sometimes had to rent others from a livery stable, for his daily rounds soon covered most of the roads radiating from Rochester. He would drive out one road, come back, change horses, drive out another, and so on until the necessary calls had been made. And always he drove like mad.

One biting cold winter day Burt W. Eaton, a rising young Rochester lawyer, found it necessary to get to a neighboring town in a hurry. He hired a cutter and driver from one of the stables, muffled himself in furs, and started off. They were making good time when suddenly they heard hoofbeats and a faint halloo behind. The next thing Eaton knew he was sitting in his cutter in a snowbank beside the road, while Dr. Mayo dashed by with a wave of thanks.

As he and his driver dug and pulled to get the cutter free, Mr. Eaton fumed. Wasn't he as good as the doctor? And wasn't he in a hurry too? But the driver explained that Rochester liverymen always gave Dr. Mayo the right-of-way; he was making a sick call. They all knew the sound of his voice and when they heard him shout they pulled over to let him pass.

Dr. Mayo's maxim was 'Don't spare the horses when a human life is at stake.' He enjoyed driving and he loved good horses. Not for him the easy-paced nag that would stand without hitching. He wanted an animal with spirit and speed,

so he always bought the runaways no one else could handle; he knew they had 'guts' and could go, he said, and he could usually manage them. But not always.

One of his worst smashups occurred one morning as he was starting on a trip to High Forest. The team was skittish, he was careless, and soon they began to run. Seeing that they were getting out of control, he guided them toward a clump of trees, thinking the obstacle would stop them, but they just straddled a tree and kept on going. The violent collision of carriage with tree threw Dr. Mayo against the dashboard, stunning him for a few minutes.

When he regained consciousness his nose was bleeding hard, but he seemed otherwise unhurt, and some men working near by helped him get the horses and the wrecked carriage back to the farm. Stopping only long enough to clean the blood from his face, he hitched the team to another buggy and started again for High Forest. When he returned some time after noon, he examined his nose, found the bone was broken, set it himself, and went on about his business.

He never lacked grit. When a sore appeared on his lower lip he watched it carefully for some three months, then decided it was cancerous and must come off. Assembling instruments and needles, he took a stiff shot of whiskey, seated himself in front of a mirror, and directed an assistant in the swift excision of a triangular piece of the lip. 'Of course he hollered,' but he stanching the flow of blood and stitched the lip together himself.

He was just as decisive with patients. On a professional visit to the Granger farm one day he noticed little George hovering, all ears, among the grownups and addressed a pleasant question to him. When the child answered Dr. Mayo snapped to serious attention.

'Why, that child is tongue-tied,' he exclaimed. 'Come here, George' — and reached into his pocket as he spoke. Unsuspecting, the boy climbed onto the

doctor's knee and obediently opened his mouth. In an instant Dr. Mayo had snipped the membrane under his tongue with the little pair of scissors he carried in his pocket case, and when the tongue healed George Granger could speak like other children. He grew up to become a lawyer, then a judge, and then legal adviser to the Mayos.

Dr. Mayo developed a simple but complete routine of physical examination. He had the patient strip to vest and drawers, put him on the table, and began with his head. Was the hair dry? Did the eyes focus properly? How about the teeth? Were the glands of the neck enlarged? Now sit up and bend forward, and backward. Again forward, and backward. We must not miss any stiffness in the spine. And so on from head to foot, but the examination took only fifteen minutes, and by it he often found some ailment the patient did not know he had or traced his complaint to an unexpected source.

Let other doctors boast of their operating chairs of brocaded plush and crimson morocco; he designed his own examining table, of plain wood covered with a thin mattress, under which was kept a detachable board that could be fitted on to the foot of the table when a long flat surface was needed. So well was this adapted to its purpose that with but few modifications it is still the type of table used in the examining rooms of the Mayo Clinic.

The idea of accumulating case records as a valuable source for the statistical study of disease had not yet penetrated to the rank and file of the profession. A notation of the patient's name, his disorder, and the fee charged made up the customary entry, but Dr. Mayo sometimes felt an urge to review a case at length in writing.

On New Year's Day, 1866, he must have resolved to keep a record of his major cases from that time forward. Convenient to his hand lay the old ledger in which Mrs. Mayo had kept her mil-

linery accounts. In all, his resolution produced only about a dozen case records from his own pen. They bear little resemblance to the clipped, stripped models of the present day. He wrote them as little stories, in which he recounted everything the patient said and the doctor answered, even to the anecdotes they exchanged.

Little Octavia Gray fell from a horse in October. After three months of home treatment she was brought to Dr. Mayo to see what he could do about the paralysis on one side of her face. He ordered her parents to use the galvanic battery and come back if that didn't work, but in the ledger he admitted that he was puzzled. 'Querie, where is the injury?' he wrote, and then reviewed and rejected all the likely possibilities.

A few days later he was called to Rock Dell to see Ole Nelson, a Norwegian youth of twenty. The Rochester papers had been making merry at Ole's expense, because he had drunk too much one night and woke up the next morning atop a slab in the graveyard. But the lad had frozen his fingers and toes so badly that Dr. Mayo had to amputate them. He found the family of eight or nine members living in a log cabin sixteen feet square, and sent them all to the loft above, except for the father and one sister whose help he needed. After a bad moment when the first finger hæmorrhaged, the job was quickly done.

Next was a difficult confinement in which the child was born dead after thirty-six hours of labor — instrument births were still frowned upon in the profession — and to stop the severe hæmorrhage Dr. Mayo scooped up snow outside the door and packed it into the vagina.

And then came a series of entries tracing the day-by-day progress of a case of tuberculous meningitis in a child of nine years. Again Dr. Mayo used snow in place of ice in packs for the child's head, but in spite of his best efforts the patient died — whereupon he sat down at his desk and wrote a long review of the case

and the treatment. What might he have done differently, and more successfully?

In November 1866, a farmer in Dodge County, another 'Norway man,' was butchering a steer when the knife slipped and entered the calf of his leg. Feeling no pain, he ignored the mishap and finished his job. Then he noticed that his boot was full of blood. Unable himself to stop the bleeding, he sent to the nearest village for the doctor, who wrapped a handkerchief around the leg, inserted a stick, and twisted it tight, then left, instructing the patient to twist the wrapping tighter if the bleeding did not stop. When the man's wife could not stanch the bleeding and the leg began to swell, she sent again for the doctor, but he merely ordered her to twist the handkerchief tighter still.

Ten weeks later the distraught wife sent a messenger for Dr. Mayo. The call reached him early one morning and he started out at once. The thermometer stood at twenty-two degrees below zero, with a brisk wind blowing and the snow drifting high across the road, but the little doctor got through and reached the bedside about noon.

He found the patient extremely emaciated and very weak, his leg a swollen mass, its calf punctured with sinuses discharging pus. The stench of decay filled the room. With the patient 'partially under chloroform' Dr. Mayo began to clean away the clotted blood and decayed flesh. In the midst of the operation the man's pulse stopped. To all appearances he was dead. Snatching a bottle from his bag, the doctor began dropping tincture of camphor between the man's lips, and in fifteen minutes the patient had recovered sufficiently to permit resumption of the operation.

When the wound had been cleaned as well as possible, Dr. Mayo began looking for the bleeding vessel. He finally located the flow, 'no thicker than a bristle,' coming from a tibial artery. The offending vessel was tied off, the wound dressed, and the patient left rest-

ing comfortably. The next day he was much better, the swelling had subsided, and the danger was past.

More puzzling was the case of Mr. Johnson of Rock Dell, who had been suffering from retention of urine for three days. Confidently the doctor introduced a catheter. With no effect. Was the instrument clogged? No. Then what was the matter?

It took suction of considerable force to start the flow of thick clotted pus that had been causing the stoppage. When more than four ounces of that had been removed and then a quart of thick, red urine, the patient was much relieved and Dr. Mayo retired for the time being.

To the old ledger he confided his bewilderment. Where did the pus come from? Where was the abscess, and what the cause of it? 'The people were Norwegian, understood little of English, the patient no English. All I could gather about the history of the case was that the man had been sick about eight weeks.'

He argued the possibilities at length, but could come to no satisfactory conclusion. So he ended the record, 'Left open for further thought and research.'

Dr. Mayo was necessarily an empiric of the old school. He used the clinical thermometer and the crude wooden stethoscope, the only instruments of precision yet available, and he had made urinalysis an unfailing part of his examination routine. Over a lamp or a candle by the bedside he would boil a bit of urine in a teaspoon, testing it for sugar with a few drops of Fehling solution and for albumen with acid, both of which reagents he always carried in his bag. More elaborate analyses he made later at the office.

Aside from that meagre scientific aid, he and his fellows still had to depend on their own five senses to tell them what was wrong with the patient, and the height to which they had developed the art of clinical observation and physical diagnosis is the glory of their tribe. Practice trained their senses to recognize

and their minds to interpret with astonishing accuracy the clues a deranged physiology left in the eyes, the tongue, or the skin of the sick man. Their snap diagnoses made on a symptom or two seemed intuitive at times only because they were so unconsciously conditioned by accumulated experience.

The difficulty was that many of them were such hard-shelled members of the old school that they could not see any need for improvement, any possibility of something better. To that number Dr. Mayo did not belong. He checked his diagnoses by post-mortem examinations whenever he could get permission from authorities or relatives, and he examined pathologic specimens under the microscope. His use of that instrument made him unique among the doctors of his community. His model was an old, low-powered one, but his attempt to study diseased tissues removed at operation or post-mortem was enough to set him apart among Minnesota practitioners.

Similarly, his unabated enthusiasm for chemical analysis — he always had a laboratory in one corner of his office or in an adjoining back room — was important not for its direct effects upon his practice but for its indication of an attitude of mind that, consciously or not, was in league with the future.

Dr. Mayo's medical library, which had been little more than a five-foot shelf of manuals and textbooks he had probably used in medical school, grew rapidly in the 1860's and faster in the 1870's, with books that reflected his interests faithfully. Most of them were well-chosen works by outstanding authorities on the several fields of practical medicine, but there were some on chemistry, on the use of the microscope, on the new histology, and the newer embryology.

IV

All those who feel an interest in the advancement of the Profession will meet at the office of Dr. Allen on the 15th of April, at 2

o'clock in the afternoon, to take into consideration the formation of a Medical Society for Olmsted County.

The notice, appearing in 1868, was signed 'Many Citizens.'

Dr. Mayo, feeling a deep interest in the advancement of the profession, attended the meeting. After adopting a constitution and electing a president, the doctors turned to drawing up a common schedule of fees: For a visit in town, \$1.00; in the country, \$.75 per mile and double at night; to deliver a baby, \$10; to dress simple fractures, \$5.00 to \$25; compound and comminuted fractures, \$25 to \$75; capital operations, \$25 to \$100. Having thus advanced the profession, the new society adjourned until its next *annual* meeting.

When that convened Dr. Mayo shocked the society into life by reading a paper on 'The Character of the Earth's Elements, Its Formation, Development, and Ultimate Destiny, and Its Inhabitants.' For six months thereafter the medical society met every two weeks, usually at Dr. Mayo's home, to continue the discussion of Darwinism he had started.

The summer's heat put an end to the meetings, and in the fall the society returned to its legitimate sphere of action, and presently to a state of suspended animation.

The time was ripe for an attempt at medical organization in Minnesota. Early in 1869 a group of St. Paul men undertook to revive the state society organized during territorial days but dormant for more than a decade. They called the regular surgeons and physicians of the state to assemble in St. Paul — and to encourage response they persuaded the railroads to promise free passes home to all doctors who should attend.

Dr. Mayo was among those present, and he played a substantial part in the convention's deliberations. Declaring the old society defunct, the doctors organized a new Minnesota State Medical Society, which has remained a vital force in Minnesota medicine ever since.

For more than ten years Dr. Mayo was among its active leaders and for another ten among its advisory elder statesmen.

Membership was not required of the state's doctors, and it carried no special privileges or premiums in practice, so only the most alert members of the profession found time and energy for participation. Dr. Mayo made some interesting friends among them. One was Dr. John H. Murphy, the pioneer surgeon of St. Paul, who was quite the most authoritative expert for court purposes in the state.

His position was being challenged and was soon to be taken over by Dr. Franklin R. Staples, beloved dean of Winona doctors. Staples was a bigger man than Murphy, with more professional consciousness. He was president of the state society in 1871, vice president of the American Medical Association in 1877, president of the state board of health for fifteen years.

Probably the ablest man and the most profound thinker in the group, and certainly the most scientific-minded, was Dr. Charles N. Hewitt of Red Wing. Sober, earnest, wholeheartedly devoted to medicine, he sacrificed his career as a surgeon in order to put 'state medicine' on its feet in Minnesota.

Foremost in direct influence on Dr. Mayo was the affable Dr. Alexander J. Stone of Stillwater, later of St. Paul. A congenital pioneer, he established the first medical journal in Minnesota and the first medical school in St. Paul, and later attained distinction as a medical editor and educator. His fellow doctors liked him personally, but in the early years of the medical society many of them shook their heads over his unseemly enthusiasm for new methods and theories in the treatment of diseases of women.

Participating in the 'collision of intellect' among such men gave Dr. Mayo a periodic renewal of the perspective a man is likely to lose in the daily grind, the

perspective that shows him he is building a church, not merely laying one brick upon another. His professional consciousness deepened, his pride in medicine grew, and with it his concern for the good name and the standing of the medical profession.

Paramount among the problems discussed by the society in the 1870's was 'the diagnosis and treatment of quackery.' As a result of action taken by the society at its first meeting, the state legislature enacted a law regulating medical practice. Hastily drawn and full of defects, the law did more harm than good in several respects, and the public raised such an outcry about 'class legislation' for the benefit of the regular doctors that the society's representatives worked as hard in the next session to get the act repealed as they had to get it passed. They succeeded, and though many members, including Dr. Mayo, continued to urge the need for such a law, none was enacted until 1883.

In 1872, largely through the efforts of Dr. Stone, the legislature was persuaded to legalize dissection in Minnesota by granting to medical men and schools all unclaimed bodies. But for the time being the society could do nothing more than talk about the need for higher standards in medical education and the growing threat of malpractice suits.

In spite of the best care a doctor could give, fractures sometimes left deformities and limbs had to be amputated. In such cases the patient could always find a lawyer willing to sue the doctor for malpractice, and nine times in ten the jury, looking only at the deformity or the stump and not at the conditions that might have made it unavoidable, would award the damages.

And why not? When doctors themselves appeared on the witness stand to support the charges of negligence, implying that nothing of the sort ever happened in *their* cases! Half the time it was a doctor who started the difficulty by indiscreetly telling a patient what a

fool or a rogue his former physician had been. Doctors had better stick together on this matter if they did not want to pay separately.

That Dr. Mayo apparently took such discussions well to heart was evident when next a malpractice case crossed his path. Dr. E. C. Cross was the defendant. It was charged that in taking care of a broken arm for the plaintiff he had made the bandages and splints so tight they obstructed circulation, causing mortification and necessitating eventual amputation of the injured limb.

Dr. Mayo suggested the theory on which the defense was chiefly based, that the artery had been injured and the blood supply shut off when the arm was broken and not when the splints were applied. He supported this theory on the witness stand, and in company with several other prominent doctors, including Dr. Staples of Winona, made it so plausible that Dr. Cross won the verdict in both the district and the state supreme court.

That Dr. Mayo should show such wit and spirit in the defense of a man he was known to detest caused so much surprise and speculation in Rochester that one man finally ventured to ask him why he had done it.

'I did it for the profession, not for him, damn him.'

V

Dr. Mayo was a general practitioner, as all American doctors were and would continue to be for at least another decade. But surgery was what he wanted most to do. There was a positive quality about successful surgery, a sense of tangible accomplishment in an operation well done, that gave him satisfaction.

Farmers and their wives seem to have been slow to learn that moving mechanisms will not yield to human flesh. The whirring knives of the new reapers did not stop when fingers and toes got in their way; the revolving knuckles of the tumbling rod in the threshing machine

took twisting hold of any loose garment that ballooned near them. In harvest time observers reported that those maimed and mangled in accidents with the new farm machinery were keeping Rochester surgeons busy day and night.

There lay an opportunity for specializing in surgery, if Dr. Mayo could achieve success above that of his fellow doctors. There was another in the special field of practice his friend Dr. Stone was so interested in.

The number of sufferers from the disorders to which the reproductive organs of women are liable was in that day greatly increased by the lacerations, displacements, and infections left by the crudities of ignorant and unskilled midwifery, and the treatment of the diseases of women made up a large share of every doctor's practice. But there was really little the doctors could do about them. Not yet knowing the causes of infection, they were all at sea about inflammatory diseases of the pelvis. As treatment they applied blisters and poultices externally, dosed with morphine or ergot internally, or tried to reduce a swollen cervix by drawing blood with leeches or by multiple punctures of the tissues. In severe cases of ulceration they resorted to the use of caustics, including the baneful silver-nitrate stick that caused more damage than it repaired.

Such methods of treatment were seldom effective, and in every community a growing number of ailing women wandered restlessly from doctor to doctor and quack to quack, hoping to find someone who could give them relief.

Cultivation of the field by qualified practitioners was beginning in the 1860's. Two decades before, James Marion Sims of Alabama had learned how to repair vesico-vaginal fistula, an accident of childbirth that made the women who suffered it truly pitiable. In a fine instance of frontier ingenuity, he fashioned from a pewter teaspoon the duck-bill speculum that made the body parts accessible to surgery and from a half-

dollar piece the silver-wire suture that made the surgical technique effective.

The doctors could not believe the reports of Sims's success, so he moved to New York and showed them, not only that he could do it, but how to do it themselves. Moving on from that point, he became the 'father of modern gynecology,' and the Woman's Hospital which he established in New York was its cradle. During the sixties and seventies he and his able assistants and successors devised and disseminated, through the printed page and their trained disciples, one new method after another for the successful treatment of the ills peculiar to women.

Dr. Mayo was aware of these developments through his reading, and he was venturing to perform some of the operations he read about. He was doing some fairly extensive plastic surgery on the perineum and the cervix, and on August 25, 1866 the *Rochester Post* reported 'An Important Surgical Operation': —

Dr. Mayo performed an operation a few days ago upon Mrs. Titus of Mantorville.

Mrs. Titus had been suffering for several months from the growth of a tumor in the abdomen; its size had become so great as to render her perfectly helpless and endanger her life. Before the operation she measured 54 inches over the tumor.

The operation was performed by making an opening in the abdomen about an inch long and deep enough to reach the sac of the tumor. There was discharged from the opening nearly five gallons of thick, gluey substance.

When the doctor left, the patient was feeling very comfortable and much relieved by the removal of the enormous burden. Dr. Mayo was assisted in the operation by Dr. Dearborn of Wasioja, who has charge of the patient.

We understand that Dr. Mayo gives special attention to this class of Female diseases.

Tapping an ovarian tumor, when it required an abdominal incision, even so small a one, was more than other Rochester doctors were yet daring. But Dr. Stone, who had spent a year as an

assistant in a Boston hospital, was full of tales about more remarkable things the men in the East were doing, and though other members of the state medical society might smile at Stone's enthusiasm, or frown when he carried it into action in his practice, Dr. Mayo grew restless in the knowledge that he might do more and better work if he knew how. Consequently, in the fall of 1869 he announced to his wife that he was going to New York for several months, to study general surgery and gynecology.

He spent much of his time at Bellevue Hospital. It had undergone many reforms since his service there in the forties, but by 1870 its surgical wards were so full of infection and the mortality rate was so high that the public was once more ready to demand measures that would make the hospital 'fit to receive and house the sick.' Dr. Mayo had nothing to say about that state of affairs and probably was not aware of it, for, despite the outcry, conditions at Bellevue were no worse than in most of the hospitals of Europe and America in those days before the adoption of Listerism.

Of course the insatiable little doctor did not limit his experience of New York to hospitals and study. He made the rounds of the churches to compare the eloquence of their preachers and the seraphic voices of their choirs. He went to the opera and the theatre, on one occasion to see Edwin Booth play Hamlet. He attended inquests, and wandered for an hour or two from slab to slab in the city morgue musing on the characters and fortunes that had brought these men to their common end, 'dead on admission.' He walked slowly down Fifth Avenue, viewing the palatial residences and the fine horses and carriages.

On his way home from New York Dr. Mayo stopped off at Philadelphia and went out to Lancaster to visit the Atlee brothers, the great apostles of ovariectomy. The operation for the removal of ovarian tumor had first been performed by Ephraim McDowell on the

Kentucky frontier in 1809, under circumstances that make one of the most dramatic and most often told stories in American medical history. But after its originator's death it fell into disuse; it was too seldom successful. John and Washington Atlee revived the procedure about 1845 and set about demonstrating its practicability for saving lives. When Dr. Mayo arrived, Washington Lemuel, the younger and abler of the brothers, was nearing his three hundredth ovariectomy, with an average mortality of slightly over 30 per cent.

The little Western doctor was moved to deep admiration, but watching the Atlees' work did not give him the courage immediately to attempt the operation himself. In spite of their success and that of the few others who were following in their footsteps, the main body of the medical profession condemned the procedure as foolhardy. Any abdominal operation was a method of the executioner with which no wise and humane surgeon would have anything to do. Ovariectomists were 'belly rippers who ought not to be at large.'

VI

Dr. Mayo had now learned the advantages of keeping stated office hours. Previously, like his Rochester colleagues, he had always announced that he would be in his office from eight o'clock in the morning until nine in the evening. But of course he was not; and that was bad policy. When a visit to the doctor meant a trip of many miles on horseback or behind a team, patients were not inclined to dally or come back tomorrow; if the doctor was not in, they went on to somebody else.

So Dr. Mayo adopted the practice of limited hours, and, barring emergency calls, he kept to them scrupulously. He would start an hour or two earlier in the morning, if necessary, to get the country visits out of the way and be in his office by eleven o'clock. His out-of-town pa-

tients came to know exactly when they could be sure of finding Dr. Mayo in, and they timed their trips accordingly.

But emergencies keep no hours, and it is not surprising that the first telephone line in Rochester was one connecting the Mayo farmhouse with the doctor's office above Geisinger and Newton's drugstore.

There were no more New Year's resolutions to produce case records in the doctor's own writing, but, from 1874 on, the newspapers published enough accounts of his cases to reveal some aspects of his practice.

Those newspaper accounts, which continued to appear well beyond 1900, have been cited as evidence that the Mayos indulged in unethical advertising. Such a view of them is unhistorical, for it applies the taboos of today to an age that did not share them. The publication of such items was sanctioned by general usage then, and every doctor in the community enjoyed the 'advertising' if his cases had news value.

Naturally the press accounts do not provide a rounded picture of Dr. Mayo's practice, for the editor was not interested in the common ailments that made up the bulk of it. He gave space mainly to the accidental injuries and other ills that necessitated surgical procedures, as a sampling of these press items will show.

Mr. John Jondro went to see 'Ireland As It Is,' as rendered last Friday evening, at Heaney's Hall, by Marble's theatrical troupe. He took a 'reserved seat' for which he paid rather dearly. Climbing to the top of a stepladder, he insisted on remaining there, but by some mishap he fell, fairly bringing down the house. John says he will occupy a vacant seat next time. Dr. Mayo set the broken bone in his forearm.

A Mr. Hanson, of Rock Dell, met with a terrible accident while threshing, last Friday. His hand was caught in the gearing in some way, and torn all to pieces. Dr. Mayo amputated the injured member, and the man is doing well.

Mr. G. Sampson, of Salem, got within kicking distance of a horse last Saturday eve-

ning, and when he got away it was with two teeth and part of his jawbone imbedded in his tongue. Dr. Mayo attended the injured man.

John Dolan, who lives on the High Forest road, made a brutal assault on his wife on Thursday morning of last week. John is a confirmed inebriate and while under the influence of liquor is no better than a brute. On the day mentioned he was drunk. . . . Becoming enraged, he threw a tumbler at his wife which struck her on the forehead, making a severe gash and severing the temporal artery. Dr. Mayo was called, and he had great difficulty in stopping the flow of blood and preventing Mrs. Dolan from bleeding to death. Someone ought to enter a complaint against Dolan and have him dealt with as he deserves to be.

Early in January 1880, Dr. Mayo was called to see Mrs. Jacob Waggoner, a young matron who lived just across the alley from him in Rochester. She complained of a swelling in her side, which proved to be an ovarian tumor, but it was still too small to justify such a last resort as operation. Mrs. Waggoner then became pregnant, and in May suffered a miscarriage. A bad case of pelvic infection followed and thereafter the tumor grew rapidly, so that by October it was interfering with respiration. Dr. Mayo recommended removal, but Mrs. Waggoner refused it, so he tapped the growth, draining off its fluid contents. It quickly refilled and continued to grow. The woman's general health failed; she grew thin and weak, and could not eat. She faced death, and the operation could mean no worse, so she gave her consent.

Carefully Dr. Mayo planned. Under his instructions the patient's husband, who was a blacksmith, forged the instruments, among them some clamps fitted with hooks made from the teeth of an old mowing machine. On December 14 the operating force assembled at the Waggoner home. Dr. J. E. Bowers, superintendent of the Rochester State Hospital for the Insane, was on hand to give the anæsthetic, and to render other

assistance there were Mrs. Mayo, Dr. David Berkman, the young veterinarian whom Gertrude Mayo had married in 1877, and Dr. Gould, Dr. Mayo's partner of the moment. His sons, young Will and Charlie, were there too, 'peeking through the door.'

With the patient under chloroform, Dr. Mayo made the incision, as small as he thought practicable, plunged a trocar into the tumor, and drained its contents into a tub ready for the purpose. Then he applied the home-made clamps, which had been heating in a little charcoal furnace such as solderers used, and began to pull the tumor out bit by bit. It was a large one, weighing some twenty pounds. The operation consumed nearly an hour and the patient showed signs of severe shock, but she rallied and regained consciousness.

Mrs. Waggoner's operation was the favorite topic of conversation for weeks, and the lady herself was one of the wonders of the town. Dr. Mayo had 'cut her wide open,' and she lived!

That operation was the first of a series. Its successful outcome led to enough others during the next decade to make Dr. Mayo by a good margin the foremost ovariologist in Minnesota.

Obviously, the doctor did not operate in a well-ordered world of men in white. His was 'kitchen surgery,' attended with all the informality and makeshift that term implies. The theatre was usually the patient's home, the operating table one from the kitchen, or the parlor sofa, or even a door taken from its hinges and laid across two sawhorses. For transients and the homeless Dr. Mayo requisitioned the use of a room in one of the smaller hotels, the American House, Merchants' Hotel, or the Norton Hotel.

The room was seldom large enough, and Dr. Mayo often refused to permit the presence of anyone but those who were helping him or other doctors come to watch. But the friends and neighbors who had gathered to support the patient's family through the ordeal milled

about the doorway or in the yard outside, excited and curious.

Modern men, accustomed to strict asepsis in operative routine and surroundings, can scarcely credit the stories of preantiseptic methods, stories of men who operated in whatever coat or shirt they happened to be wearing; who stropped their knives on the soles of their shoes before they began; who washed their hands after, not before, the operation.

Little is known specifically of Dr. Mayo's methods. Being fastidious in dress and person, he may have kept his few instruments fairly clean, free at least of dried blood between operations, but they were certainly not sterile. Some of them he carried in a little case or even loose in his vest pocket, where he could reach them easily to lance a boil or clip the ragged edges of a minor wound. Like all his fellows, Dr. Mayo expected infection to develop in the incision or stump, but he had got far enough to know that was not necessary and not the ideal, for he congratulated himself when the wound healed 'almost entirely by primary intention' — that is, almost entirely without complications from post-operative infections.

Such was the professional development that combined with Dr. Mayo's crusade for reform in government to make him known everywhere in the state. Men who listened to the little doctor discuss their problems at some campaign rally in October were likely to think of him when little Mary got diphtheria in December. As his reputation spread from family to family and neighborhood to neighborhood, his practice grew to an enormous size.

For dozens of doctors in south central Minnesota it became habitual to send their surgical cases to Dr. Mayo and to consult him in medical cases that baffled them. They learned that they could trust his honesty as well as his ability, for his opinions were given quickly and directly, to them and to the patient. He

would have no part in what was called 'closed consultation'; that allowed too much opportunity for unethical practices. He insisted that the doctors confer openly, in the presence of the patient or his family, so that all might know of any difference of opinion and take part in determining the procedure to be followed. Honest doctors respected Dr. Mayo for this stand, and he made some deeply admiring friends among them.

VII

For many years Dr. Mayo's best assistant was his wife. Applying her ability for self-education to her husband's books and journals, Mrs. Mayo acquired a knowledge of medicine that some friends of the family considered very nearly equal to the doctor's own. He did not scruple to ask her opinion of a puzzling case, and she frequently went with him to see a patient. She helped too in his operations, and was so often present to assist in reducing fractures and applying splints that she acquired the knack of doing these things herself.

Her ability was known and respected in Rochester, even by the other doctors. One of them was having trouble one day getting a dislocated shoulder back into place, and, seeing Mrs. Mayo pass the door, he called her to come in and help him. She did more than help; she promptly applied her husband's methods. Placing the injured man flat on the floor, she took off her shoe, put her foot firmly under his arm, and gave the arm a mighty tug. The deed was done.

Her younger son once described another phase of her helpfulness: —

Patients used to call at the house for Father; there were no telephones, and if Mother knew he was out in the country she would keep the patients interested, discussing their troubles and problems, until he returned, even if she had to prepare a meal for them. Often the neighbors and the country people came to talk to her about their families, their troubles, the children, and the

babies, with as much satisfaction from a social standpoint as they got from consulting my father when sickness descended on them. When Father was taking special studies in the East, or in Europe, patients came to Mother to talk about illness, and she told them of the simple remedies which would tide them through the most common illness. Mother was a real good doctor herself.

Mrs. Mayo made a good confidante, for she was a wise woman. She had a strong sense of humor too, and a witty, pleasantly sharp tongue. According to one neighbor, she made 'thousands of friends' in the city, and, whatever her religious views were, she was as active in the affairs of the local Episcopal Church as her heavy duties at home permitted.

But domestic matters sometimes stalked her even at divine worship. Rochester folk long chuckled about the time she almost disrupted the Sunday morning service. In the midst of it she suddenly jumped to her feet, cried aloud, 'God-almighty, I left my bread in the oven!' and went streaking up the aisle toward the door.

Dr. and Mrs. Mayo sometimes attended a public entertainment, church festival, or social together, but they went less often than Mrs. Mayo would have liked. When she was looking forward to some evening of amusement, perhaps already dressing for the occasion, frequently something more pressing would demand the doctor's attention and he would announce that he could not go. If the reason was professional, Mrs. Mayo did not object.

Those two forceful personalities did not always pull smoothly in double harness. It was well known to their close friends that for long periods of time they spoke to each other no more than necessary to keep the affairs of the household going and the children free from strain. Dr. Mayo was an obstinate man, by no means easy to get along with, and his wife had a mind of her own that she proposed to use.

It was Dr. Mayo's championship of

the underdog in the mass that his wife could not approve. Her judgment was more balanced than his, her tolerant understanding deeper, and inclusive enough to take in the banker as well as the widow and orphans. She knew that some of the economic distress that sent her husband into a tirade against the wheat rings and the railroads was quite as much the fault of individual shiftlessness and bad management as of general conditions or the cussedness of the wealthy. Moreover, since she had to keep the family clothed and fed on the doctor's income, she was understandably cross when he went off for two weeks at a time on political campaigns and neglected the business that provided that income.

She had a good business head and knew the doctor's big practice could keep the family in comfort without strain. When Dr. Mayo set off for New York in the fall of 1869 he gave her his account books, saying she could collect enough of what his patients owed him to support the family while he was away. She undertook the job with alacrity, and never had the Mayos lived so well and so easily as they did that winter. Knowing that, Mrs. Mayo was exasperated when she had to struggle to make ends meet.

The stories of Dr. Mayo's houses in town and on the farm, of his trips, books, horses, carriages, his relatively generous contributions to civic projects, and his readiness to invest money in one venture or another, do not give the impression of insufficient funds. Yet Will and Charlie could not remember that their father ever had any ready money. The Mayos always had to practise economy in their daily living, and Dr. Mayo himself told Ignatius Donnelly that his practice of physic enabled him only to hang on to the world by the skin of his teeth. His activities were often financed on credit, and although all accounts agree that he always paid his bills, the horse might be dead before he got it paid for. The trouble was that no one had ever taught Dr.

Mayo to make a budget and keep it balanced. He was as impulsive in spending money as in everything else.

At last his daughter Phoebe and later Gertrude's husband took over the book-keeping and brought a measure of system into it. But they could not put system into the charges and collections. The doctor hated to set a fee and detested asking for money. He would have preferred the old way of the honorarium: 'I'll do the best job I can and you give me what it's worth to you.' Not until he was himself being pressed by some urgent need would he send out bills.

Tuesday, May 31, 1881, was Dr. Mayo's sixty-second birthday. His sentiment not being of the kind that makes much of birthdays, he went quietly about his ordinary routine. In the pleasant early evening, however, he was glad to oblige a friend who had asked him to take her riding for a breath of air after supper. As the fast-stepping grays were speeding the carriage back toward town, his companion decided she would like to stop for a chat with Mrs. Mayo before going home. So Dr. Mayo turned in at his own gate.

The place was ablaze with the light of torches, and a crowd of several hundred persons filled the yard and the porch. As the carriage drew abreast of them, there was a fanfare from a band, and a rush toward the buggy. Dr. Mayo's Rochester friends and patients had gathered to surprise him.

He *was* surprised, utterly. After he took in the situation and shook hands all around, one of the men stepped forward, called for silence, then addressed the doctor:—

I have been requested to assure you that this seeming raid upon your premises is one of a peaceful character, and that no injury to your person or to your property is contemplated. That our mission to your beautiful home this evening is one of love and respect for you is fully demonstrated by the smiling, happy faces that greet you on every side. . . .

The great majority of those present have

at some period of their lives been your patients, and we wish now to thank you for your kindness and devotion then extended to us and for your skill in restoring us to the robust health that all present seem now to possess. . . .

For nearly a quarter of a century you have been our friend and physician, ever true to the trust reposed in you, and ever equal to any occasion. By night as well as by day, through darkness and storms, you have visited the poor and destitute sick in their cabins, from whom you never expected to receive any pecuniary remuneration, as freely and as promptly as you have visited those who were able to pay for your services. Through all these years of your patient and untiring labors to relieve the sick and the suffering you have never hesitated in the performance of the responsible duties of your profession.

Appreciating these and many other noble qualities of your nature, we thought this, the anniversary of your birth, the most fitting occasion to make some acknowledgment of the great service you have rendered this entire community. I, therefore, in the name and in behalf of those present, present to you these books as a token of our high regard for you as a kind and obliging neighbor, a faithful friend, and a trusted physician. . . .

There were five beautiful volumes, bound in morocco and gilt-edged, comprising a de luxe edition of Wilson and Bonaparte's *Natural History of the Birds of the United States*. (The newspaper revealed next day that they had cost one hundred and ten dollars.)

The little doctor was completely overcome.

VIII

'From the very beginning Charlie and I always went together. We were known as the Mayo boys. Anyone that picked on one of us had the two to contend with.'

From those words imagination can conjure a picture: there is Will, a slender boy with fair hair and blue eyes, a little lonely, wanting companionship; he is the older brother, slight but strong, active, spirited, able. And with him, in play and at their chores, is Charlie, short,

stocky, with thick dark hair and big, soft brown eyes that no parent or teacher could withstand — an affectionate boy, not very strong.

To his family Charlie seemed quieter, more serious and studious, than Will. 'He was always reading or writing or making things,' his sister recalled. They were all proud of him, for he had a skill with things mechanical that astonished them all. Was there a stove, a pump, or a churn that didn't work? Charlie could fix it. Was a gadget wanted for some purpose in house or barn? Charlie would contrive it.

When the two brothers were in their early teens, Charlie persuaded their father to buy them a little steam engine that would turn wheels to do the family washing, cut wood, or work the well pump. But when the engine came, and forever thereafter, its working was an unfathomable mystery to Will. He would push and pull and pry, turn this screw and that one. To no avail. 'I could never make the cussed thing go.' Then Charlie would come and with a simple twist or two set it chugging. When repairs were needed, Charlie could take the engine apart, find and fix the trouble, and then put all the pieces in their proper places again. 'Absolutely magical' this ability seemed to Will.

In a day when schooling often stopped at three or four years of random attendance in an ungraded class, and at best seldom included more than eight years of rudimentary graded work, Will and Charlie Mayo were fortunate in the relatively excellent preparatory education their parents secured for them in the Rochester public schools and later in Niles Academy. Though who can say of what use it was to them? Charlie in particular was always an indifferent speller, impatient with insistence on anything more than a phonetic approximation. As for the end results in French and German, Dr. Will once admitted, in telling how he had kept up with medical publications, 'I had to

depend on abstracts largely for the foreign literature. I spoke German very little, and read it and French too slowly to be of real value. In striving to understand I lost the purpose of the understanding.'

One ingredient in the education of Will and Charlie Mayo, however, has kept its identity. The impress of the training they got at home is still unmistakable. The brothers grew up in an atmosphere of books. 'The doctor had one weakness,' said Mrs. Mayo of her husband. 'It was for book agents. He knew and loved good books. Oh, many a time I planned to buy a dress for Trude or something for the boys or the house, only to have a book agent come to town and tip over my bucket of milk.'

The library of the Mayo home was the living room, walled with well-filled shelves from ceiling to floor. There were novels — Scott, Dickens, and the 'Leatherstocking Tales' of James Fenimore Cooper, which moved Dr. and Mrs. Mayo to reminiscences of their own experiences in the Sioux Outbreak in Minnesota.

Usually into the mixture of fact and fiction would come sooner or later the name of old Cut Nose, the wild warrior whose bones were still lying in the big iron kettle in the doctor's office. 'See, here they are.' Then, picking up the skull, 'Look how small his head was. But he was very tall. Here's the femur — see how long it is.' And thus, perhaps, the father began his sons' first lessons in human anatomy, for the boys learned their osteology from the skeleton of the erstwhile Indian fighter.

They were introduced to other sciences in the same natural, unforced way. Mrs. Mayo was a good, though self-taught, botanist and gave of her information to her sons while they worked together in the garden or rambled in the fields and woods along Bear Creek. Astronomy, too, the boys absorbed with enthusiasm under their mother's guidance, reading to clarify what they saw



WE HATE TO DISAGREE WITH MOTHER GOOSE

OUR "MOTHER GOOSE" BOOKS usually picture Old King Cole as a *fat* old soul.

Much as we hate to question these old favorites, it isn't very likely that anyone burdened with such excess poundage would actually live to be *old*.

Overweight and long life rarely go together.

A study of men accepted for life insurance recently revealed that those moderately overweight had a death rate 20% higher than men of average weight, and that the death rate of the obese was 70% higher. Circulatory and kidney diseases took a 60% higher toll from the overweight. Mortality from diabetes averaged 150% higher among the overweight.

After you are thirty, it becomes increasingly advisable to keep your weight down to normal, even to stay a little *underweight*. Overweight then tends to increase your susceptibility to many diseases, as well as to decrease your power to recover from illnesses. By keeping your weight down, you can avoid the burden which obesity puts on your heart, kidneys, liver, and other organs.

Overweight is an insidious thing, usually creeping up on you by unnoticed ounces and inches. That is why it is so important to establish proper eating and exercising habits to control any such tendency. If you tend to put on weight, regular checkups on your weight should be made as much a habit as bathing.

Your doctor is your best guide in helping you to establish sound weight control. He will determine

what your weight should really be. He will explain the dangers of "overweight cures," of quick, drastic reducing methods—methods that frequently undermine health rather than improve it. And—unless some serious glandular or other condition requires special treatment—he will show you that in order to lose excess weight it is not necessary to go in for too strenuous exercises or too radical changes in your diet.

Write today for Metropolitan's free booklet, 101-T, "Overweight and Underweight." It gives a number of helpful low-calorie menus and offers many safe and sane suggestions to help you control your weight, subject to your doctor's approval.

COPYRIGHT 1941—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



An interesting 10-minute Technicolor movie on food and health—"PROOF OF THE PUDDING"—has been produced by Metropolitan in co-operation with the United States Public Health Service. It is a contribution to national nutrition education. See it when it comes to your neighborhood.

through the four-foot telescope Mrs. Mayo had put together and mounted on a tripod in the observatory that topped the Mayo farmhouse. Long hours of looking made the heavens ever after wear a friendly face for Will. When he had gathered the means to gratify any whim in building his house, he asked only that it have a tower like the one on the farm home of his youth.

Some physics and a good bit of chemistry the boys picked up from their father, who had never lost the early enthusiasm for those sciences imparted to him by the great John Dalton. Said Dr. Will: 'When my brother and I were small boys, he told us much about this tall, gaunt, awkward scholar, the keenness of his intelligence, his modesty, and how little it was realized in his day that the atomic theory was more than the vagary of a scientist.' From casual chats about such men, perhaps over test tube and burner in the crude little laboratory in a back room off the doctor's office, Will and Charlie learned something of the methods and manners of scientists. But they met the principles of science full face, in reasoned, defensive statement, during their high-school days, when their father set them to reading Darwin, Huxley, Haeckel, and Spencer.

Whether or not Dr. Mayo bought the farm home for the boys' sake, — 'to keep them away from other boys,' as he said later, — there was plenty of work to keep them busy there. Will, however, would have none of it. Jay Neville, a young Irishman in charge of the farm, or the father set him to learn the trick of ploughing with a sulky plough. He learned that, but little more. One noon he came in from the field and firmly announced that he was through. He would prefer a job in the drugstore, and he was going into town to get one.

And he got his job in Geisinger and Newton's drugstore, in the rooms below his father's office. He began with menial tasks like sweeping out, washing bottles, and scrubbing the mortars and pestles,

but he soon advanced to the position of prescription clerk. No special training in pharmacy was required then for compounding medicines: that was another of the skills acquired by apprenticeship. A year or two's experience in that line would be good for one who was to write prescriptions.

The hours on the job were long, from seven o'clock in the morning to six and perhaps nine o'clock in the evening. The pay was four dollars a week. With his first month's salary, Will did a service for Charlie. Clothes were handed down in the Mayo family, so that the one on top got the new ones. When the doctor's Prince Albert coat got shiny, Mrs. Mayo, with commendable thrift and the best of intentions, would cut it down for the boys. 'Charlie looked so funny in that coat, long-waisted, and with little tails. So I bought him a new suit, a store suit, and he was so happy.' Neither of the brothers ever forgot the pleasure they shared in that suit.

When Charlie finished school, he went to work in the drugstore too. 'Will had and I wanted to.'

IX

The Mayo boys helped their father in his work and thus were learning medicine almost from their cradle days. They began by taking care of the horses, cleaning the office, and driving their father on his rounds. Will could remember having the responsibility for the horses when he was so small he had to climb up in the manger to put the bridle on the neck of one high-headed horse called Frank.

Said Charlie, 'As soon as school closed each day, Father had me come to the office; if he was delayed, I had to clean up some room in the office and then I drove the horse on the round of calls, taking up this work as my brother dropped it. Father said it saved him much time hitching and unhitching the horse: often he would have to go a block to find a hitching post. . . . It took



The Atlantic announces

THE CONTESTS:

'I regard the Atlantic Student Contests very highly. After considerable experience with other types of high school competitions, my admiration for the consistency and thoroughness of the Atlantic judging is greater than ever.'

—Elizabeth A. Green
Emma Willard School
Troy, N. Y.

THE ATLANTIC:

'We have taken the Atlantic for about fifteen years, and we wouldn't do without it in our laboratory of writing. It provides excellent examples of literature and keeps us well aware of the world about us.'

—Belle McKenzie
W. Seattle High School
Seattle, Wash.

THE STUDY PLANS:

The Atlantic Study Plans for instructors using the Atlantic in class are written by teachers who use the Atlantic in class. No one teacher writes more than one plan.

'I feel that the variety which results from the fact that these plans have each month a different author adds greatly to their value.'

Mrs. Theresa L. Wilson
St. John's School
Mountain Lakes, N. J.

the 1941-1942

ESSAY AND STORY CONTESTS for HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

ESSAY AND STORY CONTESTS for PRIVATE SCHOOL STUDENTS

HIGH SCHOOL PRIZES

\$25..... for the Best Essay

\$25..... for the Best Story

PRIVATE SCHOOL PRIZES

\$25..... for the Best Essay

\$25..... for the Best Story

The contests are open to all students enrolled on the Atlantic classroom list as using regular classroom subscriptions to the *Atlantic* in any course during any part of the 1941-1942 school year. (Send for circular.)

Closing Date.....April 8, 1942

SPECIAL CLASSROOM RATES:

The *Atlantic* quotes special classroom rates on ten or more classroom subscriptions (*instructors' desk copies free*), and pays a commission to the class funds of student subscribers. (Send for circular.)

1 month 25c

3 months 65c

4 months 85c

6 months \$1.25

8 months \$1.70

9 months \$1.90

Classroom subscription copies may be mailed in bulk to the instructor for distribution in class, or directly to the individual students. There is no distinction in price.

THE ATLANTIC SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

8 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts

until six o'clock or later to make his eight to fifteen calls.'

In retrospect, both boys were grateful for the education by association that they got on these trips. Charlie went on:—

In the long drives of many miles into the country, Father talked about many things, for he was interested in everything: nature, botany, geology, and especially the chemistry of life. He often took me into the house with him to see patients, even when I was a boy.

Once when I had seen a patient with him several times, I said, 'He looked better to-day.'

I had noticed that Father peered intently at the patient's tongue, and put his finger on it, and at the side of it, not very cleanly, perhaps, but very effectually.

Father asked, 'You noticed his tongue was dry in the centre, and also at the sides?'

'Yes,' I said.

'Well, he will be dead within twenty-four hours.'

Father said that a tongue which is dry on the upper surface is the sign of a serious condition; the patient may recover, but probably will be left with chronically poor health. When the tongue is dry on the upper surface, and at the sides as well, death is impending.

Just as neither Dr. Mayo nor his patients saw anything untoward in Mrs. Mayo's being called in to set bones and dose babies, so no one thought it queer or undignified for the father to press sons, and even daughters if the emergency was great, into service when a patient or some one of his members was to be held while a dislocation was reduced. Under this attitude Will and Charlie progressed gradually from washing windows and sweeping floors to rolling bandages, applying them, and the plasters and poultices used under them, helping to put on plaster casts, and other such jobs as would be done today by a hospital intern or an office nurse.

There is a story told about a young man who came to deliver produce of some kind to the Mayos. While he was there, Dr. Mayo came into the kitchen, noticed that the lad had a boil on his

neck, whipped a knife from the case in his pocket, and lanced the boil, almost before the young man was aware of his intentions. Then Dr. Mayo went about other business, calling over his shoulder as he left, 'Will, come dress Bill's neck for him, will you?'

Transfer that episode to the office, where the doctor, busy with a queue of patients, would need help of the same sort, and it becomes clear how and why the Mayo boys acquired the minor skills of the doctor.

Of more importance than these was what eyes and ears took in while the work was going on. Again and again the boys heard the significant questions to be asked in taking a case history, saw the points to be looked into in a thorough physical examination, listened to the diagnosis and prescription that followed from the findings. Doubtless, when the patient had gone, they asked their father the why of the things he did. From frequent repetition they learned many of Dr. Mayo's tested principles of diagnosis and prognosis, which he often put in succinct, homely sayings they long remembered.

In going the rounds with their father, William and Charles Mayo got their first lessons in physical diagnosis, an early training of their eyes and ears and fingers to find the significant symptom and of their minds to read it aright. And to supplement his practical demonstrations Dr. Mayo, after the manner of preceptors, took from his shelves the old standbys, Gray's *Anatomy* and Holden's *Anatomical Landmarks*, insisting that the boys learn their contents, to give 'anatomical significance to physical examination.'

X

On one occasion that Will remembered, his father brought back a dramatic story to illustrate the new principle that anæsthesia had made possible for surgery. He had attended a clinic in New York at which James R.

Atlantic Prizes to College Students

1941—1942



The Atlantic contests are planned as an educational feature — to stimulate beginners to put their writing into as finished form as possible, and to encourage good writing by prize awards.

PRIZES

\$50 for the Best Essay

\$50 for the Best Story

\$50 for the Best Poem

Closing Date April 8, 1942

The contests are open to all students registered on our list as using the *Atlantic* in a course during any part of the 1941–1942 college year. (Send for circular.)

SPECIAL CLASSROOM RATES

The *Atlantic* quotes Classroom Rates to instructors on ten or more classroom subscriptions. Instructors' desk copies free. Classroom orders must be sent by the instructor directly to the *Atlantic*.

1 month 25c	6 months \$1.25
3 months 65c	8 months \$1.70
4 months 85c	9 months \$1.90

Classroom subscription copies may be mailed in bulk to the instructor for distribution in class, or directly to the individual students. There is no distinction in price.

In addition to the special rates, the Atlantic pays a commission to the class funds of student subscribers on classroom orders. (Send for circular.)

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY, 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Bread Loaf School of English

OFFERS TWO SCHOLARSHIPS

Free tuition for the 1942 session of the Bread Loaf School of English at Bread Loaf, Vermont: **one scholarship** to the student winning an Atlantic Prize for the Best Essay, or the Best Story, or the Best Poem in the 1941–1942 Atlantic Contests for College Students; **one scholarship** to the instructor of that student.

Wood and Sir John McCormick both operated. Wood was noted for his speed in operating, a quality to be appreciated when the surgeon did his work on conscious patients. McCormick was an English surgeon celebrated for different qualities. Wood operated first, completing an amputation at the thigh in two minutes. The crowded amphitheatre echoed with applause. Then McCormick performed an equally difficult operation carefully and without haste, turning when he had finished to say quietly, 'Not how quickly but how well.'

From that same trip to New York, or perhaps from one a few years later to Europe, came a new impetus to Dr. Mayo's interest in microscopy. He returned home on a train that reached Rochester about nine o'clock in the morning. Will and Charlie drove down to meet him. In preparation for his coming the boys had made the office spick-and-span and so were much pleased when he said he would like to go to the office before driving home for breakfast. After a word of commendation on the clean windows and floors, he picked up from the table the little old microscope and took it along out to the house.

At the breakfast table he distributed the presents he had brought, and then, placing the microscope on the table, he pulled from his pocket a circular describing a new model, the present he'd like to have for himself. It would do wonderful things, no gainsaying that, but it cost six hundred dollars, and there was no money left after his three months' trip. The only way he could buy the microscope was by putting a mortgage on the house. Mrs. Mayo's Scotch prudence balked a little at that. Four children, and the times so hard. Would they ever get a mortgage paid off? But finally she said, 'Well, William, if you could do better by the people with this new microscope and you really think you need it, we'll do it.'

They did it, and legend says it took the doctor ten years to pay off that mort-

gage. But Will was of the opinion that the circumstances under which the new microscope was bought helped to give him and Charlie an especially keen interest in its use. And the financial stringency was not so great as to prevent the doctor from adding to his library a new manual of histology, a book on section cutting, and one on the use of the microscope in clinical and pathological examinations.

He taught the boys how to fix in alcohol the tissues he removed at operations and how to cut and mount sections, technical procedures which at that time took several days. As they followed those steps with eager study of the results through the microscope, they were being introduced to microscopic pathology and chemistry in the embryonic stages of those sciences.

They were already acquainted with the rudiments of gross pathology. Dr. Mayo frequently took his sons along to watch the proceedings at autopsies. He had begun taking Will when the boy was so small that he could not see if he stood on the floor; so Dr. Mayo would set him up on the head of the table, where he would lean forward and hang onto the hair of the corpse to steady himself while he watched. Always on such occasions the doctor took care that the boys should see just what he did and what he found.

As in other phases of the work, watching grew into assisting. For Will the climax of this training came just a few months before he set out for medical school. One of his father's patients died, and, the disease having taken a perplexing course, the doctor decided to do a post-mortem. About nine o'clock in the evening he and Will started out to do the job. The night was gusty with storm winds; the way led across the river to an abandoned hotel, the Bradley House, in which the patient had lived alone as a sort of caretaker; the work had to be done by the light of a lantern.

Dr. Mayo had received a call just as



YOUR RED CROSS and National Defense

- ★ Serves with U. S. armed forces
- ★ Field Directors at all posts, camps and naval stations
- ★ Professional workers at military hospitals
- ★ \$1,000,000 given for athletic equipment for U. S. Army
- ★ Aids needy families of military men through 3,700 Red Cross Chapters
- ★ Comfort kits for military men in hospital
- ★ Red Cross nurses, medical technologists, dietitians enrolled for military service
- ★ Blood plasma bank for U. S. military forces
- ★ Forty million surgical dressings for military hospitals
- ★ Red Cross first aid, swimming and life saving instruction in military camps
- ★ Red Cross Volunteer First Aid Detachments organized for industry, hotels, office buildings, etc.
- ★ Disaster Relief Preparedness extended in communities to meet sabotage, fire, explosion or any emergency
- ★ One million women volunteers at work
- ★ Training offered for men and women volunteers in First Aid, Home Nursing and other measures throughout nation to meet emergencies

ENROLL WITH YOUR RED CROSS CHAPTER

they set out; so when the examination of the body was finished, about ten o'clock, he left Will to close the abdomen and take the pathological specimens to the office.

The boy would show no fear, but 'I can feel yet,' he wrote many years later, 'the weird atmosphere of that squeaky old house, with its long shadowy corridors, and I remember the struggle I had to complete the job and force myself to walk slowly to the front door. The creaking of the old hotel signboard swinging above the entrance as I stepped out was the last straw, and I made good speed down the street.' The dissecting room at medical school could hold no terrors after that.

Both Will and Charlie helped their father in his early abdominal operations, Will acting as his first assistant. There were a number of important odd jobs that Charlie could do. Dr. Mayo used silk and linen thread for tying off the blood vessels and closing the wound. It was Charlie's task to cut hanks of this thread into the desired lengths, coat them with a mixture of beeswax and shoemaker's wax, and then twist the strands into two-ply or four-ply ligatures and sutures. With these he would thread an assortment of needles, curved and straight, stick them through the lapel of his coat, and stand alongside where his father could reach for the ones he wanted. In between times Charlie might be called on to heat certain of the instruments in the charcoal furnace or to stand behind Will and handle the sponges.

It was one time when he was serving in these capacities — or, in another version, when he was peeking through the door to watch the operation — that the

accident occurred which resulted in his becoming his father's anaesthetist while he was still in knee breeches, it is said. Since anaesthesia was still new enough for the layman to fear it, it was the custom to have some physician of established reputation give the anaesthetic, so as to disarm suspicion if anything untoward should occur. On this occasion, Dr. Mayo's anaesthetist was a doctor well known in Rochester, a homeopath of wide practice and experience. He was a surgeon and had served as coroner for Olmsted County, but obviously he was not accustomed to major operations on a breathing, pulsing body.

Dr. Mayo made a small incision, inserted a trocar into the tumor, and, as the fluid contents drained out, caught them in a tub at hand for the purpose. Then, by means of clamps worked by thumbscrews, he began to pull the tissue of the growth out through the incision. The base of the tumor was pulled back and forth in the process, producing a peculiar sucking noise like that made 'by a cow's foot in the mud.' This was too much for the nerves of the anaesthetist. He fainted.

After a quick survey of the possibilities, Dr. Mayo kicked over a cracker box at the end of the sofa and called, 'Here, Charlie, you stand on this and give the anaesthetic.' 'He did it well, with perfect composure,' remembered Dr. Will, but Dr. Charlie added a few details:—

'When she stopped wiggling Father would tell me to stop, and when she started again I would drop some more. I did fine, but, like doctors called in to help another, I was looking at the operation and paying no attention to the patient.'

(To be continued)

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR
